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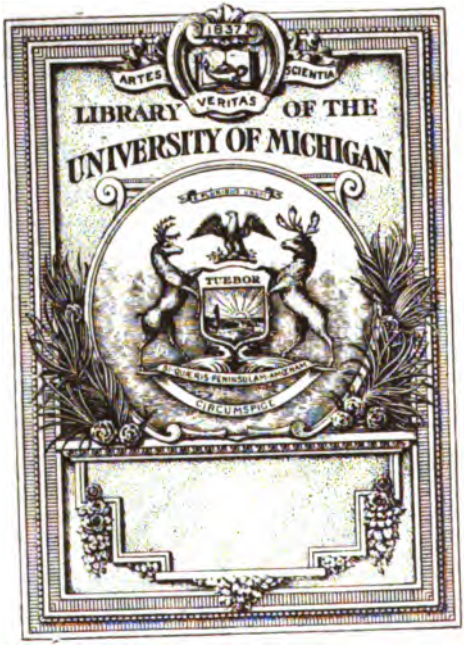
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THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

FOR

Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

VOLUME XII.

PARTS LXVII. TO LXXII. JULY—DECEMBER, 1871.

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THE

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For Members of the English Church.

JULY, 1871.

THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF DANTE.

AFTER the greetings exchanged between Sordello and Virgil, the former asks the name of his fellow-countryman, and on hearing the answer, declares his love and reverence for so great a soul, and inquires whence and by what course he had arrived. Virgil explains the reason of his eternal exile in Limbo; and without allusion to Dante, of whose bodily existence Sordello is still ignorant, begs to be directed to the gate of Purgatory: to which the latter rejoins that it is now nearly night-time, when the spirits have no power to ascend further; he therefore offers to lead them to a pleasant valley, where they will find other spirits assembled for their night's sojourn. This may allegorically be interpreted to mean that the sun represents the source of grace, the lantern to direct the feet into the right path, without whose aid we cannot hope to achieve our release from the stains of sin; just as the poets at the first were bidden by Cato to follow his guidance up the mountain. They then accompany Sordello to a recess hollowed out betwixt the plain and the mountain side, where the flowers that cover the grass exceed in the brightness of their colours gold and silver, emerald and cochineal; and a thousand sweet smells are blended into one undistinguishable fragrance. Here sit a company of kings and nobles, among whom Sordello points out to the poets Rudolf Emperor of Germany, Ottocar King of Bohemia, Philip III. of France, Henry III. of Navarre, and others; ending with Henry III. of England, 'the king of simple life,' and William Marquis of Monferrat, who was treacherously seized by his own subjects and cast into prison, where shortly afterwards he died of grief. Dante comes upon these just as they are singing the *Salve Regina* as a Vesper hymn, followed in the eighth Canto by the *Te lucis*. Then two angels descend, to keep watch over the company through the night; their wings and vesture pale green, the colour of hope; their swords blunted at the point, to signify that though they can put to flight they cannot

kill the enemy, whose introduction however into the Antipurgatorio can have no other than a purely symbolical meaning. The two spirits whom Dante next converses with are Nino de' Visconti of Gallura, who has been referred to already in the twenty-second and thirty-third Cantos of the Inferno, and Currado Malaspina, Marquis of Lunigiana, whose nephew and successor Marcello won the battle alluded to prophetically by the robber at the end of the twenty-fourth Canto of the same. Nino asks Dante to convey to his daughter Giovanna his request for her prayers, rather than her mother's; the latter he could not well call his wife, as she had since been married again to Galeazzo, Viscount of Milan, a union which Nino prophesies will not be a happy one. The viper and cock were the arms of the houses of Milan and Gallura respectively. Then Dante, looking up to the sky, notices three bright stars, that have just appeared over the shoulder of the mountain, said to be the Alphas of the constellations Argo, Eridanus, and Piscis Australis. If so, the word 'pole' in line 90 must be taken with considerable latitude of meaning; and in any case these stars cannot be so certainly identified as can the four seen by Dante on his first arrival at the shore of Purgatory. The neighbourhood of the south pole is quite destitute of first, and even second or third, magnitude stars; and the three above-mentioned, though all of first magnitude, are considerable distances both from the pole and from each other, the last-named being within thirty degrees of the equator, and so visible in our latitudes. Those commentators who give an allegorical meaning to the four stars in the first Canto as denoting the cardinal virtues, naturally consider the three here to represent the theological; explaining that the former are made to appear just before day-break, the latter at night-fall, inasmuch as the cardinal virtues appertain to a life of activity, suitable to the day, the theological to a life of contemplation, more appropriate to the night. Then the serpent is noticed making his way into the valley, as the emblem of temptation, on its most exposed side, and suggesting by his motions the wiles and allurements practised by the Tempter on the weak souls of men. After the swoop of the angels against him, and their speedy return, Conrad addresses Dante, and asks news of his country and kin. The elder Malaspina, alluded to in line 119, is the grandfather of this Conrad, who died in 1250; the evil head of the world is of course Rome; while the enforcement upon Dante's mind of the virtues of the family of Malaspina was seven years afterwards to be effected by the hospitable reception which he received at the hands of Marcello during his exile in 1307. There is no reason why Dante should have chosen to express the sun's annual passage through Aries by the idea he has here employed of his going to rest upon the bed which Aries covers, except that at the moment when Conrad spoke, the sun, being in that sign, had just set; so that an idea which in general might be considered unmeaning, would then have some sort of appropriateness.

THE PURGATORIO.—CANTO VIII.

Now came the hours that turn the thoughts, and soften
The heart in them that sail, the day of parting
With long adieu from friends beloved; and often
Transfix with love the pilgrim newly starting,
If to his ear the sound of bell be drifted
From far, that seems to mourn the day's departing:
When I from hearing mine attention shifted,
To gaze upon one spirit arisen and praying
An audience of the throng with hand uplifted.
Together so both palms she joined, displaying
Her eyes directed eastwards without motion,
As if to God 'Naught else I care for,' saying.
Thee ere the ending with such rapt devotion
Came from her mouth in chanting so euphonious,
As drew me from my senses with emotion.
Her then the others in concert harmonious
Followed through all the hymn, their eyes upraising
Unto the heavenly wheels. Here 'gainst erroneous
Conceptions, reader, sharpen well thy gazing,
So fine is now the vail, 'tis easy gained
To pass within it. For that host amazing
Of nobles all with voice to silence reined
Stood looking up to heaven, then lowly bending
In reverence of expectancy remained;
And I beheld down from the height descending,
Two angels with two swords that fiery gleamed,
All mutilate and blunted at their ending.
Green as the leaflets newly born they seemed
In their apparel, which being ever fanned
By stroke of their green wings, behind them streamed.
One just above us came to rest; one spanned
The vale, and on the adverse bank alighted,
So that between them lay the folk. I scanned
Full well their heads white gleaming, but affrighted
My vision quailed before their countenances,
As faculty that with too much is blighted.
'From Mary's bosom in mid-heaven's expanses
Both,' said Sordello, 'come to guard the valley
Against the serpent who but now advances.'
Whence I, who ill discerned by what alley,
Thought but to turn me round, and wholly freezing,
Close to the Master's trusted shoulders rally.

Sordello then, 'Descend we now, and seizing
The occasion, speak with the great shades there fenced;
To them the sight of you will be most pleasing.'
I think in three steps after we commenced
I reached the plain, and saw one at me peering
As by a wish to know me influenced.
Twilight now veiled the air, yet interfering
Not so but that which erst had dimly loomed
Betwixt his eyes and mine received its clearing.
Each for the other made. What pleasure bloomed,
Nino thou courteous judge, in my emotion,
When I beheld thee not amongst the doomed!
Between us no salute of fond devotion
Was silent; then, 'How long since thou hast gained
This mountain's foot across the expanse of ocean?'
Then I, 'Twas by the places sorrow-stained
I came this morn; my first life yet possessing,
So as the other thus may be attained.'
And when they heard me thus the truth confessing,
He and Sordello back, like people thrilled
With sheer amazement, drew them; one addressing
Himself to Virgil, while the other shrilled
To one who sat hard by, with voice resounding,
'Up, Conrad, see what God in grace hath willed.'
Then turning, 'By that gratitude abounding,'
He spake me, 'which thou ow'st him who portendeth
His primal course in depths beyond all sounding,
When o'er the broad waves back thy journey endeth,
Bid my Giovanna thither for me duly
Pray, where to saintly souls reply descendeth.
No more I think her mother loves me truly,
Now the white veil of widowhood is slighted,
Which yet she needs must long for sorrowfully.
Through her the account is easily indited,
How long the fire of love in woman thriveth
When not by frequent touch or glance relighted.
Not sepulture so fair for her contriveth
The viper that hath Milan oft encamped,
As that the cockerel of Gallura giveth.'
'Twas thus he spake, in every feature stamped
With mark of that straightforward zeal, that burneth
In due proportion yet with fire undamped.
My gaze desirous up to heavenward yearneth,
Where were the stars more tardy circles tracing,
As by the nave a wheel more slowly turneth.

The Master then, 'At what art upwards gazing,
My son?' And I, 'At those three lights impendent,
Wherewith the pole is altogether blazing.'
And he to me, 'That group of lights resplendent
We saw this morn, are low in that direction,
And these in place of them have their ascendant.'
Even as he spoke, with sudden interjection,
Sordello said, 'Lo! there our adversary,'
Pointing his finger for more quick detection.
On that side, where hath least of sanctuary
The little vale, such serpent there appeared
Perchance as gave the fruit to Eve unwary.
O'er flower and herb the evil reptile steered,
Turning its head this way and that, and licking
Its back, as smooths a beast its coat unwearied.
I say not, for I saw not, how out-tricking
My gaze the heavenly falcons sped; but clearly
I saw descend both one and other, striking
The air with their green pinions. Not too early
The serpent fled; then from pursuit recalled,
Back to their stations soared the angels nearly.
The spirit who unto Nino when he called
Had gathered close, through all that contest heedeth
Nought but to gaze on me with look enthralled.
'So may the lamp that upwards thy way leadeth,
Find thy soul's will so waxen to its moulding
As for to reach the highest crystal needeth;'
So he, 'as thou shalt grant me truth's unfolding
Of Valdimagra and the parts near lying,
Whate'er thou know'st; there once I sway was holding,
Hight Conrad Malaspina, ere my dying;
Not the elder one, but straight from him descended;
The love that here awaits its purifying
I bore my kin.' And I, 'I never wended
Yet through those parts; but where in Europe goeth
One who your greatness hath not apprehended?
The fame wherewith your house's honour gloweth,
Both lords and country with such voice hath blazed,
That he who ne'er was there the story knoweth.
And I declare—so may my path be raised
On high—that in the esteem of sword and coffer
Your honoured race hath never been dispraised.
Such privilege doth use and nature offer,
That though the world's bad head its course misguideth,
Thine yet go right, and to ill fashions proffer

Rebuke.' And he, 'Now go; the sun subsideth
Not seven times on the couch in western heaven,
Which covering with four feet the Ram bestrideth,
Ere this thy kind opinion shall be driven
Deep to the middle of thy head, and stayed
With firmer nails than others' warning given,
Unless the course of judgment be delayed.'

(To be continued.)

SONGS OF OTHER CHURCHES.

BY LOUIS COUTIER BIGGS, M.A.

VII.

THE LATIN CHURCH. *(continued.)*

We need not pause to dwell on the best-known of the Victorine Sequences;—the majesty of the 'Dies Iræ,' the sweetness of the 'Veni Sancte Spiritus,'[1] the noble simplicity of the 'Lauda, Syon,' have been so often and so fully set forth, that we cannot be expected to do more than refer to them. We are but gleaners in the field, and must follow far behind the choicest sheaves. Thomas of Celano has left nothing for *us* worth preserving; although two sequences of his (besides the 'Dies Iræ') have been discovered, and reprinted in 'The Ecclesiologist.' They are both of scarcely second-rate merit,[2] both in praise of S. Francis of Assisi, to whose order of Minorites Thomas of Celano belonged. One of them ends with a species of parody on the questions to S. Mary Magdalene in the 'Victimæ Paschali;' somewhat as follows:—

'Tell us, Francis, what it was
That thou sawest on the Cross?'

'Twas the Son of God, the Ever-living,
There His Life for love of sinners giving!'

'The faithful Francis more deserves believing
Than crowds of worldly witnesses deceiving.'

'The Death upon the Cross we know
That Christ hath suffered thus;
Thou conquering King, O hear us now,
Have mercy upon us!'

---

[1] But we may be suffered to repeat that the contemporary testimony of S. Melito, Bishop of Sardinia, ascribes this Sequence to Stephen Langton, not to Robert II. of France.

[2] Josiah Miller's usually accurate work, 'Singers and Songs of the Church,' by a strange oversight calls them 'of similar merit' to the 'Dies Iræ.'

Thomas Aquinas, the author of 'Lauda, Syon,' is far more famous as a prose author than as a writer of hymns. We have, besides this sequence, his 'Verbum Supernum,' his 'Pange lingua,' and the 'Adoro Te devote,' a hymn at first intended for private devotional use, which has however found its way into most of our new hymnals.[1] S. Bonaventura, who died in the same year as S. Thomas Aquinas, besides several hymns, wrote a beautiful poem in praise of the Holy Cross, which Daniel gives among the Sequences in his Thesaurus.[2] It is too long to quote entire, consisting of fifteen six-line stanzas, of which the following are rather the easiest to translate than the best:—

In thy sorrows and distresses,
When the weight of grief oppresses,
  Is the Cross thy only cure.
When fierce pains and torments try thee,
Sweetest joy it will supply thee,
  And a refuge ever sure.

'Tis of Paradise the Portal;
Stayed thereon, the saints immortal
  Victory won o'er all their foes;
To the world sole Source of healing;
Through the Cross His Love revealing,
  God to man His kindness shews.

Mirror, virtue's self reflecting,
Guide, the way of health protecting,
  Faithful souls' true Hope and Light;
Joy of them that seek Salvation,
'Tis their only consolation,
  'Tis their longing and delight.

* * * *

How was He, the King of Heaven,
For the world's Salvation given
  To contempt and scorn and shame!
Thirsting, hungering, needy, poor,
Lived among us, till the hour
  Of His last great Suffering came.

Saviour, with Thy Strength supplied,
May I mourn Thee crucified
  On the bitter Cross for me;
In Thy Wounds a share desire—
Seek, with love that cannot tire,
  To embrace Thee on the Tree.

We pass over rapidly the remaining names of Sequence-writers. Jacobus de Benedictis has only left us the 'Stabat Mater,' in itself

[1] He also wrote 'Sacris solemniis juncta sint gaudia,' which is, like all his others, an Eucharistic hymn.

[2] He tells us, however, that it is an exception to his rule, which is, not to admit any poems that lack ecclesiastical authority. The Latin begins, 'Recordare sanctæ Crucis.'

one of the noblest and most beautiful Sequences preserved to us, but almost impossible to adapt to our own English use. Some of the stanzas correspond very closely with parts of S. Bonaventura's 'Praise of the Holy Cross.' The last author of any Sequence which can claim even a decent amount of poetical inspiration, is Henricus Pistor, a monk of S. Victor in the beginning of the fifteenth century. The metre of his Sequence on S. John Baptist[1] is the same as that of the last translation given. I have not attempted to retain it in the following extract, but have tried to preserve and transfer some of the peculiar repetitions of words and sounds, of which the original is full:—

Lo! lights on John Heaven's Light so bright,
Through that 'true Light' a 'burning light,'
True Sun's true morning-star,
New Law's new herald was he then;
New KING's new standard-bearer, when
The KING went forth to war.

CHRIST he baptized with outward sign,
CHRIST poured His Baptism all-Divine
On him in holier streams.
Two streams with doubly-cleansing might
Shew John by rite, but CHRIST by Right
The Baptist's title claims.

Lamp lit by GOD'S OWN WORD Divine,
Lead where like stars the righteous shine
In realms of heavenly day:
Bring us to port from out the deep,
And mirth restore to us who weep,
Guide with thy grace our way.

The following hitherto unpublished translation of a Sequence for the LORD'S Day[2] was sent me by its author, the Rev. C. B. Pearson, too late for insertion in my last article:—

Let us devoutly celebrate
The Day which CHRIST hath blessed,
Behold the LORD'S great Day of power,
The LORD'S high Day of rest.

This is the Day the world was made,
On this Day life began;
This Day CHRIST vanquished hell, and raised
On high His creature, man.

[1] The Latin begins, 'Præcursoris et Baptistæ.' Stanzas 10, 12, 14, are given in the translation.

[2] I ought to mention that these verses were sent to press before I had seen M. C.'s beautiful version of this Sequence, given in The Monthly Packet for June. That translation gives, however, like the Psalms rendered by the same author, rather the spirit than the letter of the original.

[3] 'Omnes una celebremus.' The lateness of its date seems to be proved by the reference to the Sabbath implied in the first stanza.

With the Apostles CHRIST this Day
Vouchsafed His Peace to leave;
This Day the Teachers of the Church
The HOLY GHOST receive.

On this same Day the Gospel trump
The preachers forth doth lead:
Save then, let none presume to lay
Their hand on Bishop's head.[1]

Such are the special blessings shed
On this most sacred Day;
Let us with reverence celebrate,
And to it honour pay.

And when the last LORD'S Day shall dawn,
May we of life partake,
And rest in everlasting peace
For our Redeemer's sake.
Amen.

In the fifteenth century, the style of Sequence-writers sank to the lowest ebb. What delight or profit could there be in writing or singing such verses as the following, taken from a Sequence on the Apostles:—

Joannes, ut est vocatus, Ab Ephéso est translatus Ad CHRISTI convivia: Mauri trucidant Matthæum, Et Indi Bartholomæum, Et Philippum Scythia.	John, as is his appellation, From Ephésus (!) his translation To the feast of CHRIST did gain: Moors on Matthew wreaked their vengeance, While Bartholomew by Indians, Philip was by Scythians slain.

Dr. Neale gives even a worse specimen in his 'Epistola Critica,' but moderate people may rest contented with the badness of this. At last, in 1536, the Synod of Cologne took in hand the reformation of the Sequences, and their number was reduced to four in the revised edition of the Roman Missal; only the 'Lauda, Syon,' 'Victimæ Paschali,' 'Veni SANCTE SPIRITUS,' and 'Dies Iræ,' being allowed to remain. Several of the Lutheran churches welcomed a few of the Sequences thus banished from the Roman use. Those retained in the Roman Missal are now sung like ordinary hymns, the Rood-loft being no longer used for the reading of the Gospel. Later councils made certain concessions in favour of Sequences written in the vulgar tongue. The Council of Avignon in 1584 decreed that such Sequences in the vernacular as had been approved by the Bishop, might be sung in the church on Christmas Day. Other Synods gave wider permission for their use, which seems to have prevailed especially in Germany. It is a curious evidence of the irreverence (as we should deem it) with which some of

[1] Alluding to an ancient Canon, that bishops should only be consecrated on the LORD'S Day, in token of its great sanctity.

these popular services were conducted, that there are found in them *macaronic* sequences,[1] half Latin, half German, French, or English. Sometimes the daring of the parodists went so far as to write drinking-songs or amatory odes in imitation of well-known Sequences. The Sequence-tunes might indeed have been more fairly reclaimed by these profane poets; some of them at least having been originally transferred from anything but sacred sources to church use. The '*hypodia comica*' figures amongst the 'titles' of Notker's Sequences; and we need not be much surprised to learn that some of these ditties found their way back to more congenial words than the sacred ones to which they were adapted. The worthy Scotch reformer, John Knox, is accused by Dr. Neale of deliberate and subtle malice against the Church, for having composed and set profane words to the Sequence tunes; but if the three melodies which he names be fair specimens, I think the Church may be thankful to be well rid of them. 'Cauld kail in Aberdeen,' 'Comin' through the rye,' and 'John Anderson, my jo, John,' would scarcely find acceptance as Church-tunes, except from the most determined and indiscriminate admirers of whatever comes or pretends to come from 'ancient' sources.[2]

In the sixteenth century began an entirely new style of Latin hymn-writing. With the revival of learning, and the more diligent study of the classics, there arose a band of poets who turned away disgusted from the mediæval corruptions of Latinity, and who set themselves the task of writing hymns, not in the style of Hilary and Ambrose, but after the model of Horace's Odes. The leader of this movement was Zaccaria Ferreri, Bishop of Guardia, born in 1479. By the command, or at least with the approval, of Pope Clement VII., he prepared and published, in 1525, a volume of hymns in Horatian metres, many of them with an alphabetical acrostic running through them, and divided into three parts, for Vespers, Midnight, and Matins. There are altogether seventy-four hymns in the book, of which Daniel says, 'It is one over which every pious Catholic must even now blush. It may well be conceived that it belongs to the class of exceedingly scarce books. The elegant cultivation of the author's mind creeps out in the Preface, where he says, "I was also greatly impelled and encouraged to the undertaking of so important a task, by the fact, that when priests, instructed in classical Latinity, are compelled to praise GOD in barbarous language, they being

[1] The use of them was forbidden by the Council of Basle. Some Christmas carols lately revived contain whole lines in Latin; but some of these Sequences have the two languages in the same line, making the strangest possible mixture.

[2] Daniel's remarks on the evidence afforded by the Sequences of true religion in the Church of the middle ages, are worth translating. He says, 'You must read these poems, if you would, as an honest man and a candid judge, avoid foolish and unfair judgements of the religion of the middle ages: they will teach you to account as nothing the futile declamations of fanatics and fools. What can be sweeter than this poetry, what more sublime, and, to bestow the highest praise of all, what can be more truly Christian?'

thereby provoked to laughter, ofttimes despise the service." And how smartly dressed-up appear the Sapphic and Alcaic hymns which he proposes to substitute, untarnished by one speck of the dust of antiquity! The permission to use these hymns in church, given by Pope Clement, was merely a dead letter, no single priest availing himself of it. For more than a century the classical revival was checked so far as hymns were concerned; and though during that time we have the Latin hymns of Xavier and Sylvius Antonianus, the former is certainly not classical in style or metre, and the latter, though he returns to the old Breviary hymns as his model, cannot be said to have gone beyond them, or to have sought inspiration from the writers of the Augustan age. We give a specimen from Ferreri's book, taken from his Vespers hymn for All Saints' Day,[1] one of the best. It is written in Sapphics.

O Godlike, memorable throng of all,
Who, joyous, from beyond Heaven's glowing height,
Smile on us,—See, your yearly festival
Is dawning bright.

Hence we of your tall palms of triumph sing;
Joining in one your myriad victories,
And to your feet in festal verse we bring
Deservèd praise.

Thee, God, 'tis our first task to celebrate,
Threefold yet undivided Unity;
Whom heavenly powers all own sole Potentate,
And worship Thee.

To Thee be ever Majesty and Might,
To Thee eternal praise and glory given,
Whose boundless goodness thrills with pure delight
The highest heaven.

Meanwhile, the rhyming poets, leaving the older systems, extended their double rhymes into Iambic metres, giving to their hymns thereby, as Dr. Neale remarks, a certain impression of irreverence which it is hard to get over. A well-known example may be seen in the hymn from which No. 93 in Hymns Ancient and Modern is translated.

Attolle paulum lumina,
Peccator, atque *disce*
Quantum malum sint crimina,
Et tandem resip*isce;*
Crucifixum aspice,
Leges in hoc codice,
Quod proderit sciv*isse.*

Their hymns assumed a more subjective character; and Neale considers them more likely than really mediæval hymns to win the appreciation of modern readers. Many of the authors were Jesuits,

[1] Omnium divum memorande Cœtus.

and Daniel attributes to their Society the greater part of the hymns composed toward the end of the sixteenth century. The style of these hymns varies widely, according as they either were modelled by their authors upon ancient or mediæval patterns, or followed the fashion of the day. In most cases we have not the slightest clue to the authors' names, and indeed it is not improbable that some of the hymns were the joint production of several writers.

In the seventeenth century, the most noticeable event of the earlier half was the 'Urban revision.' Pope Urban VIII., named by his contemporaries the 'Attic bee,' from his knowledge of Greek literature, invited the co-operation of three learned Jesuits, Famianus Strada, Tarquinius Gallucius, and Hieronymus Petruccius, and with their aid revised all the Roman Breviary hymns. Pope Urban's copy of the revised hymns, with his own MS. corrections, is to be seen in the library of the British Museum. In some instances, only a few words were changed, to avoid false quantities or barbarous expressions; in others, the hymns were entirely re-cast. It would be difficult to give in English alone an example of the way in which their work was done, but the following lines will shew that they mostly adhered to the principles laid down in Urban's bull concerning the revision;[1] and where they could not retain the words or even the metre, yet did their best to preserve the spirit and meaning of the original.

EASTER HYMN.

Old Text.	*Urban Revision.*
Ad cœnam Agni providi,	Ad Regias Agni dapes,
Stolis in albis candidi.	Stolis amicti candidis.

Providi seems to have been changed because of its ambiguity:—it is meant to agree with *nos* understood, but appears to be joined with *Agni*. In the second line, *in albis candidi* is a tautology, evidently introduced for the sake of the rhyme, and rhyme was disregarded by the revisionists.

TUESDAY VESPERS HYMN.

Old Text.	*Urban Revision.*
Telluris ingens Conditor,	Telluris alme Conditor,
Mundi solum Qui eruens,	Mundi solum Qui separans.

Here the object has evidently been only to improve the rhythm, by substituting a less heavy word for 'ingens,' and avoiding the clash of vowels involved in the words, 'qui *e*ruens.'

[1] Entitled 'Divinam Psalmodiam,' dated Jan. 25, 1631.

HYMN FOR THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

Old Text.	*Urban Revision.*
Urbs beata Hirusálem,	Cœlestis urbs Jerusalem,
Dicta pacis visio,	Beata pacis visio,
Quæ construitur in cœlis	Quæ celsa de viventibus
Vivis ex lapidibus,	Saxis ad astra tolleris;
Et angélis coronata	Sponsæque ritu cingeris
Ut sponsata comite.	Mille angelorum millibus.

Here we may freely confess that the revisionists have gone too far, though even here they have not departed from the sense of the original. The false accents, 'Hirusálem,' 'angélis,' were doubtless their excuse for altering the metre. In the fifth stanza they have to some extent broken their rule of keeping the original sense, and they have introduced the unfortunate heathenism of 'Olympus,' meaning Heaven.[1] Heathen language and conceptions are indeed the worst feature of the school whose productions we are considering. '*Numen*,' or '*Tonans*,' signifying GOD; *Flamen*, for the HOLY GHOST; *Tartarus*, *Orcus*, *Erebus*, *Avernus*, for Hell; these and many like expressions jar upon the ear in their hymns. And if we think that Dr. Neale is somewhat too severe when he says that in the period after Leo X. the Church 'submitted to the slavish bondage of a revived Paganism,' we may at least reverse against these writers Thomas Fuller's remark concerning Sternhold and Hopkins; and we may regret that whereas they drank too deep of Helicon, they tasted not of Jordan at all. Invocation and prayer seem much less prominent in their hymns than in some of the older ones.

However far the Urban revision fell short in its results of a perfect literary success, it was supported by sufficient authority to ensure its general adoption. But the taste for novelty, stimulated by this revision, was not immediately appeased. France sought to rival Italy in the production of Breviary hymns; and Paris, Meaux, Cluny, Le Mans, Liège, and a host of other towns, set up Breviaries of their own, adorned with hymns mostly composed specially for them. These hymns have received on the whole greater attention in England than the earlier hymns of the Latin Church. We may on this account claim to be excused from giving many examples of them here, but a slight sketch of some of their authors may not be unacceptable.

The brothers Claude and Jean-Baptiste de Santeul, born in 1628 and 1630 respectively, were the sons of an ironmonger at Paris. The former, known as Santolius Maglorianus, contributed a few excellent hymns to the Paris Breviary. He was a secular member of the College of S. Magloire at Paris, and seems to have been regarded as an authority on questions of Church history. But far more famous as a

[1] Previously used, however, by Paulus Diaconus in the eighth century.

hymn-writer was his younger brother, who became a regular Canon of S. Victor in Paris, whence his title Santolius Victorinus. His self-conceit sometimes made him ridiculous. 'If I had by any chance made a bad verse,' said he, 'I would go at once and hang myself.' Once he heard a rustic bawling out, not very tunefully, one of his hymns; whereupon he turned indignantly on the astonished singer, saying, 'Be quiet, you roaring bull, and leave the singing of those words to the angels.' What would he have said, if he had heard a translation of them subjected to the ordeal of modern 'congregational singing'? An amusing story is told of his clever trick upon the porter of the monastery. It seems that he had been staying out so late, that when he did knock, the porter, pleading his instructions from the authorities, refused to admit him. Santeul expostulated in vain, and at last, finding his arguments useless, tried another kind of persuasion, by slipping a piece of silver through a chink in the door. The porter was moved, pocketed the bribe, and admitted the poet, who had scarcely entered, when he exclaimed, 'Oh! my book;—I have left it on the seat outside.' 'Let me fetch it, Sir,' replied the now obsequious porter, stepping out of the door. Santeul, who had only waited for this, shut the door and locked it. The porter vainly sued for admission;—Santeul repeated that his instructions from the authorities were positive, nor would he give way until the piece of money he had given was once more passed through the chink in the door, to return to the possession of its former owner. Santeul is described as 'Bon convive, surtout aimant le vin et la bonne chère, mais sans débauche.' An epigram upon him and Gourdon, another of the Canons, has been preserved:—

'Proh, quam dissimiles et vultu et moribus ambo:
Versibus hic sanctos, moribus ille refert.'

'The contrast 'twixt them who can paint,
In features and in ways?
Gourdon would imitate a saint;—
Santeul would sing his praise.'

Gourdon seems, however, to have contributed one or two good hymns to the Breviary. We give a cento from Santeul's Hymns for S. John the Evangelist's Day, owning great obligations to a MS. version by Mr. Robert Campbell, editor of the S. Andrew's Hymnal.

Lo! before Stephen's upturned eye
Heaven's starry court expands;
He sees his LORD exalted high,
At GOD's Right Hand He stands.

Thou in the fight Thy soldier true
Dost not forsake, O LORD!
Thou art his might, his witness Thou,
And Thou his great Reward.

Oh! who would fear man's utmost might,
When CHRIST is standing nigh?
Though earth and hell their powers unite,
'Tis victory to die.

From CHRIST, the Source of Light and Love,
All needful virtue flows;
No pains of death the Martyr move,
In GOD he finds repose.

Then in Thy Name we make our boast,
JESU, Redeeming LORD:
Be FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST
Eternally adored.

Charles Coffin's birth took place in 1676. He was by far the largest contributor of hymns to the Paris Breviary; and it is a somewhat remarkable fact, that more of his hymns have been adopted in our most popular hymnals than we have obtained from any single Latin author beside. Whether some traces in them of the Jansenist opinions attributed to him and to some of his colleagues have had anything to do with their acceptance, it is difficult to say. Coffin seems to have been, at least upon occasion, a jovial poet, like Santeul; and his Praise of Champagne certainly does not breathe the spirit of Jansenist austerity. It begins:—

'Huc te, Remensi nata solo, tui
Poscunt honores, nobilis amphora
Adesto, Campanoque vires
Adde novas animosa vati.'

and goes on to bid the Massic sung by Horace to yield the palm to Silléry. Coffin succeeded Rollin the historian as Head of the College of Dormans-Beauvais in 1712, and died in 1749. The Paris Breviary containing his hymns was published in 1736. He is the author of the hymn, 'Statuta decreto DEI,' translated in The Monthly Packet, Vol. VIII., p. 521.

If we may attempt to characterize the different styles of the French Breviary hymn-writers in a few words, we would say that *Coffin* most nearly approaches the style of the ancient Ambrosian hymns, especially when he writes in his favourite Iambic metre. He shews himself deeply imbued with the spirit, and well read in the writings, of the Fathers. *Santeul the Elder* (Maglorianus) writes in a meditative vein, without much play of fancy or brilliance of metaphor. His younger brother, *Santolius Victorinus*, is elegant, classical, yet full of references to Holy Scripture, sometimes, it must be confessed, too violent in his use of figurative language. *Guillaume du Plessis de Geste*, Bishop of Saintes, writes in an involved style, exaggerating the contortions into which the poetry of the Augustan writers sometimes throws itself. *Nicolas le Tourneaux* has his lines so crowded with meaning as to make them almost prosaic. He was one of the earlier writers, having been

born in 1640, and dying in 1686. *Jean Commire* is the most decidedly Horatian of the Breviary writers: he carried his admiration of Horace so far as to paraphrase the Sequence, 'Victimæ Paschali,' in classical metre.[1] He wrote paraphrases of the Books of Job and Daniel in hexameters. The style of the *Abbé Besnault* may be represented by the following specimen from his writings.

HYMN FOR THE CIRCUMCISION OF OUR LORD, AT LAUDS.[2]

Soon as this guilt-stained world the guiltless SAVIOUR
Entered, He said, 'My FATHER, I am ready
Thy Will to do; from Me let now Thy vengeance
Claim its requital.

Blood shed by victims Thou dost not delight in;
FATHER, behold the Body Thou preparedst;
Vain types in Me true Lamb, shall by My dying
Find their fulfilment!

Thus saying, He, His FATHER'S Anger dreading,
Bore the sharp wounding of the blood-stained flint-stone,
And the Law's yoke sustained, from yokes more heavy
Slaves to deliver.

Nought now avails the body's outward wounding,
Only the evil heart's true Circumcision;
This is our task; such ordinance the newer
Covenant sealeth.

Praise to the FATHER; equal praise be given
Unto the SON, Whose Blood the world redeemèd,
And to the SPIRIT, Who from Both proceedeth,
Praise without ending.

(To be continued.)

MID-DAY, MID-SUMMER, AND MID-LIFE.

IN sweet and tender accents,
In soft and gentle lays,
Our poets oft have chanted
Of morn and eve the praise.

The bright and sunny morning
Is like gay youth, they say;

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[1] In one of his odes he pictures the Infant Saviour asleep, and invokes winds and streams to protect and watch over Him!

[2] Noxium CHRISTUS simul introivit.

Old age is like the setting
Of the long summer day;

And then they praise the autumn,
And the first op'ning spring,
The gentle April showers
That fruits and blossoms bring.

But none have praised the mid-day,
With all its glory bright;
And none have praised the summer,
With its unclouded light.

'Tis like mid-life, they murmur,
With all its sultry glare;
They find no sunny gladness,
No tender sadness, there.

And yet there is a glory,
A beauty of its own,
In the bright summer mid-day
Though spring's first tints have flown;

Just like the prime of manhood,
With all its ripened thought,
With all its strength for action,
And wisdom dearly bought.

The spring's first tints departed,
Have left a fuller green;
The morning's dawn of promise
Has changed to brighter sheen.

Thus when the hopes of childhood
Have faded quite away,
They yet may leave a radiance
Which never can decay;

The joy of quiet duty,
Performed beneath the eye
Of One who looketh on us
From His calm Throne on high,

And is our Shade in sunshine,
Our Refuge from the heat,
The shelt'ring Rock at noontide,
Our safe and blest Retreat.

'Tis thus amid the changes
Of all our time on earth:
When lights of morn are gleaming,
And spring's first tints have birth;

And in the summer gladness,
When life is bursting forth
From ev'ry little insect,
From ev'ry bird and moth;

And in the autumn coolness,
When summer days are past,
And ears of corn are golden,
And fruits are rip'ning fast—

We still may see the changes
Of all our earthly course;
The smiling youth, the busy prime
Of manhood's strength and force;

And with no sadness even
The winter dark and cold
May sparkle with the hoar-frost,
When we are growing old,

To tell us of a glory
That lightens e'en the gloom
Of Death's dark shadowy valley,
And shines beyond the tomb.

S. H. F

PREPARATION OF THE HOLY CHRISM.*

(SKETCHES OF THE RITES OF THE GRÈCO-RUSSIAN CHURCH.)

EVERY year, in Passion Week, (but occasionally every other year,) the ceremony of preparing the Holy Chrism is performed in the Chamber of the Cross, attached to the Church of the Twelve; and subsequently the Consecration of the same takes place in the Cathedral of the Assumption. (Moscow.) The Chamber of the Cross is daily visited, during this period, by numbers of pious observers of the Rites of

* Translated entirely from a little pamphlet published at the Synodical Press, Moscow, 1869.

the Orthodox Church; and not only then, but at all times of the year, the lovers of Christian antiquities who visit the vestry and library of the Patriarch, invariably express a wish to see this chamber, where the Holy Oil is boiled. Many such persons betray a certain degree of ignorance concerning the important signification of the Preparation of the Chrism, and express their wish to learn all the particulars of the rite in question—of what ingredients the Chrism is composed, and in what manner the boiling and consecration thereof are performed. In consideration of which, the following account of these ceremonies is now offered to the curious.

The Holy Apostles, having been richly endowed with the gift of the Holy Ghost by His descent on them on the Day of Pentecost, received also the power of dispensing His Grace on all true believers, who from their hearts turn to Christ and receive Holy Baptism. This dispensation of the gracious Gift of the Holy Spirit, was conferred by the Apostles by the laying on of hands. For instance, it is written in the Acts of the Apostles, that after the baptism of many Samaritans by St. Philip, (one of the Seven Deacons) the Apostles Peter and John came, and having prayed for the newly-baptized persons, that they might receive the Holy Ghost, they laid their hands on them, by which the Grace of the Spirit was communicated to them. (Acts, viii.) But as the Apostle John calls the gift of the Holy Ghost 'unction from above,' (1 St. John, ii. 20,) we may conclude that even then the use of oil, prepared and blessed for the occasion, was introduced, instead of the laying on of hands. Examples of the use of oil may be found in the Old Testament; (Exodus, xxx.) for instance—the anointing, by the command of God, of certain articles belonging to the Ark of the Covenant, and the use of oil in the consecration of the Priests and High Priest who served in it.

Thus, we have reason to presume that the Holy Chrism, from the time of the Apostles, has been prepared, consecrated, and made use of, in the Orthodox Church, for the different forms of anointing: (1) the newly baptized by the Sacrament of Unction, also the unction of persons of other religious persuasions on their joining the Greco-Russian Church; (2) on the Consecration of Churches when the ceremony is performed by the Bishop himself, the Altar and the four walls being then anointed; (3) on the occasion of the Coronation of the Emperor and Empress. On the celebration of Extreme Unction, simple oil is made use of.

We see in Exodus, xxx. 23–33, that a fragrant 'holy anointing oil' was commanded by God, through Moses, to be made, for anointing the furniture and vessels of the Altar, and the priests themselves; also that it was forbidden, on pain of death, to 'make any other like it.' Dionysius the Areopagite testifies that in the Christian Church from the time of the Holy Apostles, the Chrism was composed of a number of fragrant ingredients, symbolical of the Gifts of the Holy Spirit conveyed by Unction.

Formerly, in the Greek and Russian Churches the exact proportion of each ingredient was not defined, and such articles were made use of in its composition as might be procured in the places where it was boiled. From the 'Office of Preparing and Consecrating the Holy Chrism,' as expounded in an ancient Greek manuscript preserved in the Patriarchal Library at Moscow, we learn that in the Greek Church no less than fifty ingredients were employed. In Russia different quantities and articles have been made use of at different times. Thus, in 1631, when Philaret, father of the Tzar Michael Feodorovitch, was Patriarch, the following ingredients were demanded from the Apothecaries' Hall for making the Chrism—fine amber, cinnamon, *peretroon*, and a root called *azar*, (which are not to be found in Reiff's Parallel Dictionary,) best incense, virgin honey, rose-brandy; and from the Patriarch's Treasury were given out twelve pounds of myrrh, and three pounds of cassia; but we must suppose that the materials were not confined to these alone; doubtless local ingredients were added, particularly as no mention is made of the principal ingredient of all, *viz.* the oil. In 1671 and 1681, fifty-three drugs and other materials were supplied by the Apothecaries' Hall; and in 1691, in the time of the Patriarch Adrian, fifty-five. Subsequently, however, as we see in the 'Office of Preparing the Holy Chrism,' 1769, the number of ingredients was reduced to twenty-five. At the present time, in accordance with a MS. list (of the seventeenth century) of the materials used at that period, their number is thirty.

The principal of these is of course the oil, of the purest kind and highest quality—the sort, in fact, that is generally called Provence oil—all the other things being added merely to render it fragrant. The quantity that the boilers contain is twenty poods,* and therefore that quantity is used each time. Next in bulk comes the wine, white Lisbon, twenty gallons of which are required for the above proportion of oil; it can hardly be said to form a portion of the Chrism, as in the process of boiling it evaporates entirely; it is added merely to prevent the oil, and other combustible articles, from taking fire during the boiling, and also from drying and becoming too thick.

To the above proportions of twenty poods of oil and twenty gallons of wine, are added, in quantities varying from seventy-two pounds to one-eighth of a pound: storax; *incense* of four descriptions, *viz.* black, white, dewy incense, and common ditto; sandarack, rose leaves, basilica; *roots*—orris, ginger, Florentine orris, galanga, cardamom; *thick* oil of nutmeg, balsam of Peru, Venice turpentine; *fragrant oils*—bergamot, lemon, lavender, cloves, wild thyme, rosemary, lignorod, (?) cinnamon, roses, marjoram, orange; and *thin* oil of nutmeg.

According to the institution of the Church, the consecration of the Holy Oil can be performed by Bishops only, as the nearest successors to the Apostles, who themselves laid on hands for dispensing to the

* 720 lbs. avoirdupois.

faithful the gifts of the Holy Ghost; it can be performed, therefore, in such places only as those where a Bishop resides. But as it is not in every town that the necessary ingredients for the composition of the Chrism can be procured, in consequence of their rarity and high pecuniary value, the Council of Moscow in 1675 decreed, that the boiling in question should take place at Moscow, as the central capital of Russia, and at Kieff, where it used formerly to be prepared; in other Bishoprics the preparation of the Holy Chrism is not permitted.

At Moscow, in the time of the Patriarchs, this ceremony took place in the porch of the Church of the Three Bishops, in the old Patriarchal house. In an ancient MS. of the Synodical Library, it is written, 'March 28th, Monday in Passion Week, at three o'clock, the Most Holy Patriarch Joachim, with the Metropolitans, Abbots, High Priests, also with the sacristans and Priests of the Cathedral of the Assumption, came to the porch of the Church of the Three Bishops, where the cauldrons were placed for the boiling of the oil.' In 1763, when the above Church had become decayed and ruined, a chamber, called the Chamber of the Cross, was selected for the purpose. Here, formerly, the Patriarchs received the Tzars, and pious travellers and pilgrims; also ambassadors from the East and elsewhere; here, also, were held councils assembled for the resolving of questions relating to the wants of the Church; and here, until the establishment of the Holy Synod at St. Petersburgh, the meetings of its members were held. A stone hot-hearth is now built in this chamber on the north side; two silver gilt cauldrons are inserted in it, and above it is a wooden canopy or ceiling, richly gilt.

At the commencement of each year, the quantity of Holy Chrism remaining is correctly ascertained, and if it be found too small for the ensuing year, the Treasurer of the Holy Synod, having informed himself of the price-current of the necessary ingredients, makes formal arrangements with the Vestry-keeper (sacristan) of the Cathedral of the Assumption, for the purchase of the same, the expenses being paid from a sum placed at the disposal of the Holy Synod by Government.

The vestry-keeper commences his preparations from the fourth, or 'Cross' week * of Lent, by bringing the articles in question to a state fit for the ultimate boiling—for instance, pounding or grinding the storax, incense, &c., which are put into glass jars, and oil poured on them in certain proportions; they are then put in a warm place, and at the proper time the oil is poured off, and wine substituted, which in a few days is also poured off, and fresh added. These ingredients, in all their forms, are carefully preserved until the solemn day of their final preparation arrives.

On Monday in Passion Week the solemn and public ceremonies

* So called because the Cross is brought forth from the Altar during Matins on Sunday morning, and remains in the body of the church during the whole week, (*Trans.*)

commence, all the necessary ingredients and vessels having been brought into the Chamber of the Cross, and placed as required, some on the hearth, others on the steps of an elevated wooden pyramid, on the summit of which stands the Alabaster Box, containing the ancient Holy Oil.

At nine o'clock in the morning, His High Eminence the Metropolitan of Moscow, or another Bishop, accompanied by the most important ecclesiastics of the Capital, perform the Office of Blessing the Water in the Chamber of the Cross, on which occasion, instead of the Troparions to the Blessed Virgin, those appointed for Whitsuntide and the Assumption are sung; on the conclusion, a prayer, appointed especially for the occasion, is read. The vessels in which the boiling, &c., is to take place, are then sprinkled with holy-water by the Bishop; and a little of the same having been poured into the cauldrons, he gives his blessing on the adding thereto of the other ingredients, beginning with the oil and the wine in which the herbs, &c., have been macerated, and part also of the wine in its simple state. The Bishop then lights the fire beneath the cauldrons with his own hands, and commences the reading of the Gospel,* which is read by the other high ecclesiastics after him: the same is repeated during the other days by certain priests, and monks in priests' orders, appointed expressly to the office; while deacons, or monks in deacons' orders, also expressly appointed, stir the boiling fluid with wooden spatulas.

On the Tuesday morning, a fresh portion of wine is poured into the cauldrons, to take the place of that which evaporated the previous day; and the boiling is resumed. On Wednesday the remaining wine and the rest of the ingredients are poured in, and the boiling continues till the evening, when the whole quantity of liquid contained in the cauldrons is poured into a large silver tub; and when it has cooled, and the sediment sunk to the bottom, the fragrant oils are added. The Chrism is now ready, and is carefully ladled off, and strained through a silver cullender-ladle into the ewers kept for the purpose, which are immediately sealed by the sacristan, and then placed on stools to the south side of the chamber, and before them, on a separate table, is placed the aforementioned Alabaster Box.

On the Thursday,† at eleven o'clock, the Bishop, who is going to perform the Divine Liturgy, in full canonicals, accompanied by all the Clergy who took part in the boiling, and preceded by the altar-cross from the Cathedral of the Assumption, proceeds to the Chamber of the Cross, the bells pealing all the time, and the Choristers singing the Troparion appointed for the Feast of the Assumption. On entering the

* I have been unable to ascertain what portion of the Holy Gospels is used on this occasion. (*Trans.*)

† Called in the Greco-Russian Church *Great Thursday*, on account of the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist having been instituted by our Blessed Lord on that day. (*Trans.*)

Chamber, the alabaster box and the ewers having been incensed, the Bishop places the former in the hands of the High Priest of the Cathedral of the Assumption, and gives his blessing on the rest of the Priests carrying the ewers. They then return to the Cathedral, during which procession the Troparion for Whitsuntide is sung by the choir. The Alabaster Box is carried into the Altar, and placed on the Altar of Sacrifice, and the ewers arranged round it; after which the Divine Liturgy commences.*

During the Great Entrance† the Alabaster Box and ewers are brought out from the Altar, before the Elements, and having been received by the Bishop from the hands of the Priests at the Royal Gates, the former is placed by him on the Throne, and the latter arranged round it in places prepared for them. After the Consecration of the Elements, the vessels containing the newly prepared Chrism are unsealed, opened, and at the words, 'and may the mercy of the Great God, &c.,' the Bishop blesses each vessel in turn with the sign of the Cross, three times, and with the words, 'In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.' He then reads the Prayer for the Consecration of the Chrism aloud, so that it may be audible throughout the Cathedral, and then another to himself, with bowed head. On its conclusion the ewers are again blessed, each three times. According to an ancient custom, a few drops of Chrism from the Alabaster Box are added to that in the ewers, and a little of the new Chrism poured into the Alabaster Box, in order that the precious store may never fail.

On the conclusion of the Liturgy, the newly consecrated Chrism, preceded by the Alabaster Box, is carried by the Priests to the Treasury of the Patriarchal Vestry, while the Psalm, 'My heart is inditing,' is chanted. From hence it is dispensed to the Bishops of various sees, as required, and with the particular sanction of the Holy Synod, the Bishops again dispensing it to the Cathedrals and churches in their diocese. A rule concerning the Chrism is strictly observed in all cases, which is, that it should never be completely used up, a fresh supply being always added before the vessel in which it is kept becomes quite empty. On its being sent to divers places, it is taken the utmost care of, and is kept, as a sacred thing, on the Throne in the Altar.

The vessels, to which we have alluded so frequently in the above short account of this interesting ceremony, were offerings made by Sovereigns of Russia, at various times, with a magnificence worthy of the donors, and due to the use for which they were designed.

1. Two cauldrons; made of silver, with the edges and interior richly gilt. One weighs upwards of 200 lbs. avoirdupois, and the other a trifle less.

2. A silver tub, gilt inside, and partially so on the exterior, with a

* That of St. Basil the Great. (*Trans.*)

† See S. John Chrysostom's Liturgy. Rivingtons, 1871.

similarly gilt silver cover. It is ornamented with four silver gilt palm trees, wrought separately, and subsequently soldered to its sides; in the midst of them, on one side, is the two-headed eagle of Russia, with three crowns, and on the other the initials of the Empress Catherine II. with a crown over them, supported by two angels. On the cover is a cast silver gilt relief, representing the Prophet Samuel anointing the head of King Saul with oil. The weight of the tub, with its cover, is upwards of 400 lbs. avoirdupois. On the sides, both of the tub and of the cauldrons, are engraved these words: 'By the supreme and pious command of the most religious Tzaritza Catherine II., Empress and Autocrat of all the Russias, this vessel was made, to be used at the ceremony of the holy boiling of Chrism: in the sixth year of Her Majesty's happy reign, and in the year of our Lord and Saviour 1767.'

3. Four silver gilt ladles for pouring off the oil; the cullender ladle, through which it is strained; and a spatula employed for scraping the storax, incense, &c., out of the jars after the oil and wine have been poured off them. They weigh in all a little more than 19 lbs. avoirdupois, and were made in the year 1767.

4. Sixteen silver ewers, gilt inside, weighing altogether upwards of 580 lbs. They were made in the place of the former ewers, which were of pewter, and offered on the Eve of his Coronation-day, by the Emperor Paul, in 1797, as we see by the inscription engraved on the small round gilt plates, that are soldered to the handle of each ewer.

For the making of these vessels certain ingots of silver, that lay in the Patriarchal Vestry, were employed, and besides this, 14,968 roubles were assigned from the private treasury of His Imperial Majesty.

5. To these vessels must be added that called the Alabaster Box, which is a brass vessel with a narrow neck, and covered entirely with mother-o'-pearl scales. It is an imitation of the 'alabaster box of very precious ointment,' with which Mary Magdalene anointed the head and feet of Jesus. (St. Mark, xiv.; St. John, xii.) There is a tradition that it was sent to Russia with Chrism in the earliest days of Christianity, from Constantinople. It formerly was kept at Kieff, but on the removal of the Metropolitan See, it was brought to Moscow, where it has since remained.

FATHER JOSEPH.

'A TOUTES LES GLOIRES DE LA FRANCE.'

[Suggested by two prints which appeared during the autumn of 1870 in the Illustrated London News, one representing Sisters of Charity nursing the wounded in one of the grand halls of Versailles; the other of the Crown Prince distributing the Iron Cross from the foot of the statue of Louis XIV., who is pointing to the above inscription.]

I.

Drop, drop, ye leaves, almost before ye wither,
Poor victims of the rain and passionate gales,
Hurled through the sky, and wafted here and thither,
Amid the autumnal gardens of Versailles;
That palace-fane, round which in maddening dance
Ye whirl, inscribed 'To all thy glories, France.'

II.

Ay, lonely terraces and orange walks,
And quenchéd fountains, and deserted shades,
Among you all the ghost of Glory stalks
In unsubstantial gold and dim brocades,
The Founder of your state, in joyless eld,*
Still hankering after youth, young dreams dispelled.

III.

His laurels faded, and his courtiers fled;
The 'once when I was king,' his death-bed cry;
His dwindled race, that hangs on one frail thread,
The five-years child, that comes (he scarce knows why)
To hear, he scarce knows what—instruction sage,
Worse than forgotten in his riper age;

IV.

What then? a reign of long disgraceful sloth,
Luxurious dullness, vine-wreathed Comus grown
Stupid with age; Sin's dregs without the froth,
A godless court, a despicable throne;
Then pestilence, and death, a glad relief
To waiting hearts that make no show of grief;—

V.

All these ye witnessed; and the hopeful dawn
Of what seemed better, brighter days; *her* dream,
Who trod in rustic white your pastoral lawn,
In sooth 'the very queen of curds and cream.'
—A plainer robe of white she'll sew one day,
White as the tresses of the 'veuve Capet.'

* See Notes at end.

VI.

'To all thy glories, France!' But come within!
See miles and miles of canvas, speaking forms,
Battles and triumphs, blood poured forth to win
High place on earth for him, who died in storms,
Dreaming of tempests—where th'unbridled seas
Howl to his grey sepulchral willow-trees.

VII.

Here, see the conqueror in unconquered pride,
By danger nerved, by difficulty fired;
Mounted, equipped for war, while eagle-eyed
He beckons up the Alpine pass—untired,
Indomitable:—Nature's self gives way
To such a leader: then shall man gainsay?

VIII.

And *here*—like pillars of his warlike state—
Long lines of warriors, each a man of men,
Look from their lofty stations, and relate
In mutual triumph how they fought and when;
As mirrors answer back each other's ray,
—Soult, Lannes, Murat, and Bessières and Ney.

IX.

Here Beauty floated in the glancing round
Of light and music, while transparent gems
On neck and bosom at each airy sound
Trembled like rain-drops on fresh-budding stems
Of wind-tossed flowers; and hither monarchs came,
Brave manhood, boundless wealth, and universal fame.

X.

Sure some enchanter's wand has changed the place;
Or do I dream? What sights and sounds are these?
Pale faces, wounded limbs; an alien race
Groaning in alien tongue; the autumn breeze
Kissing the sick man's locks that tossed by night
So wearily; and wing-like bonnets white

XI.

Of those soft-stepping nurses, ever young,
Rosy and peaceful ever, who have learned,
Not in earth's school, the universal tongue
Of Charity; no self-abasement spurned

By which their fellow-man might rise, redressed
From sickness, or from sin's more fatal pest.

XII.

Led by their Founder's spirit, who of yore
  Deemed nothing lost so one poor soul were saved;
Who, self-reduced to bondage felt before,
  Self-emptied, self-degraded, self-enslaved,
Toiled on the galley's bench, in convict's chain,
Midst that vile crowd, a scornful world's disdain.

XIII.

Vincent of Paul, thy gentle armies win
  Cities to Christ; their course unmarked by tears,
Save tears of thankfulness; their victims, Sin,
  And Pain, and Ignorance. Through growing years
Their triumphs grow; fresh conquests are enrolled
On those white banners, in celestial gold.

XIV.

'To all thy glories, France!'—To-day, alas!
  She sees them withered. On that terrace stands
(Lost in the wonders Heaven has brought to pass,
  Not man) the Leader of invading bands;
There, where some Bourbon sat, due reverence done,
A wounded Prussian lingers in the sun.

XV.

'To all thy glories, France!'—Thus, night and morn,
  Points Louis, reining in his charger's rage.
Oh, were he living yet, could he have borne
  To see his very pedestal the stage
Whence Frederick's great descendant should bestow
The Iron Cross for Gallic hosts laid low?

XVI.

Here, in this breathless pause—before the last
  And sternest struggle, while the city's fate
Still hangs uncertain, ere the die be cast
  That drives her foe dishonoured from her gate,
Or bids him welcome to the famous street
From victory named, for victor armies meet;

XVII.

While fields are lying waste, and blackened heaps
  That once were houses mark the conqueror's way;

And pale starvation like a shadow creeps
Where rosy industry once laboured gay;
And youth and strength relentlessly mown down,
Like some June harvest ere the year be brown,

XVIII.

Lies trod in mire; and many a mother's heart
Wears out with waiting for long-wished-for news
That only comes too soon; and maidens part
With all their life's best hopes; and sable hues
Surround the fairest cheeks, that ne'er may know
The kindling blush again, love's first fresh glow;—

XIX.

'Where are thy glories, France,' we ask thee, 'now?'
We listen, but some weary sufferer's groan
Gives sole response; whilst idly from the bough
Fall withered leaves, as with expiring moan.
Ah! gentle ministers, that watch hard by
The couches of your foe, do *ye* reply!

VERITAS.

October 18, 1870.
(The Crown Prince's birth-day.)

NOTES.

Stanza III.—'Quand j'étais roi.' The expression said to have fallen from Louis XIV. a little before his death. His last interview with his great-grandson, Louis XV., took place at Versailles.

Stanza IV.—See Madame Campan's account of the death of Louis XV. (announced to the court of Versailles by the extinguishing of a wax candle in his apartment;) and the departure immediately afterwards of the new king and royal family; the attempt at grave conversation on the journey to Choisy, till 'un mot plaisamment estropié par Madame la Comtesse d'Artois fit éclater un rire général, et de ce moment les larmes furent essuyées.'

Stanza V.—Marie Antoinette is said to have herself sewed the white garment in which she went to execution.

Stanza X.—For the allusions here and in Stanza XIV. see the accompanying quotation from the *Times*:—

VERSAILLES, SEPT., 1870.—The special correspondent of the *Times* writes:—"The doors were open at the usual entrance near the chapel on the left, and the tickets for sunshades and umbrellas dangled uselessly from their nails on the rack. The guardian was not there—no *portier*, no seller of guide-books to the galleries. So we passed out towards the gardens skirting the *Salle des Maréchaux*. All the windows were open, and under each Marshal's picture lay a little iron camp-bedstead with a wounded or a sick man, asleep, or thinking of some distant home—nearly all soldiers of Poland, I was told (18th and 19th Prussian regiments,)—or tossing about in pain or dreamland. The Sisters of Charity were moving about among them so quietly that their great

fan-shaped cap wings never moved in the breeze. It was a sight to make one reflect. A burly Bavarian sitting up in bed looking at his hideous face in a broken mirror, while Marshal Saxe glowered on him from the opposite side! The youthful Lannes was guarding a sick Prussian, and Ney, close at hand, seems as if he were recoiling from a case of typhus; for that epidemic is said to be among the sick here, and some of the *salles* are given over to wounded, others to sick. It was a very hot morning, a blazing sun, all the windows were open, and, as the rooms are lofty and well-ventilated, a better hospital than the Chateau of Versailles cannot be easily found, and there were breeze and shade enough at this hour to make the galleries agreeable. In the gardens there was scarcely a creature visible, but presently three officers in Prussian uniform came out across the court by the jetless and sprayless fountain, and halted at the top of the steps which led from the terrace to the alleys, where they stood looking out over the canal and the scene, which is lost in the far distance in the flat uninteresting plain beyond the St. Cyr road. It was the Crown Prince, attended by Count Eulenberg and Major Miscow. The only others near were a wounded man shot through the side the day before yesterday, who sat on a bench sunning himself, and the Duke of Augustenburg. The Prince remained for some time with folded arms, as if in meditation, at the top of the Terrace—then turned and walked slowly back to the Chateau, which he entered by the door under the gallery of Louis XIII., and thence proceeded through the galleries and wards, visiting the wounded, making inquiries of the men, and so on to the upper floor, where is the Theatre, and walked by the endless acreage of battle pieces which so many unfortunate people are compelled to *parcourir* in the Paris season. Wishing to avoid any intrusion on the privacy of the Prince's visit, we entered the Court of the Chapel. Here a notice 'Pray for the wounded,' might well command obedience from every Christian; and as we went into that splendid and rather Pagan-looking temple, there were two Prussians with their faces towards the altar, and the Englishman who accompanied me, and his son, knelt and prayed for those they had never seen, and perhaps for friends they hoped to see again. Turning into the wing which contains the Gallery of French History, I came on the Prince again, but this time he was with the Duke of Coburg and several of his Staff, and was examining the battle pieces with interest, those of Rocroy, Namur, &c.; and once more, most unwittingly, we came on his Royal Highness on leaving the Theatre; but he was very much interested, though it was scarcely news in any way to hear an Englishman's views of what was passing in Paris, and those views were in effect that the people would fight till the last, and that the city was amply provisioned for a two months feeding of two millions of mouths. What thoughts were passing through the mind of the Prince as he visited under such circumstances the places he had seen when he was the guest of the ex-Emperor, who can say; but it is very sure indeed that if peace could be had to-morrow by any conditions and on any terms which the German nation could be induced to accept, no man living would so gladly hear cessation of bloodshed as the Crown Prince of Prussia. The old servitors of the chateau who remain bear the white band and red cross. They treated the Prince with marked respect without servility, and an official of some sort attended him on his visit. The great gallery in which the grand ball was given on the occasion of the Queen's visit to the Emperor was filled with beds occupied by the wounded men, mostly Prussians and Bavarians, and instead of feathers, lappets, and diamonds, you saw up and down, to and fro, the white-coifed black-robed Sisters of Charity, and the gallants and beaux were hospital doctors and wardsmen. Altogether, inside and out, Versailles is a wonder, and such sights as it presents are only to be effected by the wand of the most potent of all disenchanters, the king of necromancers—War.'

Stanza XII.—St. Vincent de Paul, having suffered captivity among the Moors in his youth, and been set at liberty by the master whom he converted, received the appointment (on his return to France) of almoner to the galleys. In compassion for

one of the convicts he changed places with him for a while, and to the end of his life bore the marks of the chain which he wore during that time. He was the founder of the order of Sisters of Charity, which bears his name.

Stanza XV.—'Frederick's great descendant,' *i. e.* from Frederick William I., not Frederick the Great.

THE CRAWL.

A LEGEND OF TICHBORNE.

THE story of this little poem is true. 'Crawls' is a portion of the Tichborne property, and still, by its name, perpetuates the memory of Lady Mabel's good deed; as worthy, surely, of remembrance as that of the Lady Godiva. It remains to be added, that the dole of bread was subsequently withdrawn, and that an aged crone pronounced, in consequence, a curse on all the heirs of Tichborne who were males; blessing the ladies of the house with a perpetual beauty and prosperity.*

ON a bed of ling'ring sickness,
The Lady Tichborne lay;
Counting in weariness the hours
That slowly stole away.
Through the open chamber window
She saw the deep blue sky;
The merry music of the lark
Came floating softly by.

The sunshine and the sweet birds' song
A painful yearning woke
Within the suff'ring woman's heart,
And bitterly she spoke:
—'I weary of my mortal coil!
Why for long dreary years
Must I thus count the heavy hours
By pain and lonely tears?'

'No fate was ever sad as mine:
Of ceaseless pain the thrall—
Denied kind Nature's common gifts,
Enjoyed and shared by all.'

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* Another version we think more correct, declares that Lady Mabel herself foretold that on the cessation of the dole, there should be seven daughters, and the male line should fail, and this has been the case. The present baronet (be he which he may) is descended only in the female line from the old family. The dole was transferred to some other charity in consequence of the number of tramps it attracted.—ED.

And in deep pity for herself
The hapless Lady wept,
Till weariness o'ermaster'd woe,
And, soothed by tears, she slept.

A heav'n-sent rest! for on her sleep
A blessed vision stole;
And angel voices soft and deep
Held commune with her soul.
'Weep not,' they whisper'd, 'in great love
Thy sufferings are given;
Else hadst thou lived too blest on earth
Ever to win our Heav'n.

'Let not thy thoughts dwell on thyself—
Behold thy brethren's woes!'—
And instant, to her dreaming gaze
A fearful pageant rose;
The want and wretchedness of earth
—As in a magic glass—
(A long array of ghastly forms)
Before her fancy pass.

She started from that troubled sleep,
And summoned to her side
Her husband—a stern, hard, cold man,
Wrapt up in selfish pride.
Small pity for the poor had he!
He made a god of gold;
A mocking smile play'd on his lips
When Mabel's dream was told.

'Thou wouldst fain give a dole of bread
On ev'ry Lady-day,
To all the poor who cry for food?
—I may not say thee nay.—
Yellow the harvest waves below;
As far as thou canst crawl
I give broad acres to the poor—
Thus thou shalt feed them all!'

In cruel scorn those words were said!
—Long has she crippled lain;
How can she take a single step
Upon the harvest plain?—
Oh! Strength is giv'n for holy deeds!
A dauntless spirit woke
Within her, and in simple faith
The feeble lady spoke:

'I hold thee to thy plighted word;
Be it as thou hast said!
I will not shrink from pain or toil,
To win my brethren bread!'
And then she bade them bear her forth
Into the open air,
And lay her on the richest spot,
Where all was rich and fair.

And there with pain and toil she crawled
Many good acres round;
Till fainting midst the yellow corn
She lay upon the ground.
The boon was won; for long long years
The aged and the poor
Claimed on the eve of Lady Day
Their bread, at Tichborne door.

The ground the Lady Mabel won
By her long round of pain,
Bore more on every harvest tide
Than all the rich domain.
And though the veil of falling years
On her just memory falls,
The spot she hallowed by her deed
Still bears the name of *Crawls*.

THE PILLARS OF THE HOUSE;

OR,

UNDER WODE, UNDER RODE.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HOUSE WITHOUT PILLARS.

'And who save she could soothe the boy,
Or turn his tears to tears of joy?'
Samuel Rogers.

LANCE'S train was at six o'clock, and that by which the sisters were to return to Bexley so little later, that they would await it at the station, so the household was betimes more or less afoot. There was a frenzied scramble of maids and young ladies in hasty toilette; yet breakfast was only forthcoming by personal exertion on the part of the Captain, who

made the coffée, boiled the eggs, and sent his brother foraging into the kitchen. Then a message came that Mother must see the sweet girl to bid her good-bye; and Wilmet was dragged up to find the paddy good-natured face in bed, in an immense frilled night-cap, whence two horn-like curl-papers protruded. She was kissed, cried over, and told she was the dearest girl, and Jack the best boy, in the four kingdoms; and while her head was turning round between dizziness at all that this cordiality implied, and a governess's confusion whether these were the four kingdoms of Ireland, or England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, a demand followed for the darling boy; but when she had gravely told the Captain that his mother wanted him, the result was to send him down laughing. 'No, no, I'm not the only darling boy in the world! 'Tis you, Lance. You know the way.'

Between finding her in bed, and being powerfully embraced, Lance's sense of decorum brought him down with his blanched cheeks so rosy red, that the family were choking with suppressed mirth when the omnibus called for the luggage, and the party set forth to walk to the station, Lance in a grass hat, enfolded by the Captain's hands in an ample puggery, and provided with a natty blue umbrella, presented by the Librarian, 'as a shield against the far-darting Apollo.'

'If this had been in my day,' he said, 'some wit would have produced a neat epigram on Phœbus playing his old tricks out of jealousy of Will's verses; but dainty feats of scholarship are gone out of date. Well, Patroclus, when we have you back again, I think we shall none of us mourn over the effects of your generous action.'

Wilmet was near enough to hear, and colour. She had imagined the last night's conversation unknown to all; but Underwood reticence was so incapable of guessing at Harewood communicativeness, that it never entered her brain to suspect the topic of conversation between the three juniors as they walked up the drowsy street.

Thanks to the difficulties of getting under weigh from the Harewood house, there was barely time for John and Lance to take their places, while Mr. Harewood got their tickets, and they were whirled off, leaving the others to promenade the platform, just then a complete solitude.

Mr. Harewood, with the attention of the old school, backed by something warmer, gave Wilmet his arm. He and his son John never seemed to belong to so ramshackle a household as the rest, and he was so gentle and fatherly, that when Wilmet found him aware of all, it was a relief to tell her objections without being answered by a lover. After all, she could only repeat that leaving home was so impossible for her, that, as she murmured, 'He had better not get to like me any more, it would be such a pity for him.'

'That,' said Mr. Harewood, with his air of old-fashioned gallantry, 'depends on the esteem in which wealth or merit is held.'

'And station,' said Wilmet, in an undertone.

'For that, my dear, one would be a fool not to honour you and your

brother; besides, it may make you more at ease to hear that my father was an apparitor, and I went to Oxford as a servitor, so that in birth you have the advantage of us. Of course, I do not mean that everyone does not in the abstract prefer prosperous matches; but John has a fair independent competence, and can afford to do as he pleases; and, for my part, I should be very sorry if this were not what he pleased.'

'You are so very very kind! But surely if—even if—it must be such long waiting, and you would not like that for him.'

'Let us arrive at the *if* before we settle about the waiting,' said Mr. Harewood. 'In truth, I have long looked on John as so much the most sensible person in my house, that all I feel called on to do is to hope for his success. I know both you and he will be wise enough not to be either selfish or unselfish in the wrong place.'

Wilmet did not quite understand, but she carried away the conviction that she need have no scruple as to the parents' cordial approbation; and she had had her cure from yesterday's sense of want of individual affection. As to the future? Of course it swelled her heart to think of such love and generous kindness; but she tried to believe that she was as much touched by the goodness of the father as by that of the son, and she would be on her guard against herself unless she saw some reasonable hope that home would ever dispense with her. Dear Wilmet! Would she not at any other time have thought it an outrage to think of such a possibility? At any rate, she thought, nobody but Felix need ever know.

Little guessed she, as Robina sat opposite, kept silent by the presence of two stout old females, that the child was revolving the question whether she might tell Cherry. She knew that Wilmet would not like her affairs to be discussed without her own permission; but it seemed unfair that when all the Harewoods were open-mouthed, her own sister should know nothing. After all, much would depend on the chances of a *tête-à-tête*.

At the station stood Clement. 'That's right! I thought you would come by this train. What a comfort! How is Lance?'

'Almost well. How are you getting on?'

'You will soon see for yourself,' in an ominous tone.

Just then she was accosted by Mr. Ryder, who was waiting for his own train; and after courteous and anxious inquiries, said, 'I was thinking of writing to your eldest brother, but perhaps a word from you would do as well.'

'About Bernard?'

'Why, yes; I don't quite see my way about him. He is a sharp little fellow, and very well taught; in fact, he can afford to do nothing but waste time. Somehow, a boy will now and then seem to come into school with the wrong foot foremost.'

'Has he fallen in with idle boys?'

'So I fear. I placed him in a form high for his age, but where the

lags have got hold of him, and make him think idleness the *thing*. So I gather. I conclude he is not to remain here?'

'Do you mean that you wish him to be taken away?' asked Wilmet in consternation.

'No, no; don't understand it in that sense,' said Mr. Ryder anxiously. 'I only meant that he is doing no good here, and that possibly a change, or the stimulus of preparing for an examination, might rouse him. Good-bye.'

And there Mr. Ryder had to rush off to secure his seat.

'Oh! good morning, Miss Underwood!' This was from Mr. Mowbray Smith, a few steps beyond the station. 'I am glad to see you back. So your patient is gone to join your eldest brother? But we shall have you here on Sunday? Then there's the less occasion to name it; but some notice should be taken of the behaviour yesterday evening.'

'It was very sad,' interposed Clement; 'but when once set off by the christening, they could not stop themselves.'

'Scarcely a valid excuse,' said Mr. Smith severely, as he made his parting bow. 'You know this was not all.'

Clement shrugged his shoulders, exclaiming, 'So he made that into a personality! You must know there was an unusually squalling baby, whose godmother went on giving its name as Huggeny; and there was a five minutes exchange of "What?" on Mr. Smith's side, and Huggeny on hers, till a whisper came all along—forwarded from the mother, I suppose—"Same as they does their 'air;" and when Mr. Smith looked more mystified than ever, someone suggested, "Same as the Empress of the French."'

'Something might be excused on such provocation,' owned Wilmet, laughing.

'If that had been all,' said Clement; 'but Angel and Bernard choose to go and sit by themselves, and I could see, from Felix's place in the choir, that they were tittering long after. I shook my head, but Nares must needs make up an odious imitation; and Bernard not only touches Angel to make her look, but grins impudently at me. I found myself growing burning hot with shame, and whenever they looked at me, their heads went down and their shoulders worked.'

'Naughty children,' said Wilmet, but with more than usual lenience to the combined effects of Huggeny and of Clement's severe countenance, in producing one of those paroxysms of giggle that seem invincible in proportion to their unbecomingness. The door was reached and instantly opened, Stella springing into her arms in ecstasy. 'Sister's come!—O Sister, Sister, Sister, don't ever go away any more.'

There was a great deal of confused kissing and embracing as she made her way up-stairs. 'But oh, my Tedo, what has happened?' for she beheld a fine sample of Bill Harewood's violet eye.

'It was Bernard's stick went into his eye when we were playing at

hockey,' said Stella. 'He did cry terribly, but Sister Constance put such nice stuff—'

'Sister Constance! oh, thank you! but hockey in the garden!'

'I thought it rather a remarkable proceeding,' quietly observed the Sister.

'I must hear more about it,' said Wilmet. 'My poor dear little man, can't he let Sister go for one instant?—Cherry dear, how are you?'

'All right now you are come. But dear little Lance, how is he looking?'

'Not much worse than you do, my Cherry,' said Wilmet, as she saw that the wizened old fairy look was come back. 'You have been worse than I knew.'

'Oh, I am all right now; and I have had such a treat of Sister Constance.'

'I want to take her back with me,' said the Sister. 'Dr. Lee would like to have her under his eye; and if you can spare her, I would write to-day, and she could go with me to-morrow.'

'It is very kind; it might be better for her.'

'Of course,' interrupted Alda, 'it is good for anyone to be away from this horrid smell of baked earth, and all these riotous children.'

'Ah!' said Wilmet; 'didn't I see the shade of the lamp in the landing-place broken? How was that?'

'Oh! the children, of course,' said Alda.

But neither child spoke; and Wilmet perceived that only the twins were in the room, both hanging upon her, while she swallowed her hurried second breakfast.

'No one will tell,' said Clement. 'It was done the day I went over to Minsterham. I did all I could to find out.'

'Yes; and made them more obstinate than before,' said Alda.

Another catastrophe here suddenly struck Wilmet, namely, a long and very badly-mended rent in Stella's spotted pink frock, which, to say the truth, did not look as if it were Monday morning.

'Yes,' said Stella, 'I did try to mend it as well as I could, Sister, but there wasn't another work-a-day frock clean.'

'Your mending!' exclaimed Wilmet; 'but how did you tear it?'

'When I tumbled into the brambles, and was lost.'

'Lost, my dear! What does she mean?'

'It is quite true,' said Cherry. 'Angela and Bernard took her out fishing to Ball's hatch on Saturday, and lost her, only luckily we did not know anything about it till she was safe at home again, dear little darling!'

'But, Stella, how was it?' cried the horrified Wilmet, clasping her the closer.

'I could not bear to see the poor worms,' said Stella. 'Bear would cut them up to stick on his hook, so I got away out of sight of them, and gathered the dear little wild roses and honeysuckles; and when I wanted

to find them again I couldn't, and nobody heard me when I called, and a robin looked at me, and I thought he wanted to bury me, and I ran away, and a great bush caught hold of me and scratched my legs, and tore out a great piece of the rim of my hat; and just then a good lady came by, and helped me up and to look for them, but we could not see them anywhere; so she took me to her house—such a dear little house all over roses—and she mended my hat, and I mended my frock, and she gave me some tea and plum-cake, and two dear little ponies came to the door, and a carriage, and she brought me home.'

'Who was she?'

'Miss Crabbe; she is new to the place,' said Cherry. 'Mr. Froggatt said she had only been once in the shop before. Tell Sister how you told her about yourself, Stella.'

'She asked my name,' said the child, 'and she said it was a very funny one, and she could not understand it; and then she wanted to know whose little girl I was, and I said, "Brother Felix's;" and then she said, "Have you no papa or mamma?" So I told her I hadn't a papa or mamma, but a father and mother up in heaven; and she said, "I should think so, poor little dear, if there is no one to take more care of you." I really did think she wanted to take me and keep me for an adopted child, so I told her that I had lots of dear good brothers and sisters that wanted me very much indeed, and I must go home to H. Froggatt and F. C. Underwood, High Street, Bexley.'

'I fancy,' said Cherry, 'that she thought Mr. Froggatt was Stella's grandfather, for she made him quite a speech about the neglect of the child—"such a nice-mannered little girl," she said; but she would not come in, nor let Alda be called.'

'Nor should I have gone down if Mr. Froggatt had thought proper to call me,' said Alda. 'Imagine me in his office!'

'I can't imagine not going anywhere to thank the person that brought home my little Star,' said Wilmet, holding her arm close round the child, and kissing her repeatedly. 'But what became of the other two?'

'I went out after them,' said Clement, 'and found them rushing wildly about after her, afraid to come home. To do them justice, I believe they were almost out of their minds, thinking she must have tumbled into the river.'

'Oh, indeed,' said Alda. 'That's your account of it.'

'Yes,' said Cherry eagerly, 'all that pretending not to care, and that it was a trick of Stella's, was nothing but reaction. And then, you know, Clem, you *did* improve the occasion.'

'There!' exclaimed Alda, 'you see how it is, Wilmet; nothing but vindication of those two intolerable children! Now, just come, Wilmet, and see if they are to be backed up in this.'

But as Wilmet, perfectly bewildered, and feeling no hope of comprehension among so many, followed Alda from the room and up the stairs, Stella came plunging after, with a cry, 'Alda, Alda, don't hurt them!'

just as from a housemaid's closet half way up, Alda was bringing to light a bason containing a dozen tadpoles twirling their shadowy tails.

'Now, Wilmet,' she solemnly said, 'do you approve of all those horrid brutes swimming in my bath?'

'They aren't in the well, I hope,' said Wilmet.

'How can you be so absurd, Wilmet? That's the way those children shewed their sorrow that Clement talks about. I'll never believe but he helped them.'

'To weep them?' said a voice above; and Angela's face was soon looking out of her bush of hair over the balusters of the top story. 'They *are* just like black heraldic tears.'

'You don't mean that they put them in?' asked Wilmet.

'What else should I mean?'

'And didn't she squall?' shouted Bernard; and then came a duet—

'Dame, Dame, what makes your duck to squall,
Duck to squall, duck to squall, duck to squall?
Meeting o' pollywogs! Meeting wi' pollywogs!'

'Hush, children, this is shocking,' said Wilmet, in the low impressive voice by which she could always still a tumult. 'How could you take advantage of my absence to do this?'

'Because Alda deserved it,' cried Angela, bouncing down-stairs. 'There, Alda! I said I should tell of you if you told of us.'

'Angela, that is not the way to speak to your elder sister.'

'She isn't like an elder sister!' exclaimed Angel. 'Stella would be ashamed to do like her, eating up the strawberries Mr. Froggatt brought for poor Cherry when she was ill.'

'I'm sure you had your share!' retorted Alda.

'You *would* have them in for dessert, and you helped us; only Sister Constance and Clem left all theirs for Cherry, and then you went by yourself and ate them all up.'

The very fact of shouting out such a charge shewed a state of insubordination such as might make Wilmet's hair stand on end, and she simply disbelieved so childish an accusation against her own equal in age. 'You should not say such things, Angela,' she answered, in her low tone of reproof; 'there must be a mistake.'

'I am afraid it is quite true,' said Clement's quiet voice, as he stood arrested on his way by the block upon the landing-place.

'The children make such an uproar,' said the exasperated Alda. 'I'm sure I thought Geraldine's had been taken long before, and in this parching weather fruit is quite a necessity to me.'

Wilmet was too much aghast at the admission to speak. It was a strange tangle: Clement standing straight and still on the landing-place; Wilmet, with Theodore humming to himself, as innocent of the fray as the tadpoles that Stella was cherishing in the cupboard door-way; Alda, flushed and angry; and on the upper flight, Angela and Bernard

dancing and roaming in vehement excitement between anger and alarm. Well that Lance was not in this hubbub! thought deafened and amazed Wilmet.

'What has this to do with the tadpoles?' she asked, in an endeavour to comprehend.

'We said she should be served out,' sung Bernard, 'with a polly—polly—polly-wog bath.'

'But, Bernard, hush!—Angel! don't you see it was no business of yours if Alda did forget?'

She was unprepared for the outbreak this brought on her. 'You, too, Wilmet! Everyone backs up those children in their behaviour to me! Lady Herbert Somerville, and Clement, and all! If only Ferdinand saw it!'

'Just step up, Wilmet,' said Clement gently, 'and see whether the children are in league with me.'

He followed Wilmet up to the door of the barrack, an attic that he shared with Lance and Bernard, and shewed the long beam that crossed it pasted with a series of little figures cut out in paper, representing a procession in elaborate vestments; and at the end a long-backed individual kneeling before the chair of a confessor, who bore a painful resemblance to the Vicar of St. Matthew's.

'We only wanted to make Tina feel at home,' giggled Angela.

'It would be no matter,' pursued Clement, 'if it were merely quizzing myself. I am used to that; but this is trenching on sacred ground.'

'Bless me, your old white beam!' exclaimed Angela, with an affected start.

'It is exceedingly improper and irreverent,' said Wilmet. 'I am ashamed that such a thing should have been done in this house.'

'Really,' said Alda, 'it seems to me very droll and clever, with no harm in it at all; only people like Clement never can take a joke.'

'You can't mean to justify such a one as this,' said Wilmet; but, to her still greater astonishment, Alda broke out,

'There! You are turning against me! You are taking Clement's part, though you didn't care what they did to me—not if it had been snakes and adders!'

This, decidedly in Mrs. Thomas Underwood's style, elicited a peal of laughter from the two naughty children, and the corners of Clement's mouth relaxed, bringing Alda to a gush of tears. 'You never used to be like this to me, Wilmet.'

'I never saw you like this, dear Alda,' said Wilmet, low and gently, but in decided repression. 'Come into our room, and let me try to understand.'

So began a morning of mutual complaints, as if everybody were against everybody, agreeing in nothing but in appealing to the elder sister. First, there was Alda's story. Never had there been such a miserable time—with Geraldine interfering, fussy, fretful, fault-finding; Clement

intolerable in primness and conceit, only making the children worse when he pretended to keep them in order, and making such a fuss about Geraldine, when nothing ailed her but change of weather; incurring the expense of the Dearport doctor, and bringing down the Sister upon them, so awkward to have her in the drawing-room in that dress, but Sisters always thrust themselves into families. She hoped she had shewn my Lady that she was not to be over-awed by a title—such affectation, not using it! No consideration for her; the servants regularly spoilt, both of them; Martha a vulgar insolent creature, and Sibby disgustingly familiar and slovenly, no good at all, not even to keep Theodore out of the way. At which Theodore, knowing no more than his own name and Alda's displeasure, set up a dismal howl; and as Wilmet chose to coax and fondle him into silence instead of scolding and turning him out, Alda went off in a huff, muttering about asylums and proper places; and Wilmet descended to the kitchen, the little weak hand clasped tight into hers.

A sore sight awaited her below; the bills of this month for luxuries of sinful extravagance in her economical eyes! Chicken and asparagus, ducks and pease, even in the height of their season, were enormities to such housekeeping as hers, and had raised the sum total to four times the amount that her foreboding soul had dreaded. It exceeded her present supplies, and was a grave addition to the expenses of the two illnesses, that were serious enough already.

Martha was eloquent, not to say defiant, in self-defence. 'You see, Miss Underwood, if I'd been let alone, or Miss Cherry had been the one to take my orders from, which we could have made it out to your satisfaction; but with Miss Halder, which expects everything to be just like what it was in the fammerly up in London, which it stands to reason as it can't; which she hasn't got no more notion than a baby of prices, nor seasons, nor nothink; which is very determined, too, which won't suffer a word from nobody; which if you hadn't been coming home, Miss Underwood, I'd have given warning, which have always given you satisfaction.'

Wilmet's satisfaction was not increased when she encountered Sibby. 'Ah, my darling Missie dear, ye're the jewel that's been longed for! The whole house has been mad entirely, and lost widout you; the children rampaging and playing pranks, and Miss Cherry dwining and pining to a skeleton, so that but for Masther Clem and that holy woman, the Sisther, 'tis scarce alive ye'd have found her. Miss Alda, she's the very wonder of the worruld for jealousy and unfeelingness. I up and told her at last there was well-nigh as much differ between you and she, as between Stella and this blessed lamb that she spites; for if you have not carried off all the wit and understanding, sure 'tis you that has got all the heart, and the head, and the hands.'

'And the partial old nursey, Sibby! You see I had no time nor thought but for poor Lance; and Alda was so new to it.'

'Ah, Missie dear, you were always the one to vindicate her, but 'tis no use! Newness! 'Twasn't newness that makes her turn the back of her hand to this darling innocent, till he cries if he's left a moment with her.—Ay, my precious, what would have become of you and me but for Masther Clem?—I tell you, Miss Wilmet, I never thought that long boy the aquil of his brothers till I saw him in time of need. Yer father himself—Heavens be his bed!—couldn't have been tenderer with Theodore nor Miss Cherry, by night nor by day, an' never a cross word when he was bothered past his life with Miss Alda's ugliness an' the children's boldness.'

'Oh, those children! What is come to them, Sibby?'

'Only funning and merriment, Missie dear. They'd never have had to be faulted if Miss Alda had let Miss Cherry deal with them; but she could neither rule them herself, nor bear to see them ruled; and though she was like a mad cow if they played their pranks on her, she backs them up if Miss Cherry, or Masther Clem, or even the Sisther, do but say a word to them, so 'tis no wonder if the poor dears have been a bit off their heads, but they'll be as quiet as doves now ye're back again. Oh, Missie dear, my own child, but it's you that are the light of my eyes, looking the blooming beauty that you are.'

The foster-mother's genuine compliment could not lighten the load that had grown every moment heavier, and compunctious for the deaf ear she had turned to Clement. Wilmet said a word or two of apology to him when she met him on the stairs, loaded with books to study in the garden.

'Never mind,' he magnanimously answered, 'it is all right now you are come, and it was impossible before. Only, please do say something warm to Sister Constance, for Alda is barely civil to her.'

'I am very sorry; I did not think Alda had that sort of prejudice,' said Wilmet, whose instinct of defence of Alda had wonderfully diminished.

'The chief prejudice came of my sending for her,' said Clement. 'Besides, Sister Constance spoke out pretty sharply about the strawberries; and when we had a couple of chickens, and Alda scolded me for helping her to a leg instead of a wing, Sister Constance said, "Oh, I supposed you had them on Geraldine's account;" and she gives the children leave to do anything Sister Constance objects to. These things are hardly their fault. But, I say, Mettie, now you are come, and it is all right, do you think I might go to St. Matthew's? The Vicar and Mr. Sterling are alone, while the other curates are holiday-making, and they say I could really be of some use to them, and they would give me some help with this reading for my examination. Somers is there too, and I have not seen him since Christmas.'

'Indeed,' said Wilmet, 'no one has deserved a holiday more than you, Clement! You have done your best.'

This—almost the first home praise or thanks that had fallen to his

lot—elicited that real grace of humility for which poor self-conscious Clement really strove. 'I have tried, Mettie,' he said, with tears in his eyes; 'but it was not as if it had been one of the others. There must be something very wrong about me, to make me so disagreeable.'

'You have gained two hearts,' said Wilmet, 'Sibby's and this little fellow's.'

For Theodore had attached himself limpet fashion to Clement, who with difficulty piled his books so as to leave a hand free for him.

'He had better come with me,' said Wilmet; 'your reading must have been dreadfully interrupted.'

'It has, rather,' said Clement, whose examination was in alarming proximity; 'but I don't mind him, I can work to his tunes as well as Felix can; and all is right now you are come.'

That was the burthen of everyone's song. It came next from Cherry, whom she found in her own room; 'There was so much bustle in the sitting-room,' she said.

'My dear, you have gone through a great deal!'

'"There's nae luck about the house when our gude man's awa',"' said Cherry. 'Clem played and whistled that so often, that Alda begged never to hear it again; but unluckily Tedo had caught it, and I don't think she quite believes he doesn't hum it on purpose! But now, how delicious it is to have got at least our gude woman! And, oh dear! Wilmet, I beg your pardon; but you do look so lovely, I can't help telling you so! or is it the pleasure of seeing you?'

'My poor Cherry! I did not think half enough about you.'

'That would have done no good. Most of this rose out of my own crossness and horridness. If I could only be anxious without being peevish!'

'Now, Cherry, don't waste time in telling me it was your own fault. I know all about that! I really want to understand how it has all been with Alda and Clement. I am afraid Alda has not been behaving nicely.'

To hear Wilmet allow Alda to be other than impeccable so amazed Cherry, that she could scarcely answer. 'O Mettie, I never knew what you and Felix must be. I have so often thought of a house divided against itself—one against two, and two against three. We have been all *to wrongs*, and Clem and I have said we would not be a party; and yet we could not help it, for we always had to stand up together! Then Angel and Bear were against everyone, and Alda set them against Clem, and fancied he did against her, which was not true. I should have minded nothing if Alda had not been so angry at Clement's sending for Sister Constance. You did give him leave, though?'

'Yes; and I should have done so much more decidedly if I had known.'

At that moment Sister Constance knocked at the door, with her work in her hand, and Wilmet inferred that this was the refuge from Alda

and the drawing-room. To Cherry's surprise, Wilmet, instead of ignoring everything unsatisfactory, began at once, 'Please come in, Sister Constance; I wanted to thank you, and tell you how sorry and ashamed I am! I am afraid you have not been treated as—'

'Don't say any more, my dear,' as the tears were in her eyes; 'don't think about it.'

'I ought to think!' said Wilmet. 'I have been trying to understand things ever since I came home; but everybody except Cherry and Clem blames everybody, and they only blame themselves! I can't understand the rights of anything!'

'My dear,' said Sister Constance, 'I think it would be impossible to go into the details of all that has happened. Shall I tell you how it seemed to me?'

'Pray do!'

'I thought that the authority of an elder reared in so different a school necessarily was producing a few collisions. There was some ignorance, and a good deal of dislike of interference, and the younger ones would not have been human not to take advantage of it; but it is over now you are come home, and I strongly recommend an act of oblivion.'

'Oh! I don't want to punish the poor children,' said Wilmet.

'Oblivion, I said, not only amnesty;' and as she did not see perfect comprehension in Wilmet's face, she added, 'I mean, not only that the children should be forgiven, but that their elders should not go hunting for causes, and thinking how this or that could have been prevented.'

'I suppose not,' said Wilmet. 'It is all plain enough;' and the sigh that followed quite amazed Cherry, who smiled up in her face, saying, 'Plain enough that we can't do without you.'

'No,' said Wilmet, kissing Cherry's uplifted face ere leaving the room; but it was with such an effort at a responding smile, that Cherry exclaimed, 'Oh dear! how dreadfully we have vexed her!' And Sister Constance thought the more.

Yet again Wilmet had to hear another testimony to the anarchy in her absence. Those formidable bills had obliged her to apply to Alda for an advance of the sum she had offered for Lance's journey; and this, after some petulance and faltering, elicited that some old forgotten London bills had come down and swamped this Midsummer quarter's allowance, so that the promise must stand over till—till Michaelmas; or it might be that Ferdinand's matters were arranged, and then what would such a paltry sum be? Wilmet turned away in shame and disgust at having trusted for a moment to such offers. She could only do what she had never done before—apply to Mr. Froggatt for an advance on Felix's account; and she detained him after dinner for the purpose.

He was as kind as possible, assuring her that he should have been hurt if she had not come to him. And then, in his blandest way, he thought it right to hint that 'young people were sometimes a little

unguarded.' She was prepared for the story of the loss of Stella, but she was not prepared to hear of a gossipping intercourse over the newly arrived Punches, &c., carried on in the early morning with Redstone, not only by Bernard but Angela. She was but eleven years old, so it was nothing worse than the taste of childish underhand coquetry and giggling; there was no fear of its continuance after Felix's return, and indeed, good old Mr. Froggatt had kept guard by coming in two hours earlier ever since the discovery; but the propensity dismayed Wilmet more than all that had yet happened, and on this head she thought it right to reprove Angela seriously.

'Dear me, Wilmet, you are always telling us not to think ourselves above our station. Mr. Redstone is just as fit to speak to as Felix was before he was a partner.'

'Should you like Felix to have found you gossipping in the reading-room?'

'Well,' said audacious Angela, 'half the fun in things is the chance of being caught.'

'My dear, you don't know what you are saying,' replied Wilmet dejectedly, as if exhausted beyond the power of working out her reproof; and Angela had to fight hard against any softening, telling Bernard that W. W. was a tremendous old maid, who had no notion of a lark.

Robina, who stood in the peculiar position of neither accusing nor being accused, would not add her voice to the chorus of welcome, and did not wonder that every hour wore off something from the radiance of the beautiful bloom brought from the Bailey. Indeed, the unusual gravity and reserve of the younger sister struck Cherry's observant eyes, and made her think at first that she had been much pained by having to part with Lance in his weak half-recovered state; but when at tea-time the whole history of the illness was inquired into in detail by the assembled family, the downcast eyes and flaming cheeks with which Robin encountered every mention of Captain Harewood's good offices led to the inference that she had in her excitement forgotten the bounds 'where the brook and river meet,' and was in an anguish of shame; Wilmet meantime looking flushed with the fag of her vexatious day, and speaking plentifully of this same Captain, proving to herself all the while that she was doing so with ordinary gratitude and composure.

Robina was quartered upon Geraldine in the holiday crowding of the house; and somewhere about four o'clock on the summer morning, Cherry, wakening as usual, and reaching for her book, heard a voice from the corner asking if she wanted anything. 'No, thank you, Bobbie. Go to sleep again.'

'I can't; I've been thinking about it all night. I think he's coming to-day.'

'Who?'

'Captain Harewood. He promised to come and tell us how Lance and Felix are.'

'I am very glad; but Wilmet never said so.'

'No; but— O Cherry, I wish we could contrive some nice quiet place, but nothing is ever quiet in this house.'

'No,' said Geraldine, who was but too well aware of the fact; 'though I can't imagine that any Harewood can be distressed on that score.'

'Oh, but—' said Robina, to whom the communication began to feel so momentous, that she could not help toying round it before coming to the point—'I know; at least, I am sure he will want to see her particularly.'

'You Robin, what have you got into your head?' said Cherry, trying to misunderstand, but feeling a foreboding throb of consternation.

'It is not my head! Willie told me.' And as she detected a sigh of relief, 'And it is no nonsense of his either. He did it on Sunday evening by the river side.'

'He did it?' repeated Geraldine, willing to take a moment's refuge in the confusion of antecedents, though too well aware what must be coming.

'You know what I mean. He—Jack—John—Captain Harewood had it out with her when we were all walking together.'

'My dear, impossible!'

'I mean, we were out of hearing, but we saw them at it, and walked up and down till Lance got tired out, and Willie and I stayed to make it proper.'

Geraldine relieved herself by a little laugh, and said, in a superior tone of elderly wisdom, 'But, my dear, there might be a walk even without what you call doing it.'

'Yes,' reiterated Robina; 'but I know, for the Captain shut himself up with Mr. Harewood when we came in, and Bill heard his father telling his mother about it at night through the wall.'

'Forshame, Robin!'

'Oh! he told them long ago that he could hear, and they don't care; besides, Mrs. Harewood told him *himself* when he went in to wish her good morning, and she kissed me and Lance too about it, and said they hadn't their equals. And poor Mettie thinks no one knows of it but their two selves, and maybe Mr. Harewood!'

'But, Robin, I don't know how to understand it. I think she would have told Alda, at least.'

'Perhaps she has to-night,' said Robina; 'but, you see, she didn't accept him.'

'Oh! then it doesn't signify.'

'Not out and out, I mean; and it is only because of us. At least, we are sure she likes him.'

'We! You and Willie!'

'And Lance. He saw it all the time he was getting well. Besides, the Captain told his father that she wouldn't listen to him, and would have hindered his going to Felix if Lance had been fit to travel alone.'

'Then it is not an engagement now?'

'No, she won't let it be.'

'And he is coming to-day?'

'Yes, after he has seen Felix. O Cherry! he is so nice, kind and bright like all the Harewoods, and not ridiculous; and Lance does like him so!'

'Does Wilmet?'

'We are almost sure. As Lance says, she has never looked so bright, or so sweet, or so pretty. Do you think it is love, Cherry?'

'We shall see,' said Cherry. 'If she tells us nothing, we can judge; and if—if—'

Her voice died away into contemplation; and after waiting in vain for more, Robina somewhat resentfully decided that 'she had fallen asleep in her very face.'

No more was said till dressing-time, when there were a few speculations whether Alda knew; and Cherry could not help auguring that something had opened Wilmet's eyes to her twin's possible deficiencies. Sister Constance came, and seeing her patient's paleness, accused the sisters of untimely bed-room colloquies; and as they pleaded guilty, Robin was struck by the air of fixed resolution on Cherry's thin white face.

There was no sign of any confidence having been made to Alda. Wilmet plunged into her long deferred holiday task of inspecting the family linen; and when she came back with a deep basket, an announcement that everyone must mend and adapt, and portions of darning and piecing for Geraldine and Robina, they began to feel as if the morning's conversation was a dream.

But just as dinner was near its close, there were steps on the stairs; the drawing-room door was opened and shut, and Sibby, unnecessarily coming through the folding leaves, announced over the head of Clement, 'Captain Harewood.'

'Come to tell about Lance!' cried Angela, leaping up, and followed by Bernard, Alda, and even Mr. Froggatt; indeed, in the existing connection of chairs, tables, and doors, a clearance of that side of the table was needful before anyone else could stir. Wilmet moved after them, and Clement was heard exclaiming, 'You are pinning me down, Bobbie!'

'I know! Oh, shut the door! There are more than enough there already.'

'True,' said Sister Constance, signing to Clement to obey. 'I meant to go to my room, but Cherry wants to hear of her brothers.'

'No, she doesn't!' cried Robina. 'At least— Oh! will nobody get the others out, and leave them to themselves!'

'Why, Bobbie, what nonsense is this?' said Clement. 'One would think you took them for Ferdinand and Alda.'

'It is all the same!—Stella, you run out to the garden—by that door, you child!' And then it all came out to the two fresh auditors, who

listened with conviction. 'And now,' concluded Robina, 'there is not a place where he can so much as speak to her! What shall we do to get them away?'

'You do not know yet that she wishes it,' said Sister Constance, who had been a wife before she was a Sister, and saw that it was matronly tact and tenderness that the crisis needed; 'but I'll tell you what you can safely and naturally do. Go in and fetch Cherry's folding-chair, and call the children to carry her appurtenances down to the garden. That will make a break, and Wilmet can take advantage of it if she sees fit.'

'Alda is worse than ten children,' said Clement; 'she has an inordinate appetite for captains in the absence of her own.'

'It can't be helped. Better do too little than too much.'

And finding Robina shy and giggling, and Clement shy and irresolute, Sister Constance herself made the diversion by opening the door, when Wilmet's nervous look and manner was confirmation strong. 'Lady Herbert Somerville—Captain Harewood,' was Alda's formal introduction in her bad taste; while the Sister, after shaking hands, bade Bernard take Geraldine's chair to the lawn.

'Oh, are we to go out?' said Alda. 'A good move. Of all things I detest in summer, a town house is the worst. I'll just fetch a hat, I want to shew my pet view.—Our brothers are always fighting about their churches, Captain Harewood.'

The thing was done; Mr. Froggatt was already gone, and as Alda's trappings were never quickly adjusted, it needed very little contrivance to leave a not unwilling pair on one side of the doors, and cut off the rest. Robina, too much excited to stand still, flew about the stairs till Alda appeared in a tiny hat fluttering with velvet tails.

'Are they gone out?'

'Yes;' for quite enough to constitute a 'they' were gone; and when Alda reached them, they sedulously set themselves to detain her, and thereby betrayed the reason.

'Nonsense! How absurd! That horrid little fright of a red-haired man! No doubt poor dear Wilmet only wants me to go and put an end to it.'

Strictly speaking, this was self-assertion. She had not the assurance to intrude, and she contented herself with keeping Cherry on thorns by threatening to go in, and declaring that the whole must be untrue, since Wilmet had not told her.

Time went on very slowly; and at last Wilmet, about four o'clock, was seen advancing, with Theodore in one hand and her great basket of mending in the other. And before Alda had time to rise from her chair, Robina darted across the grass, with flaming cheeks and low hurried frightened confession—'Wilmet, please, it is honest to tell you; Willie Harewood knows, and told me, and I couldn't help it; I told them, to keep them away.'

'It always happens so,' said Wilmet, less discomposed than Robina expected, though she had evidently been shedding tears. 'Not that there is anything to tell.'

'Nothing!' cried Robina, looking blank.

'Of course not. He came to bring me a note from Felix. I hope no one knows but those three.'

'And Sister Constance.'

'Then take care no one does.'

'But, O Wilmet, please! You have not put an end to it all?'

'No,' said Wilmet. 'They will not let me, though I think it would have been wiser. I do not know how it is to be, except that it is utterly impossible for the present.'

With thus much from the fountain head, Robina was forced to content herself; and she had tact enough not to join the trio under the tree, but to betake herself to Clement, who had gone off with his books.

'So,' said Alda lightly, 'you have cheated us of another view of your conquest, Mettie.'

'He wanted to catch the 3.45 train,' said Wilmet gravely.

'You must have been very unmerciful to despatch him so soon. I thought you must want me to come to your rescue, but those romantic children wouldn't let me.'

'Thank you,' said Wilmet.

'My dear! You don't mean that you are smitten? Well! I can't flatter you as to his beauty. And yet, after all, situated as you are, it is a catch—that is, if he has anything but his pay; but of course he hasn't.'

'Yes,' said Wilmet abstractedly, 'his father told me he had—what did he call it?—"a fair independent competence of his own." Oh! they are so kind!'

'Then, O Wilmet, is it really so?' asked Geraldine, with eager eyes, clasped hands, and quivering frame, infinitely fuller of visible emotion than either of the handsome twins.

'I—don't know.'

'My dear Wilmet,' cried Alda, excited, 'you can't surely have anything better in view!'

'No,' said Wilmet, even now keeping herself blind to the offensiveness of Alda's suggestion; 'but as it is utterly impossible for me to think of—leaving home, I did think it would have been wiser to put a stop to it while there wa—is time,' and the tears began to gather again.

'And have you?'

'They won't let me.'

'Who?'

'*He*—and his father, and Felix,' said Wilmet, speaking steadily, but the tears rolling down her cheeks.

'Felix! Oh, what does he say?'

'You may see;' and she held out a letter, which Alda and Cherry

read together, while she rested her elbow on her knee, her brow on her hand, and let fall the tears, which with her were always soft, free, and healthy outlets of emotion, not disabling, but rather relieving.

Mrs. Pettigrew's Lodgings,
North Beach, East Ewmouth,
July 20th, 10 p. m.

My dearest Wilmet,

What I have heard to-day is a great satisfaction. I had hardly hoped that you could have been brought within the reach of anyone so worthy of you. My only fear is that you are too scrupulous and self-sacrificing to contemplate fairly, and without prejudice, what is best for us all. You will imagine yourself blinded by inclination, and not attend to common sense. Harewood tells me he trusts you have no objection on personal grounds. (I hope this does not sound as if he were presuming; if so, it is my fault. Remember, I am more used to writing 'summaries for the week' than letters on delicate subjects.) But at any rate, my Mettie, I see there is much worth and weight in his affection, and that you could not manage to snub him as entirely as you wanted to do. (Didn't you?) Now, it seems to me, that if you two are really drawn to one another, both being such as you are, it is the call of a Voice that you have no right to reject or stifle. I do not mean by this that anything immediate need take place; but granting your preference, I think it would be wrong not to avow it, or to refuse, because you scruple to keep him waiting while you may be necessary at home. If you imagine that by such rejection you would be doing better for the children and me, I beg leave to tell you it is a generous blunder. Remember that, as things have turned out, I am quite as much the only dependence for the others as I was seven years ago. I felt this painfully in the spring, when I was doubtful what turn my health would take; and the comfort of knowing you would all have such a man to look to would be unspeakable—indeed, he has already lightened me of much care and anxiety. Do not take this as pressing you. Between this and the end of his leave, there will be time for consideration. Nothing need be done in haste, least of all the crushing your liking under the delusion of serving us. So do not forbid him the house; and unless your objection be on any other score, do not make up your mind till you have seen me. I should of course have been with you instead of writing, if it were not for Lance. Till I saw the dear little fellow, I had no notion how very ill he has been. The five hours journey had quite knocked him up, and he was fit for nothing but his bed when he came; but he revived in the evening. I only hope I shall take as good care of him as the first-rate nurses he describes so enthusiastically. That month must have been worth years of common acquaintance. I wish I knew what more to say to shew you how glad I am of this day's work, and to persuade you to see matters as I do.

Ever your loving brother,

F. C. Underwood.

P. S.—Lance is quite himself this morning, and was up to watch us bathing before six o'clock.

'Oh! what did Captain Harewood say of Felix?' was Cherry's cry, almost with shame and pain at not having asked before.

'You know, he had never seen him,' said Wilmet; 'but he said he did not seem to him in the least unwell—and he watched carefully, as I had begged him. He said he struck him as naturally delicate-looking; but that those blue veins in his temples do not shew, and he

has no cough at all, nor any difficulty in swimming, or walking up a steep cliff. He made me laugh, for he said he hardly believed his eyes when Lance tumbled himself out of the train on something so little bigger or older than himself. He says the way we all talk of 'my eldest brother' made him expect something taller than Clement, and more imposing than the senior verger; but he understood it all when he saw him and Lance together. They have two very nice rooms; and Felix has put Lance into the bed-room, which is luckily cool, and sleeps on a sofa-bed in the parlour; and the landlady will do anything for them.'

'But how is it to be?' broke in Alda crossly. 'You and Felix seem to be encouraging him to come dangling here, when we all agreed that Ferdinand must keep away in Felix's absence, though matters are in such a different state.'

'So I told him, dear Alda,' gently said Wilmet; 'but he declared he would bring his sisters, or poor Mrs. Harewood herself, if nothing else would satisfy me: and what could I do, after all their kindness?'

'Umph!' muttered Alda; 'they are a queer set.'

'Now, Alda,' said Wilmet earnestly, 'you must not talk without knowing. Till I went there, I never understood how much goodness and principle there could be without my stiffness and particularity. I know I have often been very unnecessarily disagreeable and disapproving, and I hope I am shaken out of it in time.'

'Dear Mettie, no one is like you,' cried Cherry, with a little effusion, stretching out her hand, and laying it on her sister's shoulder. 'Oh, if we had not all been so vile while you were away!'

'It would not have made any difference, my dear! It would be impossible to leave Felix without help. And think of Theodore!'

Alda muttered something, that no one would hear, about asylums; and the tell-tale tears coming again, Wilmet sprang up, and bending down to kiss Cherry, declared in her most authoritative voice that nothing should be said to the younger children, nor to anyone out of the house; then picked up the tea-cups, and carried them in.

Excitements were, however, not yet over for the day. A telegram was put into Alda's hands, containing the words—

'A. T. is an unmitigated brute. I sail for N. Y. to-night. All will be right when I come back.'

The mysterious hint restored Alda at once to all the privileges of the reigning heroine!

(To be continued.)

DOMINIE FREYLINGHAUSEN.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

CHAPTER VII.

THE regiment attended morning service every Sunday at the episcopal church in Albany; and the incumbent—good Dr. Ogilvie, who enjoyed a tolerable salary from the English Government as 'chaplain to the Indians,' but really had very little to say to the Indians at all except when they flocked into the town for their Easter Communion—was not sorry for the addition to his rather scanty congregation, though the behaviour of some of the officers was not quite so reverent—or to use his own word, 'decorous'—as he could have desired. However, on the Sunday following the dance in the Gronows' barn—which had been kept up long after Franzje and Evert left it—very few of the officers accompanied the soldiers to church; some mysterious indisposition seemed to have taken possession of them, which made it desirable for them to linger in bed, or dawdle over their breakfast; and various excuses were devised for non-attendance at church-parade, the colonel himself setting the example of absenteeism, and leaving his place to be filled by the senior major. But in the afternoon the invalids revived, and might be seen strolling forth in pairs by the river side, or lolling out of the windows of the houses in which they were billetted, and chatting with those of the passers-by whose respect for 'the Sabbath' did not cause them to look upon idle gossip as one of the things prohibited by the Fourth Commandment.

Most of the Albanians, however, had gone to the Catechising, and the bell of the English Church was booming forth a summons to three-o'clock Evensong, when Mr. Gardiner, the young lieutenant who had accompanied Russell Vyvian to the berry-picking, stopped just outside the Bankers' house, and accosted the adjutant, who was sitting on the parlour window-sill smoking.

'I say, Vyvian,' he began, 'I think I shall go to church, as I did not go in the morning; will you come with me?'

'No, thank you; I have just scandalized my worthy host by announcing my intention of making an expedition to the woods. He went off to his prayers in a state of internal combustion, the signs of which were only too visible in his puffy countenance.'

'Suppose we look in at the Dutch Tabernacle, and see how he is getting on. Seriously, I have rather a curiosity to hear that Dominie of theirs hold forth; but I daren't face him by myself, particularly as I shall have lost so many heads of his discourse by not getting there in time. Come along, there's a good fellow.'

'It's Catechising in the afternoon,' said Mr. Vyvian, yawning; 'my

young friend Cornelius has been gabbling over something which he said was the Dutch for Sodom and Gomorrah, in preparation for it. No, if I go anywhere I'll go to church; I was always brought up to a veneration for Church and King.'

'I didn't know you had got such a thing as veneration in you, except for Lady Mary,' said Mr. Gardiner, alluding to his friend's mother, a good and noble woman.

'Well, for her sake I have a certain lurking respect for all that is good, even though it be a little dull. Yes, let's go to church. Just wait two minutes, and I'll be with you.'

He got up and put aside his pipe, and presently issued forth in his best regimentals—officers did not think of wearing plain clothes in those days—looking very handsome and very spruce, and carrying a large Prayer-book which his mother had given him.

They strolled along the pavement leisurely, though the bell was giving its last stroke; and as they turned into the cross-street which led up to the church, and were passing the door of the Dutch chapel, Mr. Gardiner arrested his companion's steps.

'Do let us look in here,' he said, 'and see what they are all about.'

Russell was going to object, but it occurred to him suddenly that he should like to see whether Franzje were there, and so he yielded to the suggestion and went in.

Franzje was the first person who caught his eye on entering. She was standing at one end of a semicircle consisting half of maidens and half of lads, who were gathered in front of the Dominie's pulpit, and were evidently, as the young lieutenant whispered, being 'put through their facings' by him. She did not look like the floating Aurora now; her dress was of the soberest, her hands folded together, her bright hair smoothed down demurely under a white hood. But the upturned face was quite a study in its intentness, and she was so quaintly lovely in her Sunday apparel and with her good-child expression, that Mr. Vyvian forgot all about the English service, and drawing his companion into a pew near the door, professed himself content to remain and listen.

Franzje did not see them, but the Dominie did instantly, and a restless glance flashed out upon them from under his powerful brows, though he did not pause even for a second in what he was saying. One or two of the lads turned round to gaze at them stolidly, but were immediately recalled to attention by a question from their pastor; and though some of the older people in the pews near them shewed a little sense of discomfort at their presence, it might have done no harm, had not the Dominie happened to look rather pointedly towards them when he was impressing upon his youthful audience the exceeding wickedness of the city from which righteous Lot escaped.

'I'm Sodom, and you're Gomorrah, evidently,' whispered Mr. Vyvian to his brother officer, catching by instinct the drift of the Dominie's

discourse, though unable to follow it word by word; and the Dutch lads seemed to think so too, for they all turned their heads round for a stare at the red-coated intruders. Then the lasses, not unnaturally, must needs look to see what the boys were looking at; and though Russell Vyvian was not sorry, since it gave him a sudden glimpse of Franzje's full face instead of her profile, the proceeding was to the last extent exasperating to the Dominie. With a stern word and sterner gesture he recalled the little band to order, and kept their attention by a shower of questions addressed first to one and then to another with a quickness which seemed to send the slow young intellects to the right-about, and brought forth nothing but a set of confused and hopelessly irrelevant answers.

Franzje was the only one who preserved her presence of mind, but the silvery tones were low, and seemed to tremble a little, and the Dominie sternly bade her speak louder, and then chid her for not immediately obeying. Russell saw the red lips close firmly on one another, and guessed something of the struggle which was going on in the young heart; but he was not prepared for the clear ringing sweetness of the voice which at length gave the answer for which the Dominie was waiting. Even Dutch was musical in those accents, he thought; but they did not seem to melt the heart of M. Freylinghausen, who saw in Franzje's transparent face a sort of consciousness of the Englishmen's presence, and was more annoyed with her for it than was perhaps quite reasonable. He went on with his catechising more slowly again, giving the heavy lads time to recover their faculties, but his eye seemed to rest sternly on Franzje and her female companions; and once, when he saw a glance of intelligence pass between Cornelia and her, at something which the young people took as a side hit at the dissipations introduced by the officers, he rebuked both girls authoritatively, and perhaps all the more unsparingly because he divined that the presence of the young English gentlemen made the public reproof especially humiliating.

Cornelia twisted her shoulders, and looked more pert than she had ever dared to look before within range of the Dominie's eyes; probably in any other place she would even have ventured on a saucy rejoinder. Franzje drooped her stately head with a kind of proud grave humility, which made Russell feel savage, and long to take up arms in her defence. Nevertheless, the Dominie was much more inwardly perturbed at Franzje's demeanour than at Cornelia's. He knew he could crush Keetje's pertness any day, if he took the trouble; but Franzje's proud submission gave him a sense of something unconquered within her, with which it was more difficult to deal. He could not read the expression of the resolutely drooped eyes now, as he had so often read it before, when after a reproof they had been raised to him swimming in tears, but full of trusting filial appeal; it seemed as if she were no longer quite his own child to do with just as he liked, but rather as if

she were withdrawing part of her mind from his allegiance—submitting still, it is true, but with a mental reservation.

A little sadness mingled with the sternness when he spoke to her next, and if he could have known how Franzje's heart throbbed when she detected the change of tone, he would certainly not have despaired of her; but her face told nothing, and he brought the lesson to a close in a dissatisfied mood, meditating how he could keep the English officers out of his church for the future.

When he went to the vestry, M. Ryckman followed him, and one or two other elders bustled in after them with rather an important air, as if they had something very particular to communicate. Meantime the congregation left the building; and as Madame Ryckman had stayed at home that afternoon, there was no duenna to daunt Mr. Vyvian, and prevent his walking beside Franzje if he liked. He was waiting for her outside the door—alone, for Mr. Gardiner had joined Cornelia—and greeted her in a bright, familiar, yet not disrespectful tone, as if he felt himself already almost an old acquaintance.

He did not make any allusion to what he had just seen and heard, but talked over the preceding evening, and brought in a delicate compliment here and there, in a way which was rather soothing to a little girl who had just been publicly snubbed. He was very pleasant and friendly to her brothers, too, and she quite wished Jan would not have answered him in such a short bearish tone. Jan was a good boy, very good, and answered much better at the Catechising than Evert; but certainly Evert's manners were far pleasanter—far more like Mr. Vyvian's, Franzje thought. Already Mr. Vyvian was becoming a kind of standard to her.

They had not gone far, and were but just beginning thoroughly to enjoy their chat, when a voice behind them called, 'Franzje! Franzje!' and she stopped abruptly and turned round.

'Who wants you?' said Mr. Vyvian, turning also; 'oh, the Dominie! Has he all the young demoiselles of Albany at his beck and call?'

'It was my father,' said Franzje; 'that is he walking with the Dominie. See, he is beckoning to me; I must go back.'

She made a little hurried curtsy, and retraced her steps till she had joined her father and the minister, who were walking very slowly and talking together. Mr. Vyvian watched her quick, youthful, and yet not undignified pace. 'She has still the instinct of running when she is called, like a child,' he said to himself; 'I wonder exactly how much of the child and how much of the woman there is underneath that precocious beauty. If she were but more becomingly dressed, she would be the very type of beautiful girlhood; even my mother would not be able to see a fault in her.'

He did not attempt to follow her, not having courage to face the Dominie and his elder in what seemed to be their present mood, but

strolled along with Evert, and finally enticed him for a walk upon the river bank, while Jan ran off without even saying good-day.

Franzje was left to pace along soberly by her father's side till they reached the Manse, and then was told to come in there with him, though no explanation was given as to why he desired her presence. He had merely nodded in answer to her 'Do you want me, Father?' when she first joined him, and had gone on talking to the Dominie; so she could only conclude that she had been summoned in order to prevent Mr. Vyvian's walking with her.

They went into the Dominie's study, and he and M. Ryckman seated themselves at the table, and began to look over some papers together, and discuss something about the admission of new 'Church-members' the following Easter. Franzje sat down in the window-seat, not wholly uninterested, because she was anxious to know whether the Dominie meant to admit *her* as a Church-member—but feeling herself rather *de trop*, and wondering at intervals how Mr. Vyvian and the boys were getting on together, and what he had thought of the rebukes she had got from the Dominie that afternoon.

Presently some words of M. Freylinghausen's startled her into fuller attention. 'On one thing I have quite determined,' he was saying; 'that no one shall be admitted as a Church-member who takes any part in the worldly amusements which these young Englishmen are introducing. My people shall choose whom they will serve, God or the devil; I will have no trying to reconcile both services.'

M. Ryckman made a doubtful murmur, something between assent and dissent, which only set the Dominie off on a more elaborate explanation of his intentions. Franzje listened, amazed, doubtful, almost rebellious—the old old conflict between Puritan principles and natural instincts going on within her. Were all amusements wrong except exactly such as had been common at Albany hitherto? Had the dance she had joined in the night before really made her unfit for the Easter Communion? were youthful spirits and laughter and bright colours and gay music indeed displeasing to God? Was Mr. Vyvian wicked, because he liked acting plays and doing things that Killian and his compeers never dreamed of? Some inward voice cried out No! no! to all these questions; her heart beat with a rapid pulse, her face glowed under the white hood, her little feet—cased in ugly thick shoes—began an impatient pit-a-pat on the floor; she was almost ready to speak out, and assert an opinion of her own, there in the Dominie's very sanctum!

And all the while he never so much as glanced towards her.

M. Ryckman, who was calm and cautious, was not altogether carried along by the Dominie's zeal. 'I have heard the Schuylers say that social amusements of a more lively character than those we have been accustomed to are not altogether to be condemned,' he said; 'I am not sure that if all well-meaning people withdraw their countenance

from these officers, they may not do more harm than if tolerated to a certain extent, and kept within the bounds of moderation by the advice of prudent persons.'

'Do you flatter yourself that Colonel Trelawny, or that light-minded young adjutant, are in the least inclined to take advice from you?' asked the Dominie sarcastically.

'I don't see why they should not,' said Franzje, suddenly firing up, both for her father's sake and Mr. Vyvian's.

The Dominie just looked at her with a sort of lofty surprise, and went on as if he had not heard. 'I tell you, Ryckman, that these Englishmen make a god of their amusement; and you can no more hope to confine it within reasonable bounds by your counsel than you might hope to dam up the Hudson by sinking a few hedge-stakes. Those who lend themselves to their wishes—the Bankers and the Gronows more particularly—will have cause to rue it. Remember my words a year hence, and see if they have not then come true.'

'What would you have, Dominie?' rejoined M. Ryckman, with rather a perplexed air. 'I invite none of them to my house; but must we needs keep away from all the houses where they are to be met? It is true, I am as well content to smoke my pipe at home as with my neighbours; but it seems hard upon the young people to be so restrained.'

'*Hard*, to keep them from evil! hard, to keep them pure! hard, to save their souls for God!' said the Dominie earnestly. 'Eli's sons would perhaps have thought it hard if he had checked them in their sinful pleasures; yet wherefore came the wrath of God upon him? Because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not. Was it better for them to let them have their way? Did it seem better in that day when Hophni and Phinehas died both of them? Nay, had they not brought woe upon the whole nation, was not the Ark of God taken? The sins of individuals may bring danger to the whole Church.'

It was impossible not to be impressed with the almost fierce energy with which the Pastor spoke; the strength of his convictions gave a degree of force to his manner, which exercised a well-nigh irresistible sway over the half-convinced mind of his elder. But Franzje, while granting fully that if the pleasures the officers were setting on foot *were* sinful, then it was the right and true and loyal part to keep away from them, could not lay the ghost of a doubt as to whether this were indeed the case, whether the Dominie were not condemning from hearsay things which, had he seen them, would have appeared to him innocent enough.

'We let our Franzje and Evert go to the Gronows' last evening,' said good Baas Ryckman, with a glance towards his daughter; 'I thought it had been a harmless merry-making enough, from what they told us of it, but young folks are not the best judges, no doubt. I suppose we had better keep them away for the future—eh, Dominie?'

'Certainly,' said the Dominie gravely.

Franzje turned her face to the window, and struggled with herself. It did, it *would* seem hard to be cut off by a word from all that she had so enjoyed, and had meant to enjoy for the future; to see her father content to abridge his children's pleasure merely because the Dominie stigmatized as wicked amusements which he had not seen, and of which therefore he could not fairly judge. And yet, and yet—was not the Dominie always right? was it not the wildest presumption to think that he could be mistaken and prejudiced, that her father could be wrong in submitting implicitly to his guidance?

She did not see that there was another side to the question; that it was not necessary to suppose the Dominie infallible in order to submit cheerfully to his decrees; that it might be that he and her father were wrong—and yet that her part all the same was to obey, that the sacrifices of obedience are never lost, even though they may be in themselves un-essential. In after years, when Franzje thought all over the matter, she used to date the beginning of her mistakes from that Sunday afternoon, on which she had put aside the simple question, 'What is *my* duty, the Dominie's and my father's decision being what it is?' and had perplexed herself with thoughts of what was *their* duty, and whether they were really acting in the best and wisest way.

She hardly heard the next few words of her father and the pastor, so full was she of her own thoughts, but was roused by M. Ryckman's getting up to go.

'Well, good-day, Dominie,' he said, as he prepared to depart; 'I am on your side, of course, whatever happens; and we must see if we cannot bring our townsfolk to reason.'

'Good-day,' replied the Dominie in a friendly and satisfied tone, holding out his hand as he spoke.

Franzje rose and curtsied; but before she could utter any verbal farewell, the Dominie turned away, and began arranging the papers on the table.

So he was going to let her leave his house without one word of good-bye! Her heart swelled, her lips quivered, but she followed her father mutely to the door, and they were half way home before she spoke.

'Father,' she said timidly at last, '*you* are not vexed with me, are you?'

'No, except that you should not have spoken just now when the Dominie asked if I thought the officers would take my advice; it was not your part to interrupt.'

'But I could not bear the Dominie's tone, Father; it seemed to disparage you and the officers both.'

'"Could not bear,"—that is a new way of speaking for thee, little one. Tut, tut, thou must be a good child, and not fancy thou knowest better than the Dominie, but be content to hold thy tongue, and sit at home with thy mother, and think no more of these officers.'

'I don't think of them—not in any wrong way, I mean—and we didn't do anything wrong at the Gronows'; if the Dominie had asked me, I would have told him all about it; at least—' for she suddenly remembered her promise to Mr. Vyvian not to betray his theatrical plans—'I would have described to him the dancing and everything I joined in.'

'Dancing! ay, that is just what the Dominie objects to; and from what Elder Jansen told him, it seems it was kept up long after you two were at home and in bed. I wish I had thought to tell him that *you* came away in decent time, but even that would not have made him think it right for you to be there. You must keep away from all such merry-makings for the future; you understand that, I hope, my Franzje?'

'Father, you would not have said so if it had not been for the Dominie.'

There was some bitterness in her tone, and the worthy elder turned round and looked at her in surprise.

'Softly, softly, Franzje!' he said admonishingly.

She fell a little behind him, and was silent again, all sorts of contrary emotions fighting a battle within her.

When they reached their own door, she said in quite an altered voice, 'Father, why wouldn't the Dominie speak to me?'

'He is disappointed in you, child, I think; but never mind, be a good girl, and it will all come right.'

The words in the glen came back to her—'*You*, at least, child, must never give me cause for displeasure,'—spoken in that strange appealing tone. Already she had given him cause, or at least he thought so; he was *disappointed* in her, her father said; the still loyal heart thrilled with pain at the thought.

'Father, I am sorry now,' she said; 'let me go back and tell the Dominie so. I sha'n't be able to go to sleep to-night if I think he has not forgiven me.'

'Best not trouble him now, my girl, had you?' said her father irresolutely.

'Oh, I don't think he will mind; I will not stay long. Father, I can't rest till I think he is not angry with me, and that he will let me be a Church-member at Easter.'

M. Ryckman said no more; and taking silence for consent, Franzje turned and walked back quickly in the direction from which they had come, a sudden rush of earnest remorseful devotion to her pastor filling her heart, and leaving no room for the questioning criticising thoughts which had troubled her such a little while before. She had not gone very far, however, before she met Mr. Vyvian and her brother, returning from their stroll.

'Where are you going in such a hurry, Franz?' said Evert, stopping her as she was trying to pass them.

'What have you done with your father and the revered Dominie?' struck in Mr. Vyvian before she had found words to reply.

Oh, if she had only had courage to say straight out, 'I am going back to M. Freylinghausen now, you will find my father at home!' but the sneer in Mr. Vyvian's tone as he mentioned the pastor made her feel doubly shy and embarrassed, and she merely faltered, 'I have just left my father; I am going a little way up the street,' and again tried to pass on.

'I'll come with you,' said Evert, turning; and to her dismay, Mr. Vyvian must needs turn too, and walk beside her.

He was very agreeable, even more so perhaps than he had been when her father had called her away from him; but his presence was torture to Franzje just now. If she had been less unsophisticated, and had had more of the assurance of a modern young lady, she would have known perhaps how to get rid of him; but spite of her womanly appearance, she was but a child in many points still, and could think of no courteous mode of implying that she would rather be without him.

They were nearing the pastor's house, and she was beginning to form a desperate resolution of avowing that to be her destination, when who should come forth but the Dominie himself! He seldom went out after the Sunday services were over, unless some sick person happened to send for him, so Franzje had never reckoned on such a contingency; and the notion of what he would think at seeing her again with Mr. Vyvian, and without her father, flashed upon her with a sudden shock.

In another minute they had met face to face; and though he uttered no word of surprise or annoyance, Franzje knew by the hard expression of his mouth and eyes that he had judged and condemned her, and that nothing but a frank and prompt explanation could remove the false impression that he had conceived. And how was she to give that, with Mr. Vyvian standing by?'

'Where have you left your father, Franzje?' he inquired, when he had exchanged a stiff greeting with the young officer.

'He is at home, Sir,' she answered in a quiet constrained voice.

'And you have not had walking enough, it seems?'

'Oh yes, I was not going any further; at least—' and there she paused. 'Only to the Manse,' was the real end of the sentence; but something between timidity and pride prevented her from uttering it.

'Then perhaps you will turn with me,' pursued the Dominie gravely; 'I am going past your house.'

Oh! if Mr. Vyvian and Evert would only have gone on and left her with the Dominie, all might yet have been well; but Russell firmly believed that by deserting her he should leave her exposed to the full outpouring of the Dominie's wrath, and therefore determined to accompany her to her door, no matter what hints he might receive to depart. He would not even walk behind or before with Evert, but resolutely kept his ground beside her; and as the Dominie walked closely on the other side, Evert found himself of no account, and was perhaps almost as uncomfortable as any of the party.

Mr. Vyvian made a few nonchalant efforts to keep up a conversation, which were rather baulked by Franzje's monosyllables and the Dominie's dry rejoinders. As for Evert, he could not think of a word to say. Oh, what a long way it seemed to M. Ryckman's door!

Franzje had a lingering hope that the Dominie would come in with her, or would wait at any rate till Mr. Vyvian had taken leave, and so give her the chance of a confidential word with him. She no longer felt the impulse to open her heart to him, which she had felt when she set out for his house; her whole soul was chilled by the harshness of his manner; but something she might and would have said if the opportunity had been given her. It was, however, denied her, in this way. As they approached the house, the Dominie turned suddenly to Evert, who was lagging behind a little. 'I cannot come in,' he said, 'I have to proceed further. Go on before us, if you please, and ask your father to come to the door. I have a word to say to him.'

Evert obeyed; and his father, with a long pipe in his mouth, made his appearance in the door-way just as they reached the steps. The Dominie ascended them solemnly, still by Franzje's side; while Mr. Vyvian stood below, waiting to catch a parting look from her if possible before she disappeared.

'I have brought your daughter home, Ryckman; keep watch over her for the future,' said the pastor sternly; and then, before the slow Dutchman or the astonished girl could speak, he hurried away, and was seen striding off down the street at an unusually rapid pace.

Mr. Vyvian lingered for one graceful bow, which Franzje scarcely returned, and for a half-comical half-supercilious smile, which she did not return at all; and then he too turned away in the opposite direction, and Franzje followed her father into the house.

'What is it about, my girl? what have you been doing?' said M. Ryckman, removing his pipe for a moment, and puffing out a volume of smoke as he did so.

Franzje drew up her head with the air of an offended queen. 'I have done nothing,' was all she said, was all she *could* say at the moment; and then she went slowly up the stairs, and into her own room.

Her father looked after her with a puzzled dissatisfied air; then he glanced round for Evert, meaning to question him, but Evert had disappeared; so he put his pipe between his lips again, and with a muttered 'I will get the wife to find out what is amiss, and set it to rights,' enveloped himself in clouds of fragrant tobacco, and mightily soothed himself thereby.

Perhaps he would scarcely have taken the matter so placidly, however, if he had heard the agony of sobs into which Franzje broke when she was safe within the shelter of her room. A terrible feeling of shame, of humiliation, overwhelmed her, and yet her innocence asserted itself indignantly against it. 'She had done no harm, the Dominie had

misjudged her; it was very hard, very unjust.' But still all the time her heart cried out to him with something of the old filial devotion; his hard judgement of her was so unbearable, just because her reverence for him was so great. But could they ever go back to the old happy relations after what had passed that day? In her strong youthful tempest of misery, Franzje thought not.

(To be continued.)

IN TIME OF WAR.

CHAPTER I.

One evening towards the end of June, 1642, Katharine Markham sat in one of the windows of the large dining-parlour, in her brother's house at Ollerton in Nottinghamshire, playing with her little nephew. Near them sat his mother, busy with her needle, fashioning some lace for her husband's ruffles, yet finding time to admire her boy and reply to his merry shouts. The romp had been very lively, and Katharine's brown curls were all disordered, and her cheek flushed, with the exertion of tossing and shaking the sturdy little fellow, for whom no play was too rough. But every now and then her eyes wandered to the window; and once the boy, following her glance, cried 'Father!'

'Oh, Kate! does he come?' said Mrs. Markham, starting up.

'No, there is no one; but the rogue knows well who it is that we watch for—do you not, my man? what will Father do when he comes?'

The boy drew up his little figure, and putting his hand to his head, waved a salute to his mother from the vantage ground of the broad window-seat.

'And what will you do when the King comes?'

He went down on his two fat knees, and kissed the hand his mother held out to him, then laughed and threw his arms as far round her as they would reach, hiding his face in her gown to play bo-peep with his aunt.

'Now my loyal son must go to his bed; bid Aunt Kate good-night.'

Then mother and son went up the broad oak stairs, to the room where Dorothy, the waiting woman, was ready for her charge; but before he was laid in his little wooden cot, he knelt on his mother's knee, to say after her, in words that were inarticulate to all but her, his baby prayer 'that God would bless father and mother, and all his kindred, bless His Church evermore, and keep the King from all his enemies.'

When Mrs. Markham returned to the parlour, Katharine was still watching. 'Oh, Ursula,' she said, 'I would my brother were come.'

'So would I, Sweet-heart; but why are you more anxious to-night?'

'I fear bad news from York, though we get little news but bad now-a-days. I met good Mr. Norwell this forenoon, he was very despondent; and when I told him that my brother had ridden to Newark for news from the north, he said there was more need than hope for good tidings from York; that all men look for war, seeing that the army the Parliament is raising cannot be for Ireland as their first pretext was, but is surely meant to march against the King, if he agree not fully to their insolent terms; and this he neither can nor will do.'

'Surely they dare not march against the King! it would be flat rebellion; no loyal subject would join them!'

'There be so many disloyal; Mr. Norwell but repeats what my brother says, that the people, specially those that have a little learning, without wit or breeding to use it aright, are mad with a dread of Popery, and desire such a liberty as shall permit them to be lawless. Mr. Norwell has himself been insulted more than once of late; fanatical preachers in every town stir up the idle folk and malcontents against the King and the clergy, calling all the ceremonies of the Church but ungodly superstitions; and they find many to listen to and uphold them.'

'We have long heard of these things from a distance, but now methinks they come very near to us,' said Mrs. Markham, sighing.

'It is because they are spoken of more openly to us that I am afraid of what may be coming,' answered Katharine; 'for neither Mr. Norwell nor Thomas would alarm us without cause.'

Then there fell a silence between the two, and Mrs. Markham put by her work, and came to sit by Katharine on the window-seat, enjoying the pleasant idle time, in spite of the shadow of dread and foreboding, that those dark and troubled times threw over even peaceful country homes and girlish hearts.

They were both young; Mrs. Markham about twenty-three, and her sister-in-law just nineteen. Mrs. Markham was rather a small woman, very fair and gentle, with a clear open forehead and rosy lips, and of a tender and loving disposition. The staid behaviour that she considered suitable to her position and matron state, became her well, giving an appearance of stability to a character that, although most sweet and loveable, was somewhat deficient in firmness and depth. Katharine was very different, both in appearance and temperament; taller and slighter, with abundant curly brown hair, that had threads and streaks of gold in it; her skin was naturally white, but usually the forest air turned it to a clear brown, that matched her hair, and she had a bright colour that came and went with every word that touched her warm enthusiastic heart; while the tears would come almost as quickly to the dark grey eyes, equally ready to sparkle with fun, or the quick temper that belonged to her nature.

This was not the usual sitting-room of the ladies of the family, which was at the other corner of the house, and looked westward over the little river Mann and some water-meadows to Sherwood Forest, and south-

wards over much the same view; the sun setting over the long line of trees, broken only by the spire of Edwinstowe Church, and a foreground of furze and heather, touching the fresh green of the pastures by the stream. It was a pleasant room; but to-night they preferred the dining-parlour, where from the east windows they could see the Newark road for some distance. This room was panelled with oak, ornamented with carving and intricate scroll work, of an earlier date than the house, which was then new, and the north side still unfinished, but the wainscot had been brought there from another house belonging to the Markhams. There was a kind of canopy over the door-way, enclosing a medallion with the date 1601; and over the fire-place was a noble construction, occupying great part of the side of the room; great jambs on either side, with four terminal figures between them, supported the high narrow mantel-shelf; two of these figures were gentlemen in ruff and doublet, with grave pleasant faces. Katharine, who was well read in the Faery Queen, had named them Sir Calidore and Sir Artegal, and thought the fair knights of Courtesy and Justice were fitting guardians of her brother's hearth. She would have liked to fancy that the two ladies their companions were Florimel and Britomart; but, possibly because the artist had aimed beyond himself in trying to idealize them, they were inferior to their lords—staring hard-featured damsels, with wild hair, and no costume at all, obstinately refusing to lend themselves to romance. Above these, on a shield surrounded by carven scrolls and flourishes, were painted the arms of the Markhams, and the crest, the winged lion of St. Mark, holding in his paw a doubtful object, usually explained to be a horse *hame*, to complete the allusion to the name. The rest of the room was in plain panels, on which were hung several family portraits. A great beam crossed the ceiling, beautifully carved with a pattern in low relief, with a pendant in the centre, like a huge acorn, from which the Christmas bough was wont to be hung.

The house itself was a large square building; not a mansion, but a spacious comfortable house, liberally planned and well built of dark red brick, worked here and there into simple decoration. It had clustered chimneys and high lead roofs, which, sloping from the four sides, enclosed a platform at the top, from which there was a fine forest view, over the thick woods on one side and the open commons on the other. The house stood at the end of the little town of Ollerton, between the river, and the road from Newark to Worksop, which was here joined by the road leading to Nottingham or to Southwell.

The two ladies at the window were the wife and sister of Thomas Markham, then head of the Ollerton branch of the Markhams of Markham, afterwards of Cotham in Nottinghamshire, a very old and honourable family. How honourable, is testified by a long list of brave deeds done and high offices held by them; and how old, can only be guessed, for when Roger de Busli received the Manor of Markham, together with thirty-nine other manors in Nottinghamshire, from William

the Conqueror, he seems to have left the original owners nearly undisturbed; and from Claron de Markham, who was settled there, and held the manor under Roger, descended a long line of Markhams, who, Camden says, 'were very famous heretofore, both for antiquity and valour.' About the time of the Wars of the Roses, Cotham, near Newark, an estate acquired by marriage, became the family seat of numerous Sir Johns and Sir Roberts. Of these, a certain Sir John married, for his third wife, Anna, daughter of Sir John Strelly, who added sons and daughters to his already large family. One of the former was Thomas, to whom his father left an estate at Ollerton, and who founded the Ollerton branch of the family. He was known as the Black Markham of Kirby Bellers, and was a great courtier and servant of Queen Elizabeth, who bestowed great favour and many honours upon him; partly, perhaps, from her love and gratitude to his sister Isabella, who was maid-of-honour to the Lady Elizabeth at Hatfield House, and suffered much hard usage and imprisonment at Bishop Gardiner's hands, for her mistress's sake, both before and after her marriage to Sir John Harrington. She was very beautiful; and Sir John wooed 'his sweet Isabella Markham,' in sonnets and verses, more loving than poetical.

The Black Markham was a thorough old courtier; some letters are preserved among the family records, which throw a curious and not very favourable light on his character. The first is from one of his sons, written to his father on his joining the Church of Rome. This, it should be remembered, was no less than an act of high treason; and the poor young man writes, being 'perplexed in mynde,' to give the reason for his change of faith, and to crave pardon from father and mother, for the 'infinite troble and hardshyppe' he brings on them. He also excuses himself for having taken up a sum of money due to his father, with which to convey himself to Malta. He speaks of his loyalty to the Queen, and again asking for pardon and blessings, he 'rests your most distressed sonne, desirous to be dutiful.'

Besides this touching epistle, we have two time-serving compositions from Thomas Markham to Lord Burghley, written in a great fright as to what might be brought upon him by his son's perversion, which he calls 'his lewde and undutyfull practyse,' and asking Lord Burghley's good offices, to clear, not his son, but himself, with the Queen. No doubt the love and pardon so earnestly desired were granted by the mother, of whom we only know that she was daughter and heiress of Sir Ryce Griffin; but we can imagine her sorrow, and also that the nobler spirit, of which we find traces in more than one of her sons, descended to them from her, rather than from the Black Markham. Their eldest son, Sir Griffin, was convicted of high treason, being concerned in Lord Cobham's plot in favour of Arabella Stuart; thus George, the second son, succeeded to Ollerton and the other estates. His wife, Judith Withernwick, was also an heiress; she is said to have inherited 'Claxby and Normanby, and many other fair tenements;' they had a numerous family, most of

whom seem to have adopted the Roman Catholic faith, which was probably their mother's; and it is hinted that for their religion they underwent many heavy penalties, so that when the eldest, the Thomas Markham of whom this story has to tell, came to his property, many of the 'fair tenements' were lost to the family.

In 1642 the family at Ollerton was a small one. Thomas Markham was about forty years of age; of his four brothers, three died young, and George, the survivor, had been abroad for some years, but the prospect of war was bringing him home to serve the King. Of the sisters, Margaret, Elizabeth, and Frances, had all been brought up in their mother's faith; the two former entered the Benedictine convent at Ghent, and Frances was a nun at Liege. Thomas remained true to the English Church; the separations and divisions caused by their differences of religion had been a source of great pain to him; and when his mother died, leaving the little Katharine only ten years old, he easily persuaded their father to keep her at home, instead of sending her to a Belgian convent for her education; and at George Markham's death, a few years later, Katharine was left under her brother's guardianship, and continued his especial pet and charge, always repaying him with the most entire and duteous affection.

It was a good day for the motherless girl when her brother rode over to see her at Southwell, where she had been for some time boarded, or as she would have said, tabled, in the family of Mr. Savage, a gentleman of that place, that she might get her education with his daughters, and practise her lute with the organist of the Collegiate Church, who was noted for his skill in all kinds of music. It was a good day when her beloved brother came to tell her that he was going to be married, and that before he brought home his wife, he would bring home his sister, who was then sixteen, and growing rather tired of her lessons and tutors. So Katharine might get her old friend and kinswoman, Mrs. Bernard, the housekeeper at the Archbishop's palace, to go home with her to Ollerton forthwith, and see to making the house ready for the bride. This was news indeed; and when her brother had gone, she put on her hood, and skipped across the churchyard, to the side-door of the great silent palace, across the court-yard to Mrs. Bernard's rooms on the south side, and told her tale to the kind old lady, who was ready to rejoice with her. In a day or two, Mr. Markham's coach came for them; Katharine bade her friends and her masters farewell, Mrs. Bernard locked up her stores and her still-room, and arranged for her recall, should his Grace arrive suddenly; and the four stout horses dragged the heavy coach, in which the two passengers and their baggage were but trifling items, home to Ollerton. Here they soon made the house ready for the bride: when the new mistress came, she quite approved of their work; and Mrs. Bernard approved of her, finding the pretty little lady, whom Thomas Markham had brought from the county of Durham, quite to her taste, with her simple warm-hearted manners, and thrifty north-country ways.

Katharine was equally pleased, and the two girls were soon warm friends and loving sisters; they were sufficiently unlike to suit each other well, though even Ursula's gentle rule would sometimes chafe the high-spirited Katharine, and the latter's clearer head and greater cultivation often gave her an undue ascendancy; but differences were very few; wise and good Thomas Markham was the ruler of his house, and their devotion to him was a sufficient bond of union.

Katharine and Ursula watched the Newark road till the sun had set and it began to be dusk, growing more and more anxious; but at last they saw a party of horsemen coming over the hill.

'Here they come at last! see, Kate, there is my husband and Sir John Savile; but who are with them?'

'There is Sir John Byron and his brother; I think that is my Lord Newark who rides with Thomas; there are two I do not know, but is not that tall cavalier Mr. Bertie?'

'Of a certainty it is; see, they are stopping here; my husband does not forget to salute us.'

The party halted at the gate, and some grooms went out to them, while Mr. Markham came hastily into the house.

'Is all well, my wife? These gentlemen will sup here, and some will sleep; as we have much business, it were best that you and Kate should sup in your own parlour.'

He went back to bring in his guests; Mrs. Markham hastened to see to their entertainment, forgetting all about the affairs of the kingdom; so Katharine was obliged to curb her impatience for news, and go to help her. When all was ready, and their own supper eaten, they were too much excited to go to bed, but sat together, speculating on the reports that had reached them through the servants, till there was a tap at the door, and Mr. Richard Bertie came in. He was a tall fair young man, moderately well looking, and though not without wit and spirit, rather more grave and sedate in his behaviour than most of the young gentlemen of that day, without which Mr. Markham would never have admitted him to be intimate in his house; for in these matters, and these only, he was said to be somewhat of a puritan. Mr. Bertie was of good birth, being of a younger branch of the family of Lord Lindsey; and also of good breeding, having been brought up at the free-school of Lincoln, and sent thence to Oxford, where his time had been well employed. His father and Mr. Markham had been close friends and fellow-soldiers in the Low Countries; and the young man, being left with few near relatives, and a moderate fortune, was glad to make the friendship hereditary. He used to say that neither his purse nor his inclination would permit him to seek the company of his kinsmen, Lord Lindsey and Lord Willoughby, though he greatly respected them, and had much affection for the latter. His lands lay in Lincolnshire, but he had several times of late been at Ollerton, and was well known both to Mrs. Markham and Katharine.

'Good evening to you, Ladies. Markham sends me, a willing messenger,

to tell you the news, which he knows you long to hear, and also why your house is thus rudely invaded.'

'All are welcome,' said Mrs. Markham, 'and you, Sir, especially, for your own sake and for your errand; Kate here is dying to know what tidings you bring.'

'I trust they are good,' said Katharine; 'but my brother looked grave enough when he came in.'

'To my thinking it is very good news. His Majesty has broken off the treaty with the Parliament, saying that the terms they offer would leave him but the vain shadow of a king, which indeed is what the traitors want, and will be satisfied with no less; so now we will set about righting him with our good swords.'

'Then there will be war; is that your good tidings?' asked Ursula.

'Yes, Madam, there will be war, and none too soon; His Majesty hath endured and parleyed too much already.—Look not so sorrowful, Mistress Katharine; many say that these fellows will stand but one battle, and though some of the wiser heads think they be too numerous and too obstinate for that, yet I doubt not, in three months at the latest, we shall give these rascals a lesson against rebellion, and bring our King again in peace.'

Bertie's enthusiasm was cheering; Katharine's eyes sparkled, and Ursula forgot her fears. 'Has the King left York?' they asked.

'No, he stays for further levies in that loyal county; a ship has come from the Queen in Holland with arms; but there is a report that other vessels have been intercepted by the ships of war under my Lord Warwick.'

'The traitors!' exclaimed Katharine, 'to employ the King's own ships against him!'

'Ay, it is time for the sword; the messengers at Newark reported that the King's own words were, "My towns, my ships, my arms, and my money, are taken from me; but there still remains to me a good cause, and the hearts of my loyal subjects, which, with God's blessing, I doubt not will recover all the rest."'

'Amen,' responded both the women fervently.

'My cousin, Lord Lindsey, is you know the general of the King's forces; and my Lord Newark, being the lord-lieutenant of this county, is now consulting with Sir John Savile, the Byrons, and others who have ridden from Newark with us, examining the lists of names to see who are loyal, and arranging for the raising of troops to serve the King, with all possible speed. Markham is commissioned to raise a troop of horse, and will probably be made lieutenant-colonel; I am to serve under him, and doubt not soon to be captain.'

'Ah then, he will leave us!' exclaimed poor Mrs. Markham, beginning to see what war really meant.

'You will not grudge your soldier in this holy cause, dear Madam; there will be none braver, none more devoted. I am right glad that I

am to serve under him.—May a lowly squire call himself your knight, Mistress Katharine?' Bertie added, turning to the girl, who was listening with an eager face.

'You will have our prayers, Sir, as we pray for my brother and the King,' she answered, with tears in her eyes.

'I thank you from my heart; now I must go back to the council in the other parlour; but I grieve to have so distressed Mrs. Markham; you will comfort her,' he said to Katharine, who, in spite of her tears, looked far the braver of the two.

When he was gone, Ursula wept in her arms, and was with difficulty persuaded to go to bed. Katharine attended to her, fighting with her own heavy heart; she guessed that this was but the beginning of trouble, and here was Ursula unnerved already.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF MRS. DOROTHY.

(AS RELATED BY HERSELF.)

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

Ah me! I remember that day as though it were only yesterday. It being little Tommy's birth-day, Sir Ambrose had told me to choose for myself some especial treat, and I had decided that I should like best of all to take a long ride with Giles, my lady mother's confidential old man-servant. The horse kept for my use was named Lightfoot, and a most elegant creature he was, very handsome still, although he had perhaps seen his best days, even as I have now, only that with us, human beings, our last days should be our best days, while we wait for the better Day to come.

I was mightily pleased with the prospect of my ride, and being but scarce eleven years old, was not a little proud of displaying my fine new sky-blue riding-habit, and white beaver hat edged with silver. Nevertheless, I had got something into my head which troubled me, and as I passed out of the park-gates, I said to Giles (behind whom I sat on a pillion,) 'Giles, did Papa and Mamma ever have the church bells set a ringing for my birth-day?'

'Bless your heart, Mrs. Dorothy!' he returned, 'what odd things you do ask! Had not you as lief settle which way you would be pleased to go, afore you begin prattling?'

'As to the way,' I answered, with much dignity, 'I have told you already that I wish to go to Stillingford. 'Tis very odd, but I have never been there—never in my life.'

Giles reined in Lightfoot for a moment, and turning round, looked at

me rather strangely. 'Never been there, did you say, Mrs. Dorothy? Well, well, if you'll take my advice you'll not be going there now. 'Tis a dreary sort of place, and must be full six miles off. Suppose we were to go, instead, along the Bury St. Edmunds Road? That would be more cheerful like for you. It is fair-day, you know, and mayhap we may see some gay company.'

'Oh, I care nothing for gay company, Giles; and as for the Bury St. Edmunds Road, I am sick to death of it! I have been along it scores and scores of times in the coach, when I have been out driving with Mamma. But I have never been to Stillingford, and there I choose to go.'

'Ah, you've a will of your own, I know, Mrs. Dorothy; but I do think—'

'Giles,' I interrupted, growing impatient, 'I am to go where I like, and to do as I like, this afternoon; Papa said so, and Mamma too!'

'Very well,' said Giles, suffering Lightfoot to go on, though but at a foot pace, 'very well, please yourself, of course; still, as I said afore, you'll find the place mortal drear.'

'Oh, but it will be something fresh to see, and I want a little change. Since we have lived at Much Allington I have scarce been suffered to go about at all.'

'That's because you're a great lady now, Mrs. Dorothy.'

'I suppose it is,' said I, straightening my hat, and throwing back my head; 'but do you know, I sometimes think I would as lief not be so grand? A year ago, when my great-uncle died, and Papa first became "Sir Ambrose," I thought it would be mighty fine to come and live in a big manor-house, and have horses and servants and coaches; but now I think really that I would rather go back to the old times before we were so very rich. I am sure we were happy and comfortable, living all the year round in Soho Square; and I do not think that Mamma and Nurse minded my having little brother Tommy to play with then, though he was only a baby. But, Giles, look at that sign-post. You are going wrong: this is the way to Stillingford, down this turning—don't you see?'

'Ah, so it be, so it be. You be quite certain sure, I suppose, Mrs. Dorothy, as my Lady won't be angry if—'

'Angry! Mamma angry because I choose to go to Stillingford! What nonsense!' and I laughed, amused yet a little vexed at the old man's over-carefulness.

Giles did not say another word to dissuade me from my fancy, and down the Stillingford Road we went at a fair pace, though the ruts were somewhat deep. The ride was pleasant rather than pretty, the country around us being flat with all the flatness of Suffolk. The road, for the most part, was very agreeably shaded by trees, but there were scarcely any wild flowers in the hedge-rows, though their absence was the less noticeable, owing to the exceeding beauty of the hawthorn, whose pink and white blossoms waved in the air, filling it with sweet fragrance. I had not been taught to admire the country, and would not in those days

have presumed to think that the fairest natural landscape was worthy to be compared with a trim garden adorned with cascades, and fountains, and shell-grottos, and yew trees clipped into fantastical shapes: but still I did delight—almost without knowing it—in the blue sky and silvery clouds and waving trees, and for a while I forgot the trouble that had been lying rather heavily at my heart. All of a sudden, however, it returned to me, and breaking off in the midst of a gay laugh, I said, 'Giles, did you hear St. Lawrence's bells ringing this morning?'

'Ay, that I did, and very pretty they sounded.'

'Oh yes, very pretty indeed. You know, of course, that they were ringing for Tommy. I wonder whether the bells rang when I was two years old. I do not suppose they did.'

'The bells of St. Lawrence did not, Mrs. Dorothy. You wasn't living here then.'

'No, to be sure. I was living in London. Giles, did Papa and Mamma ever live at Much Allington before my great-uncle, Sir Thomas, died?'

'Bless you, no! Why do you ask?'

'Oh, only because Kitty asked me the other day whether Suffolk wasn't my county. I cannot think what she meant.'

'That's just like Mrs. Kitty: her tongue goes a running on so fast sometimes, that my belief is she doesn't know where it's a running to.'

'Ah, I dare say she doesn't,' I answered; for having a great respect for Giles, I never thought of disputing anything he might affirm, except when it was directly contrary to my own opinion. 'But still,' I continued, 'it seems odd that she should ask me such a question.'

'Folks are very odd sometimes, little lady, as you'll find when you get older. And pray, what has put this bell-ringing into your little head?'

'Oh, nothing, only—only I shouldn't like Papa and Mamma to be more glad—to think so much more of Tommy's birth-day than they do of mine.'

'Oh, they don't, I'll warrant. But he is a boy, you see, and will be a great man by-and-by, so it's natural like the bells should be set a ringing for him—quite natural. The road is a bit better here, will you please to go a little faster?'

I answered 'Yes;' and away we sped, cantering over the rough ground till my breath grew short, and my chestnut ringlets were tossed hither and thither in wild disorder. 'That will do!' I panted out at last, 'that will do, Giles. Oh, what would Mamma say if she saw my poor curls! She would tell me I was not fit to be seen. I must put myself a little to rights before we reach Stillingford. But I suppose we are some way off yet?'

'Well, not so very far. You can see the church tower among the trees, if you'll look to your left.'

'Ah, so I can! I did not expect to find it such a little way. Sure, it can't be six miles from Much Allington?'

Giles made no reply; and as far as I can remember, we did not speak again until we had entered the long straggling village. Stillingford, at the time of which I write, was a dreary ill-conditioned looking place enough. The spacious green, where young men had practised archery and played at bowls in the days of Good Queen Bess, presented a most unsightly appearance, for it had been turned into a sort of rubbish ground, and the brown grass was worn away in patches. A troop of ragged dirty children were paddling in a sedgy brook, a melancholy donkey brayed in the pound, and a man was hard at work repairing the village stocks, these being needed, or supposed to be needed, to keep the drunken and disorderly in due terror.

'Why, Giles!' I said, very suddenly, 'it's like one of my old dreams!'

'What is, my pretty?'

'Why, seeing this spot, the stocks in particular. Sure I must have been here before.'

'There are stocks, you know, at Much Allington.'

'Yes, but they are not like these; these put me in mind of something I have often thought about—something that must have happened years and years ago. I was walking with somebody—with Papa, I suppose—and we came to a green, and close to it were some stocks, and in the stocks a man was sitting, being pelted with mud. And I couldn't bear to see him, and I cried, and Papa—if it was Papa—said he should be let out; but after that I remember nothing more.'

'Then I'll warrant you it was a dream.'

'Perhaps it may have been; and yet—Giles, did I always live with Papa and Mamma!'

'Who else was you likely to live with, pray?'

'Oh, with no one, of course. Yet 'tis very odd about those stocks. If I have seen them, it must have been when I was very little, before that time when I took a long journey up to London to see Papa and Mamma. I can just remember that; I remember being so shy with them, (for I had, I suppose, been away from them for a long while,) that I would not so much as make them a courtesy, and for this I afterwards was beat. Where had I been to, I wonder—not to Much Allington, had I?'

'No, no, that you hadn't; and if you'll just hearken to me, Mrs. Dorothy, I'll tell you how it all was. When you were three year old, your nurse suffered you to play out in the garden without your hood, and a sunbeam, I've heard say, struck right into your head, taking away your senses like. For weeks you lay without knowing anyone; but I dare say you had many an odd dream, and mayhap you have mixed up some of these dreams with what you do really remember.'

'I recollect something of that sickness, Giles. I must have had it before I took the long journey, which I was speaking of just now; and Papa and Mamma must have been away from me at the time, for I remember nothing about them.'

'Ah, it was your being so long bad in your head when you were little, that has made your early recollections queer and misty. You can't rightly separate things you have fancied from things that really were, and so you muddle them together. No offence, Mrs. Dorothy, no offence.'

I was satisfied with this explanation, and did not take any offence, though the next moment I was well-nigh quarrelling with my attendant because he tried to persuade me that it was high time for us to be returning home. I maintained, with not a little pettishness, that I was free to stay out as long as I chose, and that I would not leave Stillingford until I had seen all there was to be seen; so, after a brief contest, Giles yielded to my stronger will, and we rode slowly round the village, he doing his best to shew off Lightfoot's paces, and I taking heed to smile very graciously in acknowledgement of the bows and courtesies of the country-folk, for in those days I thought somewhat of my own importance, and would fain have had all the world know that I was no less a personage than Mrs. Dorothea Holderness, only daughter of Sir Ambrose Holderness of Much Allington.

The churchyard was prettily situated, and I insisted on dismounting, for the sake of walking over it. I wanted to see the inside of the church, but this Giles declared to be impossible, so I was forced to content myself with standing on the point of my toes at one of the windows, by which means I could catch a glimpse of a curtained pew, and a high pulpit with a most ponderous sounding-board. The novelty of gazing in upon a church when it was locked up and quiet, somehow pleased my childish fancy, and I stayed so long at the window, that my attendant grew impatient, and moreover a little crusty.

'Come, Mrs. Dorothy,' said he, 'do you mean to tarry here all night? What are you gaping at now?'

'Giles,' said I, turning round indignantly, 'you're amazingly rude, I think; what do you mean?'

'Mean!' he answered in some confusion; 'Oh, nothing—nothing. Only I thought—seeing that you had dreamt about the stocks—you might be dreaming as you had seen this church afore. But you do not remember it, now do you?'

'No,' said I, 'I do not.'

'How could you, you know?' said Giles.

'How could I?' said I, rather absently, for there was something in his tone that set me a wondering.

Just then, I chanced to stumble over a grave, and an aged white-headed man, who was sunning himself in the churchyard, called out to me to take care of the nettles which were growing in great abundance over the grass. 'If you fell against them, little lady,' he said, 'they would sting your pretty ancles, and that would be a sad pity. Ah, this place be'ant kept as it ought to be. When I had the care of it, it was like a garden a'most. I was sexton here six-and-thirty year—all through the old Rector's time, and Mr. Willet's time too. Mr. Willet, he were

very particular in having everything in order; but look you round at the grass now, and see how long it is! and as for the nettles, deary me! I often think when I'm laid low I shall have them spreading a top of me, and I don't like the thoughts of it.'

'It won't matter to you much then, Master, I take it,' said Giles.

The old man shook his head doubtfully. 'I don't like the thoughts of it,' he said, 'I don't like the thoughts of it; but what's to be done? My son-in-law is sexton now, and he cares naught how the place looks, nor the parson doesn't care neither. One or two of the tomb-stones I do take upon myself to clean up a bit; here—this one, that's my old dame's, and there's another I'll shew you. It has got some pretty werses on it, that maybe little Madam will like to see.'

To please the old sexton I answered, 'Yes,' and followed him across the grass, towards a neatly cut grave-stone.

'There,' said he, pointing to it with his stick. 'Now you read that poetry, little lady;—and you, Master, too. They say 'tis Mr. Willet's own making, and I want to know what you think on't.'

Giles knitted his brows, and tried to look very wise, but found it a hard matter even to spell out the words, as he was nothing of a scholar.

'Shall I read it to you?' said I, 'you'll better be able to judge of it then;' and not ill-pleased to shew off my pronunciation, which I had heard say was very good, I read aloud the following epitaph:—

ANNABELLA DE VILLETTE,

OB. 2 JUNE, 1713. ÆT. 27.

How soon thy little Life hath fled,
And Darkness gathered round thy Head!
Yet close thine eyes, thou peerless One,
And rest thee well, though earthly Sun
Will ne'er again shed Light for thee.
God giveth His beloved Sleep;
And when thou wak'st—no more to weep,
Thy Sleep shall seem, at waking, sweet,
And Day thy gaze enraptured meet,
For the True Light thy Sun will be.

'What singular lines!' said I, when I had finished reading; 'I can't quite understand them; can you, Giles?'

'No,' returned the old servant, taking hold of my hand, and drawing me away; 'and they're not worth understanding, to my thinking.'

'When did the lady die?' said I, glancing back at the tomb-stone. 'Oh, I see, in the year '13, just ten years ago. Was she a good lady, I wonder?'

'Ay, that she was,' said the old sexton, hobbling after us. 'She were Mr. Willet's wife, and when she died the whole parish went into mourning. It must have been her death that upset Mr. Willet's mind.

After she was gone, poor young creature, he went about among his poorer folk as much as afore, talking to them and praying beside them—ay, and doctoring them too, for he knew more of physic than half the doctors of the kingdom, but he couldn't have been right in his wits, or he would have had naught to do with plotting and conspiring, and carrying messages over the sea. Why, he never was one for politics, and would not so much as go to the ale-house parlour to talk over the newspaper, which some said was holding himself rather high. But deary me! we've all our faults; and if he did seem a bit proud—why, no wonder, considering he married a lady of quality. He used to declare, I believe, that in his judgement some Papists were real good Christians; but there was naught so very bad in that neither, though, maybe, 'twas not the thing for a parson to say. I wonder what's become of him, and whether he is alive.'

'He may think himself lucky,' said Giles gruffly, 'that his head is not on Temple Bar, as it ought to be, I'm thinking.'

'Nay, nay; there was many hereabouts as loved him dearly, for all they said he was French by birth. I shouldn't, to look at him, have known him myself from a real honest Englishman, for he was brought up in this country, you see. And for the matter of that, I don't know as the French are worse than those who can speak naught but German gibberish, like some I could mention.'

'If you mean our good King George,' said Giles, growing angry, 'I must say I don't think your talk fit for my young lady's ears. She's not used to hear his Majesty spoke of in this fashion.—Come away, my pretty, come away.' And he hurried me out of the churchyard.

During our ride back to Much Allington we chatted merrily about many things that had nothing to do with Stillingford; but as we turned in at the great iron gates of my father's park, Giles said very suddenly, 'Mrs. Dolly, you'll tell my Lady where we have been, I suppose?'

'To be sure,' I exclaimed; 'why not?'

'Oh, there's no reason why you shouldn't; you must if she asks.'

'I mean if she asks; I should not otherwise, perhaps, for she might not care to hear. Papa will ask, I dare say—at least if he remembers. I hope he will.'

But it so happened that neither of my parents ever did ask me anything concerning my ride. When I returned home, they were out driving in their coach; and later in the evening, they had company to tea and cards, so that I scarce saw them during the rest of the day. For one moment Lady Holderness set her foot in the nursery, but then it was merely to bid my little brother good-night. I had him on my lap at the time, and as I placed him on the floor in order that I might rise and make her a courtesy, he not being willing to leave me, broke out into a loud cry. Instantly my mother snatched him up and covered him with kisses. 'Oh, Dorothea, Dorothea!' she cried, 'how awkward and

heedless you are! See, you have scratched his hand, his poor poor soft little hand! No wonder he cries, poor sweet one!'

I stood up in my own defence, protesting that the scratch had been inflicted the day before, and inflicted, moreover, not by me, but by 'the cruel claws of a little pussy cat!' But alas! my mother refused to believe me, and the nurses would not take my part as they might have done. I had at one time been very fond of Tommy, and it was somewhat hard to hear him told that I was 'a naughty sister,' and that he had better not go to me, as I used him so ill.

'Mamma,' said I, following my mother as she was leaving the nursery, 'I am sure Tommy likes my playing with him; and whatever you may say, I am quite certain that—'

'"Whatever I may say," Dorothea! fie forshame, child! is that the way to speak? If you behave like this, you deserve that I should desire Nurse to send you supperless to bed.'

I hung down my head and said no more, but I could not help thinking that Lady Holderness was a little unjust; and that night I prayed very earnestly in my childish way that I might never become so wicked as not to love my little brother.

(*To be continued.*)

FATHER PHIM.

PART II.—CHAPTER I.

'Here, Phim, quick! come and look at yourself in the glass—or through the glass, I should say; I'll hoist you up. Now then, in the court-yard below, by the gate, among that crowd of beggars—there you are! Fat Father Phelemy Phim Philip M'Quirk. How do you like your likeness?'

It was in one of the upper rooms of Castle Darcy, near Tuam, County Galway, Ireland, that Hilary Neale made this remark, taking his little sister Helen round the waist as he spoke, and swinging her on to the back of a much dilapidated rocking-horse that filled up the recess of one of the windows of the room they were in, which had been the play-room years ago in their mother's time.

'Open the casement,' Hilary continued, 'and lean out; the hasp of the window is broken, so it only wants a little push. Never mind the rain, we think nothing of rain out here in the west of Ireland. Now you can hear what is going on as well as see. It will do you good to get an early lesson in the brogue.'

Helen, with her father and brother, had arrived at Castle Darcy only the day before, and she was still in a state of bewilderment at the aspect of the place: the innumerable doors and windows of the

great straggling house, that opened with a push, and often refused to shut again; the servants, more than she could count, who gossipped with each other in the many unoccupied rooms; the propensity which everyone, masters and servants alike, seemed to have for rushing out vaguely into the yards and gardens through the soft falling rain; the rain itself, that never ceased falling. Everything she saw so filled her with astonishment, that she felt quite unable to regulate her conduct by her own wishes, and was glad to leave herself passively to Hilary's guidance.

She did not like the patter of the rain-drops on her head, and the harsh sound of the voices that reached her from below frightened her a little; but she stretched her head through the casement at Hilary's bidding, and only drew it in at intervals to impart her observations.

'O Hilary, is that really the real Father Phim—that fat red-faced man who has just got off his horse, and who is shaking his whip so fiercely at those dreadfully ragged people who are pushing to get after him into the court-yard? Oh dear! three of them have followed him in—a tall thin man, and a boy, and such a dirty old woman! Father Phim seems to be very angry with them. Do you think he will strike the old woman?'

'Father Phim, indeed! much you know about him!' cried Hilary indignantly. 'But do look how they are all scrambling and tearing and pushing to get near him! There! Peter Donovan has jumped clear over the yard gate at a bound, and lighted on his Reverence's horse. Little chance anyone will have to dismount him till he has said his say. You see, Helen, every one of these people have been waiting for three hours in the pouring rain to get a word with Father Phim before he goes into the Castle; and if he had thrice as long a whip, and could use it, they would not let him off now.'

'But what can they want to say to him so very particularly? O Hilary, do look at that old woman! I think she is the very dirtiest old woman I ever saw in my life; she has caught hold of one of Father Phim's arms, and the thin man is pulling at the other, and the boy from the back of the horse is screaming down into his ear. He is listening and talking to all three at once; how can he do it? I wish I could make out what they are saying.'

Interest and curiosity overcoming her dread of a wetting, Helen stretched her neck still further out of the window, and was rewarded by catching one or two complete sentences in the confused hubbub of voices.

'Shure thin,' (she heard the woman's shrill voice whine out,) 'shure thin it's yer Reverence that has the pitiful heart intirely, and will spake the word to get a poor widder woman wid the rheumattics in all her unlucky bones a dry roof to put over her ould head.'

'And who but yer Reverence,' cried the thin man, 'is it that has the understanding head intirely, and can make Mr. Gerard see the

rights of the case wid a twist of yer tongue, which you're going to do this day in spite of ould black-hearted Nat O'Rhea the bailiff, and the blessing of Paddy O'Toole 'ill be about ye for ever.'

'And shure,' (from the active boy,) 'shure yer Reverence won't have forgot that ye promised hard and fast to come round Mr. Gerard not to let Nat O'Rhea be hard on me for the bit of ill-luck I had setting the hay-rick on fire one black day.'

Clear and loud above the clamour rose Father Phim's voice in answer. 'Go home every one of you, boys and girls; I'm ashamed of you. Can't you let me go into the house and dine in peace, without mobbing me and clawing me, disgracing yourselves before the grand English visitors that are looking out of the window surprised at your want of respect for your clergy, this minute.'

'O Hilary, did he mean me by "grand English visitors"?' cried Helen, drawing in her head precipitately. 'He looked up and nodded at me as he said that; and now he is laughing, and the men and boys are laughing with him, as happily as if they had not any trouble or anxiety on their minds, and nothing to do but enjoy a joke. Ah, there is Uncle Gerard coming out in all the rain, to shake hands with Father Phim and take him into the house! The thin man and the boy are shuffling away at sight of Uncle Gerard, but the old woman stands still curtseying, and the rain is dripping from her gray hair and the bottom of her tattered petticoat on to her poor bare feet. Never before in my life did I see such a miserable old woman.'

'She is not a miserable old woman by any means,' said Hilary. 'She is one of the greatest friends I have about the place. Wait till she has slipped into the kitchen by the back door, and dried her clothes, and had a drop of something hot to loosen her tongue; and if you see her then, you will say she is the jolliest old dame in all Ireland. I sheltered in her cabin once when Terry and I had been overtaken in a fog, out fishing at the further end of the Lough, and could not get back to the Castle till the next morning. She welcomed us to the best of her potatoes, and the lion's share of the butter-milk, with the air of a queen. And as to her conversation! I assure you I would gladly have kept awake all night to listen to the stories she told me. I advise you to make friends with her, Helen. She will introduce you to the real "Good People," none of the sham Mrs. Calkills you have been put off with hitherto. She deals in the genuine article, and believes her own fairy stories.'

'Oh, but I'm too old to care for fairies now, since I have had the small-pox,' said Helen. 'I had rather hear all about Father Phim. Why do people crowd round him? what do they expect him to do for them? and why does he shake his whip at them, and look so funny? I thought you said he was a priest, like our father.'

'And so he is a priest, and a worthy one too; but I did not say like our father. We are in Ireland, for one thing, not in England,

remember, Phelemy junior. Don't come to hasty conclusions about anything you see.'

'But what did all those people want with Father Phim?'

'They come from the other side of the Lough, where the poorest cabins lie. It had got wind somehow, (through my friend Terry O'More, I suspect, the greatest gossip in Connaught, who came to see me this morning,) that Father Phim was to dine at the Castle to-day; so everyone who wanted to get something out of Uncle Gerard that he had not quite impudence to beg for himself, rushed over here to waylay Father Phim, and coax his Reverence to take the asking upon himself. It is about true what you heard them say—that he has the softest heart in the world inside his odd little round body, and the power with a twist of his tongue to make anything seem anyhow he pleases, and wile concessions even out of hard-headed close-fisted people like Uncle Gerard.'

'Hard-headed! close-fisted! O Hilary, is Uncle Gerard that?'

'Yes, for a Connaught man. If he were an Englishman he would be reckoned a little too liberal and easy-going. He wants to make everybody do his own work instead of other people's, and pay his debts instead of spending all his money before he has earned it; but then there's great hardship in that, you know, to Connaught people.'

'Is there really? You are smiling. Hilary, I do believe that ever since we came here you have been trying to puzzle me. I wish you would not, for I do want to understand things so much. I want to know which is which—good or bad, I mean. If Uncle Gerard only tries to make people do right, why should Father Phim wish to twist him round with his tongue? and if Uncle Gerard is hard-hearted—but he can't be, because he is Mamma's brother. Hilary, I wish you would promise to tell me always straight out who is right and who is wrong here, and what I ought to think about everything. You know even in reading a story book I never get on comfortably till I've quite made up my mind who are the good and who are the naughty people; and it's much more important to decide when it's real live people I am puzzled about. I was thinking of this when you called me to look at Father Phim. Things are so very different here from what they are at home. I shall never make up my mind unless you advise me, and I do so want to begin at once.'

'To begin what?'

'Oh, you know—liking and disliking.'

'Without any reason?'

'No, but for you to give me good reasons. Why, only this morning at breakfast, I was dreadfully puzzled. Uncle Gerard was talking to Papa about the state of the country, and about the new bailiff he has got from the north, who is so extremely clever and valuable, and who makes everybody hate him so; and he said that all the boys and girls

about here were growing so idle and reckless and rebellious, there was no bearing with them any longer.'

'By boys and girls he meant men and women.'

'Well, but he mentioned one particular boy, Terry O'More, whom he said he had been almost a father to, and who used to live about the house when you were here last; and he said he had got into bad company, and was turning out an idle good-for-nothing rascal, and a black-hearted rebel.'

'We use strong language in this country, you see,' interrupted Hilary.

'Of course,' Helen went on, 'I made up my mind not to like that boy. I thought he must be very bad—as bad as possible; and then, half-an-hour after, while I was peeping from the stair-case down into the hall where you were, I heard you call out in a joyful voice, "Oh, is that you, Terry?" and I saw you rush to the door, and shake hands with a rough-looking young man who was standing out on the steps—with a black-hearted rebel! O Hilary! I was surprised. There was nothing horrid in his looks, however. He did seem so pleased to see you, and kept hold of your hand, and looked up into your face as if he cared very much indeed about you. I could not help liking him a little for that. And just then Grandpapa came out from the library, and said to Papa, pointing to the rebel, "That's as sensible and kind-hearted a boy as any in Ireland, if only he were let alone." Now is it not puzzling, Hilary? I do wish everybody would say the same thing, then one would know what to think.'

'Only what would be the use of going from home, and getting older, and having the small-pox, if one had not to learn to use one's own judgement now and then, and make up one's mind that all places can't possibly be cut out after the pattern of one's own home and one's own belongings? As I said before, don't come to hasty conclusions about what you see or hear here, or fancy that everything is wrong that is different from what you see at home.—There is the dinner-bell, and I must go down-stairs; you had better wait here till you are sent for; but take my advice, Helen, let puzzling questions alone for the present; take a good merry ride on the rocking-horse, and come down to dessert with an Irish grin on your face, such as you used to have before you went to Rose Cottage and took to thinking too much; for if you look as solemn as you do just now, Grandpapa won't own you for a relation of his.'

Hilary ran off as he finished speaking. It was astonishing, the difference that holidays and being at Castle Darcy and having won the scholarship made in Hilary. He was quite another person, Helen thought—younger, and yet at the same time older. Younger, because he never now had the tired frown on his brow that used to come when he thrust his hands into his hair and bent over his books; and older, because, instead of being full of thought about school affairs, lessons, and marks, and places in class, he was occupied with the same subjects

that interested Grandpapa and Uncle Gerard, and seemed to know so much about them, that Grandpapa often turned round to listen to what he said, and was actually pleased when Hilary and he were of the same opinion. The servants here, too, and the numerous people who hung about the house, appeared to think more of Hilary than they did of Papa himself. They called him the young Master, and were in such a hurry to get what he wanted, that they ran against each other, and almost quarrelled for the honour of serving him; but Papa, with them, was only 'Mr. Neale, the English gentleman that had had the luck to marry our young lady—God be good to her in a strange land.'

Was Mamma really to be pitied for having left Castle Darcy to marry Papa? Helen had heard her spoken of in pitying tones so many times that day, that she could not keep the question from coming into her mind; and soon she found that rocking in the old play-room was by no means such an enlivening employment as Hilary had supposed. The faster she rode, the more vehemently she wished that it was real riding, and that instead of having to go down-stairs in half-an-hour's time, and sit on Grandpapa's knee in a strange room, and be put to bed afterwards by a strange parlour-maid, she could find herself standing at the end of the hour before her own house in England, just lifting the iron knocker on the dear well-known brown door. Oh, how she would fly across the hall to the sitting-room when the door opened! and how she would seize Mamma round the neck, and not leave off kissing her till bed-time! An uncomfortable lump came in Helen's throat as she pictured this scene, and she thought it would be better to leave off rocking, and try some other way of growing merry enough to satisfy Grandpapa.

She dismounted from her steed, and began to wander from room to room in search of amusement. The servants were all down-stairs now, waiting at dinner, or bustling about in the great kitchen. Helen could hear the sound of their voices and laughter from the head of the back stair-case. Even if there had been no sound to be heard in all the upper story but her own echoing footsteps, there was not a single room there that Helen would have called a silent place. From the garrets to the cellars Castle Darcy was the most talkative house that Helen had ever been in. The stories the rooms told were not gentle happy stories, about children at play and kind old people watching them, like those she had been used to in the English Rectory; they were odd stories, or dreadful stories, such as might be read in real history books. At the end of her wanderings, Helen put her hand over a round hole in the oak wainscot of the best bed-room, which, as she had learned from Hilary, had been made by a pistol-shot aimed at her great-grandfather, in some terrible year when there had been trouble in the country, and a crowd of hungry angry men had besieged Castle Darcy, clamouring for the arms and the bread that they believed were hidden within. A little further on, in another room, there were

dark stains on the floor, that had some tale connected with them too sad for Hilary to tell to her. Even the common-place ugly ill-kept back staircase had a story of its own—the best story in the house; about a foot-sore hunted starving rebel, who one dark night had crept stealthily up the stairs, and been fed and cared for and sheltered for three days, by a certain young Hilary Darcy, who had actually afterwards grown up into Grandpapa. Helen liked of all things to picture that scene to herself; the head of the back-stairs was certainly the most cheerful place in the upper story to linger in.

She stayed there a long time, balancing herself on the top of the balusters, and peering down into the stone-paved servants' hall below, where queer looking kitchen-girls and helping-boys passed and re-passed with dishes in their hands, and scrambled among themselves for the remains of the dinner in a free and easy way that made Helen open her eyes wide. Could Mamma, who was so neat and careful, have been brought up in this harum-scarum place? Helen remembered the boastful tone in which she had sometimes spoken to her school-fellows of her mamma's old home, and felt a little ashamed of herself. It was certainly very different from what she had expected. Did 'Castle' after all only mean a large, dilapidated, untidy house?

While she was pondering over this question, she heard footsteps ascending the stairs; and there appeared, first a shock head of curly hair, and then the bright face and untidy person of a young servant-girl, bringing up some lumps of coal and a bundle of wood on a japanned tea-tray.

'Shure and ye'll be could this rainy evening, Miss Helen dear,' the girl began, curtseying to the ground when she reached the top of the stairs and stood opposite Helen, 'and Mrs. O'Brien the housekeeper is out, and all the servants after the company down-stairs; so seeing ye standing there alone by yerself, I put a bit of firing in the first thing that came handy, and hurried up to make a cheerful fire for ye to dress by. I'm Judy O'More, own sister to Terry O'More, that has always been about with Mr. Hilary, and knows the ways of the family, and has taught 'em all to me that I might be certain to plase ye. I live down at the Lodge, servant to Miss O'Rhea, the new bailiff's daughter, by the master's orders; but it's plenty of spare time I have, and I'll always be on the look out to come up to the great house to serve ye, if ye'll plase to want me, as sure ye will, Miss Helen, since there's nobody about the place has so good a right.'

Helen was a little—just a very little startled; she did not quite like the idea of being waited upon by the sister of a black-hearted rebel, and she could not help wondering whether Terry O'More had told his sister that the ways of the family were to use tea-trays for coal-scuttles, and to like to have their hair stroked by such dirty fingers as those which Judy laid on Helen's curls when she had put the tea-tray with the firing in it down on the play-room floor.

'It's rale hair, and not just streaks o' sunbeams,' she said, pulling out a long lock, with an admiring gaze that made the colour come into Helen's face. 'Eh! but it's the Darcys that bate all the country round for their beautiful hair!'

Nobody had ever said anything to Helen about her hair being beautiful before, and she did not believe it was true; but she began to think that perhaps Terry was not a rebel after all, or at all events that he and his sister could not have black hearts.

It was very amusing seeing Judy light the fire, for she talked to the wood and the coals, and coaxed the flames to burn brightly, as if she really thought they could hear her; but the exclamations she made when Helen opened a drawer and took out her evening frock and sash, were pleasanter still. Helen could not resist the temptation to pause in her dressing, and produce one article of dress after another from her drawers and trunks, that she might enjoy Judy's admiration of the nice clothes her mamma had provided her with for her visit; and so, when Hilary ran up-stairs to summon her to the dining-room, he found her with her muslin frock half fastened, and almost all her possessions scattered about the room.

It was a great scramble to get them back into their places while Hilary waited, and Helen was a little dismayed to see the black marks that Judy's fingers left on her clean linen, and the untidy way in which she threw books, hats, work-box, and dresses one over another into the drawer; but Hilary was impatient, and she could not find it in her heart to find fault with such a zealous helper.

She went down-stairs at last, without her hair-band, and with a great coal grime down the front breadth of her white frock. Papa put on his spectacles, and looked at her with a puzzled air, as if he thought there was something amiss about her; but no one else was disposed to be critical. On the contrary, one gentleman after another laid a hand on her head as she walked down the room, and remarks passed round which luckily Helen did not quite understand, about her having Mamma's own winsome Irish eyes, and the true Darcy gold on her head.

'Helen does well to keep a bit of the glitter, for it's only on their heads that Darcys carry gold now-a-days,' said Uncle Gerard.

'Good luck to them to have the kind that does not want lock and key to guard it, and that nobody grudges them!' said a loud cheery voice at Uncle Gerard's elbow; and Helen suddenly felt herself lifted up from the ground and perched on the edge of the table, among the plates and glasses, with her back to half the company, and exactly opposite her the kindest, fattest, reddest, oddest, face she had ever seen in her life. It was a man's face—quite an old man's, for there was a fringe of gray hair hanging down over the wide forehead, and round the bald head; but the cheeks were so smooth and rosy, and the blue eyes had such a merry twinkle in them, and the small turn-up

nose such a comical twist, that Helen thought the face would best have suited a very good wise sort of child. She looked at the kind funny face before her till she could not help laughing; and then Father Phim, for it was he who had lifted Helen on the table, laughed too, held out his hand, and said in a sing-song Irish voice,

'Shake hands, Brother,
You're a rogue, and I'm another;
You were hung at Ballytub,
And I was hung at Ballytubber.'

Helen put her little hand into Father Phim's large red one, and by the time he had shaken her arm up and down in time to each word of his rhyme, till he came to Ballytubber for the second time, she felt as if she and Father Phim had been friends and comrades all their lives, and could never be anything else whatever happened.

She was obliged to leave her perch on the table, that she might finish her round of the company, and shake hands with any gentleman who remembered her mamma; but, that ceremony concluded, instead of taking refuge behind her father's chair, as she had done the previous day, she squeezed in between Uncle Gerard and Father Phim, and was accommodated with a corner of Father Phim's chair to sit on. He could only give her a corner, he took up so much room himself, but he put his arm round her to keep her from falling; and while listening to the talk between him and Uncle Gerard, Helen heard so many things that interested her, that she did not mind the crush.

No particular notice was taken of her, by either her uncle or the Priest; indeed, so far from being disposed to spoil her, Father Phim pushed her plate aside when Mr. Neale remarked that he did not think it good for children to eat sweetmeats at night, and would not allow the other gentlemen near to tempt her by heaping fruit and cakes upon it; but he did what gave Helen more pleasure than any quantity of sweetmeats or fine speeches.

All through the conversation he never seemed to forget that she was listening, but took her into the talk as if he and she were partners, and he were very glad to have such a shrewd little personage on his side. When he made a joke at grave Uncle Gerard's expense, he gave a sly little nod and wink at Helen, as much as to say, 'Ah! ah! you and I can take in a bit of fun, let other people be as solemn as they will.' And he was grave in his turn, while he told nice stories to prove how much good there really was at bottom in 'the boys,' of whose idleness and turbulence Uncle Gerard complained; he put his great hand on Helen's head, and gently stroked her hair all the time. Something in the way he did it, made Helen feel sure he knew how very much she liked to hear such pleasant things of people, and how ardently she was hoping that Uncle Gerard's heart would be touched, and that he would let the girl who was so good to her grandfather have

the bit of land she wanted for her cow, and build a fresh cabin for the 'boy' who carried his crippled brother every day two miles to school on his back. When at last Mrs. O'Brien, the housekeeper, knocked at the dining-room door, to say that it was time for Helen to go to bed, she came back to Father Phim's chair, after wishing her father and grandfather good-night, and held up her cheek for him to kiss. 'I want to tell you something,' she said, whispering in his ear as he stooped down. 'I have made up my mind never to be cross again when Hilary calls me fat Father Phim—or even Phelemy and M'Quirk, as he often does; I shall like it, for I think now it is the nicest name in the whole world, and I had rather be like you than anyone.'

Father Phim laughed, and said he could wish Helen a better name, and likeness to a better person; but he did not forget what she had whispered in his ear, and whenever they met afterwards he was sure to make some little joke about Helen and himself being namesakes, and people being puzzled to know which was which.

He pretended sometimes to be puzzled himself; and when he came to call at the Castle, and found (as he usually did) Helen seated on a sunny square of the library floor, reading a story book, he would sit down beside her, take the book from her hand, and begin to read it diligently himself, as if it was his book and he really liked it. After a while he would look up at Helen, and say in a surprised tone—'Hollo, Father Phim, how comes it that you are sitting idle in the sunshine, this bleak windy day? don't you know that blind old Daddy O'Toole is waiting down by the wall at the end of the pine wood, for the parcel of snuff you promised to bring him from Ballyowen, and that Granny O'More, in the cabin by Good People's Hollow, is expecting you with the drop of whisky she begged this morning for her old man, who has been taken with the shivers? Make haste, or they won't know what has come to you. You will find the snuff in the pocket of your own great-coat in the hall—and you had better go to good Mrs. O'Brien for the whisky, and get her to give you a trifle of tea and sugar, at the same time, to fill your basket.'

At first Helen felt somewhat bewildered when Father Phim spoke to her in this fashion; but after a while she discovered that he really did expect her to jump up, and set out at once on the charitable errands he pointed out. When the weather was chill or rainy out-of-doors, and the room cosy within, and the story book interesting, she did not much like being disturbed and ordered out of the house in this summary way; but there was no possibility of refusing to do what Father Phim expected you to set about as a matter of course; and when she had done his bidding once or twice, she began to find out for herself, what her father and mother had often told her in vain, that there really are pleasanter things in the world to do, than sitting cross-legged in the sunshine reading a story book. The run across the dewy lawn, and through the sweet-smelling pine wood, the scramble over the low stone fence, the race down

the steep hill that led into Good People's Hollow, were at least quite as great pleasures; and better far was the sight of the joy on old Daddy's face, as his long fingers closed over the packet of snuff, and the sound of Mrs. O'More's feeble voice bidding the 'blessings of the Saints be about her,' as she spread her gifts on the window-sill of the smoky tumble-down cabin, in Fairies' Hollow, inhabited by the O'More family. Helen thought, however, that the very best of all was the coming back into the library of the Castle, and finding Father Phim still seated just where she had left him on the carpet, her story book by his side, and a little worn Latin Prayer-book open on his knees; and such a happy look on his face, as if he had lately heard some good news, or something very beautiful had come to him in the room while she had been away.

It was well that there was someone disposed to put Helen in mind of the duty of self-denial, and to take care that she did not become quite spoiled with idleness and pleasure while she stayed at Castle Darcy; for the life she led after her father and Hilary returned to England, was very unconstrained. There was no lady living in her grandfather's house, and good Mrs. O'Brien the housekeeper was growing elderly, and had never, perhaps, known how to care for anyone as Helen had hitherto been cared for by her father and mother. She was anxious that her little visitor should have what she liked to eat at all her meals, and that she should be nicely dressed to go down-stairs to the dining-room every evening, and that she should sleep well at night; but it never entered her head to ask what she did during all the long hours when neither eating, sleeping, nor dressing, were going on. The only advice she ever gave Helen, was not to wear out her pretty Darcy blue eyes by poring over her lesson books—'They were not made for such dull work, the sparkling jewels;' and to be sure and hold up her head high, and make all the boys and girls about the place wait upon her, and do her bidding. 'What were they there for but to pleasure the family? and what better luck could they wish, the craturs, than to have a young lady again at the Castle, to order them about, as their fathers and mothers had been ordered before them?' The boys and girls, every one of them, from Mickey Molony the gray-haired boy, as old as Grandpapa himself, who ruled as head man in the garden and stables, down to Patsy O'More, Judy's six year old brother, whose business it was to drive the pigs out of the garden as often as they got in, were all quite of Mrs. O'Brien's mind as to their having nothing to do of more importance than finding pleasures for Helen.

There was no occasion for her to hold up her head high, or trouble herself to give orders. She could never appear anywhere alone, in apparent want of amusement, without three or four eager faces being turned round to look after her, and someone coming up to make a pleasant suggestion. 'Shure thin, Miss Helen dear, it's the pony ye're thinking of wanting; won't I bring him round this minute! Here's Terry has been waiting about since morning, to let ye know that the

big pasture down by the Lough is all covered with the finest of mushrooms. Ye'll be for riding down to see; Terry 'ill run behind to hould the pony whin ye git down at the pasture, and Patsy and me—shure we will just follow to carry the basket.'

Or another time it would be—'Miss Helen, avourneen, the Lough's just as smooth as yer hand this afternoon, and Terry and me we've put the boat to rights that Mr. Hilary used last year, and made the natest little fishing-rod, fit for a fairy, and soft paste for bait; it's not using worms we'd be after wid you by, and we're thinking maybe ye'd like to row across the Lough, and see some trout caught while the wind's kind.'

Or Old Mickey Molony, with privileged familiarity, would come up and whisper, 'Miss Helen, a word in yer ear. Yer Uncle Gerard is going to drive the car to Ballyowen this morning, he's just bidden me get the new car ready; and who should come sneaking into the yard the minute he was giving the order, but Nat O'Rhea the bailiff; and he's planning in his own mind, (I see by his eyes,) to sit by yer uncle's side in the car, all the way to Ballyowen, spitting poison into his ear agin Father Phim, and putting him up to new invintions to bother us all intirely, and ruin the place; Miss Helen dear, it's yerself that are going to disappint him. Ye'll like the ride to Ballyowen, through the soft rain, that'll leave off falling and turn to bright sunshine before noon; and ye'll sit by yer uncle, and he'll hould the umbrella over ye, and Nat O'Rhea 'ill have to be contint wid the back seat, and the droppings of the umbrella down his back.'

As time passed on, and autumn changed into winter, and winter brightened again into early spring, Helen came to love these people, who took such pains to please her, very dearly indeed. As she learned to know them well, she took a deeper and deeper interest in their concerns, and was disposed to share a great many of their prejudices and opinions.

She could not help feeling flattered by their talking to her as if she were a grown-up person, and by their taking her into their confidence as they all did, from Mickey Molony to Patsy O'More, about their dislike to Nat O'Rhea, the new farm-bailiff, and their belief that he was worming himself into favour with Mr. Gerard, for nothing at all but to make a party against Father Phim, and upset all the good old ways and customs of the place.

Somehow or other, (Helen had most likely betrayed the secret herself,) but at all events, by some means or other, the joke about her having been considered like Father Phim at home, and called by his name, crept out among the servants at the Castle, and became known to all the poor people living in the cabins near. Helen saw that they knew it, by the twinkle in their eyes when they spoke of Father Phim to her, and by a flattering way they had of implying that they had just as soon trust her to speak a good word for them to Grandpapa, or beg a favour of Uncle Gerard, as Father Phim himself.

'Shure,' they would say, 'a kind heart beats as warm in a child's breast as in a man's; and it's yerself, Miss Helen "Bawn,"* and Father Phim, that have the cream of kind hearts. Don't we know that there are the two of ye?'

They never said anything about Helen's having a fat face, and a roly-poly figure, like Father Phim's; they seemed to take it for granted that the likeness lay in her having as kind a heart, and as clever a head; and though Helen knew perfectly well that this was not at all what Hilary meant when he gave her the name, she could not help feeling pleased at the compliment, and a little proud sometimes.

It was not all pleasure though, by any means, that her double name brought her. In spite of the health she gained by her long mountain rides, and pleasant afternoons on the lake, Helen's head often ached sadly at night, from thinking and thinking over the complaints she had heard during the day, and recalling all the promises she had made to different people. She used to lie awake for hours, planning how she should manage to persuade Uncle Gerard to listen to her, and coax him to grant the petitions she had rashly promised to bring before him.

It made a greater difference with Uncle Gerard, how and when you asked a favour of him, than Helen, from former experience of grown-up people, was prepared for. Sometimes, when she got hold of him just at the right moment, and put her request into words that pleased or amused him, she found her task quite easy.

'So, so, Helen Bawn,' he would say, chucking her under the chin, or tapping her retroussé nose, 'you want to come Father Phim over me, do you? There is not much to amuse you in the old Castle, I suppose, so you take to meddling like any grown-up woman. Go off to Grandpapa, and if he says you are to have your own way, I suppose you must. I wash my hands of Father Phim and you, and the whole country full of beggars; you shall ruin yourselves, and each other, and me into the bargain, as fast as you please.'

Grandpapa never said 'no' to anyone who came to beg a favour, unless Uncle Gerard was near to make him. A word to him was enough—and then Helen might put on her bonnet, and rush away to tell her friends of her success, and be blessed and praised, and cried and laughed over, till she was glad to escape from an excess of gratitude she did not feel she quite deserved.

But such good fortune did not always attend her; there would come other days when Uncle Gerard would interrupt her before she was half through her story, with a sharp question or two; and when she could see that every answer she made only served to deepen the gloom on his face, and to render the words he spoke about the ingratitude and unreasonableness of the people who had set her on to bring such preposterous requests, sterner and sterner. Then Helen saw that she had done her friends more harm than good by interfering, and felt how

* The Fair.

very far she was from being a real Father Phim, with wisdom to know what things might, and what should not, be asked, and presence of mind to abstain from saying what might injure those she intended to serve. On one occasion she made Uncle Gerard really very angry indeed, and got a fright she did not recover for a long time. This was in the spring of the year after she had come to Ireland, when she had been quite eight months at the Castle. She had waited, one morning, on the last step of the flight from the hall-door, to waylay Uncle Gerard, that she might speak to him before he left the house; and when he appeared, she kept him standing on the upper step for a long time, while she talked eagerly, getting her words out as fast as she could for fear he should grow impatient, and make his escape before she had said all she wanted to say, about the trouble that Terry and Judy O'More were in now that their old grandfather was dead, and the fear they felt lest Mr. O'Rhea should advise Uncle Gerard to turn them out of the cabin their grandfather had lived in. 'They know very well,' Helen declared vehemently, 'that Mr. O'Rhea is no friend to them; and it is a dreadful shame, for all the cause of his enmity is, that he covets their potato-ground, and wants it to add to his own garden.' Suddenly, she heard a sniff behind her—*the sniff* that everybody on the Darcy estate knew and dreaded more than a clap of thunder. An angry colour mounted into Uncle Gerard's face; and Helen knew, without turning round, that Mr. O'Rhea had appeared, from some unexpected quarter, behind her, and must have overheard the last words of her discourse. Mr. O'Rhea made no remark on what he had overheard; he did not even sniff again. He took off his hat quite civilly to Helen, and hoped she would go out for a ride while the weather held up; but Uncle Gerard put his hand on her shoulder and spoke very sternly. He told her she was growing presumptuous and meddling, and learning to repeat slanders; and if she did not mend her ways, he should be obliged to send her back to England in disgrace, or shut her up by herself in the old deserted owl-turret of the Castle—where a certain Helen Darcy of long ago had, it was said, been shut up for seven years, for rebelling against the will of an Uncle Gerard who had ruled the Castle in her time.

Helen did not believe that Uncle Gerard meant what he said about shutting her up, but her limbs trembled so when he had taken his hand from her shoulder, that she was obliged to sit on the stone step; and as Uncle Gerard and Mr. O'Rhea walked down the drive together, she heard some joking words and a laugh from her uncle, that made her cheeks burn; and then came Mr. O'Rhea's gruff voice in reply, growling out something about Father Phim, and saying that one of the sort did quite mischief enough in a neighbourhood, he for his part could dispense with a second.

Helen grew hot all over as she listened. She had never been so angry in her life before, or felt as if she hated anyone as, at that moment,

she hated Mr. O'Rhea. What a horrible, wrinkled-up, yellow face he had, and how dreadful his mouth looked when he smiled, and shewed his black stumps of teeth; and how disagreeable it was to hear that sniff of his interrupting you when you were talking.

It was some comfort to reflect that everyone at Darcy town, even Grandpapa himself, was apt to be nearly as much disconcerted when Mr. O'Rhea sniffed as Helen had been that morning. It was a very particular kind of sniff, this of Mr. O'Rhea's. Helen sometimes thought it would take quite half an hour to say in words all the disagreeable things it, and the expression about Mr. O'Rhea's nose and eyes that accompanied it, expressed.

He seldom troubled himself to speak—there was no need; but when Grandpapa consulted him about raising money to pay the bills that lay unlooked over in his desk, or Uncle Gerard shewed him the farm accounts of former years, or when he rode past a potato patch where all the fences were out of repair, or a harvest field where the sheaves had stood on the ground till the birds had pecked half the grain from the ears, he just stood still and sniffed. It did not do anybody any harm; Helen could not make out that Mr. O'Rhea had ever really injured anyone in Darcy town, or even spoken evil of anyone, (except, perhaps, Father Phim,) but it was wonderful how he had contrived to make everybody hate him, through nothing else than constantly wounding their self-esteem by that single silent token of disapprobation and contempt.

'He'd have us believe that the very winds of heaven had not known how to blow, or the rain to fall, or the sun to shine, here in Darcy town, till he came into it,' Old Mickey would say, 'and we living here all our lives serving the family, while he and his people were scraping their dirty bit of money together wid all manner of mane ways up in the black North.'

Everybody called Mr. O'Rhea the new bailiff, and the new man, but he had really been living at Darcy town over two years, and had, according to Uncle Gerard, brought about great improvements in the management of the estate.

Instead of living in the large straggling farm-house at the head of the Lough, where former farm-bailiffs had lived, and kept open house for such stray visitors to the Castle as even its ample space could not take in, Mr. O'Rhea had chosen to build a pretty snug cottage for himself, half-way up the hill that divided 'Good People's Hollow' from the Castle D'Arcy pleasure-grounds. He himself said that he had built the house, and furnished its few rooms brightly and cosily, with a view to the comfort of his only daughter, whose health was too weak for her to undertake the management of the big farm-house, or bear the mists and chills from the Lough that pervaded every corner of it; but Old Mickey and the other Castle Darcy boys gave Helen different and much less amiable reasons for his choice of an abode.

'It was just his maneness and miserliness,' they said, 'scrouching himself up under the shoulder of the hill, where there were no comers and goers whom he might be forced to ask in to take a bit and a sup. Good care he had taken, indeed, to have his bare fox's hole all to himself, wid no way of getting to it but the steep twisty foot-path, stony and crooked as his own heart, that led up from the foot of the hollow to the front gate, and the private road, for which nobody had a pass but himself, through the Castle pleasure-grounds, and round over the top of the hill where the old stone-quarry was, that communicated with the back entrance. As for his daughter, poor, weeshy, ill-mannered thing, it was not living alone on a hill-side that would cure her of what ailed her. What she wanted was a drop of kindliness put into her could heart, and a good word on her crusty tongue, and then perhaps there might be a chance of her getting a blessing, and thriving like other folk.'

When Helen first heard that Mr. O'Rhea had a daughter, who was somewhat deformed, and so short and sickly-looking as to be quite an object of pity, her compassion was much moved, and she felt impatient to visit her and make friends with her. She had read descriptions of delightful invalids in story books, and she expected to find Miss O'Rhea like one of them—lying all day on a pretty sofa in a pure white dress, with a sweet patient smile on her face, and having always some pretty little allegory about birds or flowers to tell the friends who came to visit her. It was a serious disappointment to find Mary O'Rhea as different as possible from every invalid she had ever read about. In the first place, she did not always lie on the sofa; though she rarely left the house, there were some hours on most days when she could move about; and when she was up, she limped from bed-room to kitchen with her crutch a great deal more briskly than Judy O'More, or any other servant she had ever had, cared to follow her. Her small gray eyes were heavy with sleeplessness and long continued pain; but they were sharper to detect cobwebs in corners and dust on shelves, and good bread thrown among the pig's meat, than any other eyes in Darcy town. And when she spoke, though she often had to put her hand to her side and gasp for breath, her words came out so sharp and shrill, and had such a tone of angry discontent in them, that Helen, when she happened to be within hearing, felt disposed to put her hands over her ears to shut out the sound.

'Shure thin it's not sickness she has,' Judy O'More would declare to Helen; 'it's just the worrying black heart that's in her, that makes her cheeks so yellow and crooks up her body. There's no pleasure or contint to be got in life by them that have the sore ill-luck to live wid her. And if it were not for having you, Miss Helen Bawn, dear, living up at the Castle this year, and for me being able to contrive to slip out to see ye, and have a word wid Terry in the lucky minutes when her bad breath and her wake limbs won't let her be after me, scoulding, as

she'd like to be, I should have had to give up the place long ago. She has tried all the girls in the town one after another before she came to me, and been too many for them all. A bad black heart, such as belongs to all the O'Rheas, is a deal worse to overlook than a crooked body—depind upon that, Miss Helen dear.'

Helen acknowledged that it must be dreadful to be shut up all day in a little house with a person whose heart was as black as Mary O'Rhea's; and she thought it natural that Judy should be glad to slip away and have a few minutes conversation now and then with pleasanter people; only unluckily when Judy began to talk she was apt to forget all about the minutes; and Helen's conscience pricked her sometimes for conniving at Judy's absences from home, when she found how very long and longer still they grew.

One day Helen chanced to peep in at the sitting-room window of O'Rhea Lodge, during one of what Judy called the lucky times, and saw Mary O'Rhea lying prostrate on her sofa, with her face pressed down deep into the cushion to keep out the light, and her hands clasping her head in a spasm of pain; and when in dismay she turned from the window to call for help, and caught sight of Judy leaning with her elbows on the low wall at the far end of the garden, talking and laughing loud with Terry and another boy, who were pretending to dig potatoes in the patch of ground adjoining Mr. O'Rhea's premises, she could not help feeling a little shocked. She was obliged to acknowledge to herself that it was not very surprising that Miss O'Rhea should speak sharply to Judy, and look suspiciously after her when she was able to speak and look, or that Mr. O'Rhea had a prejudice against Terry, and was always wishing him and his potato patch anywhere but just beneath his wall on the slope of Good People's Hill.

Having black hearts did not prevent people from feeling pain, and what was perhaps stranger, it did not apparently hinder a father and daughter loving each other; for on another day, a softy sunny April day, that had been a hard time for Mary O'Rhea, and a particularly pleasant one for Helen and Judy and Terry, Helen peeped into the Lodge again, and caught another glimpse of Mary O'Rhea's figure, when it was all drawn with pain. This time it was not in the sofa-cushion she was hiding her eyes. Her head was resting comfortably on her father's rough frieze coated shoulder, and all her poor sad looking little person was gathered up tenderly in his arms, and he was rocking her to and fro, and murmuring over and over again in his cracked voice some words that sounded like an old loving baby song. Something that he must have invented himself long ago, when she was a motherless baby, and he had had to be father and mother both to her. Helen began to think there must be one—just one—shining white spot in the O'Rheas' black hearts, that they loved each other with. She tried the next day to impart her discovery to Judy and Terry, and awaken some sort of compassion in their minds for Miss O'Rhea; but she soon found that

she spoke in vain. Judy and Terry loved Helen very much, and would have done anything to please her, except listen to arguments that were meant to lessen their prejudices against the O'Rheas. They shewed by their looks and words that they were hurt and vexed by Helen's fit of compassion, and that they considered pitying Mary O'Rhea as just the same thing as forsaking them, and going over, as they called it, to the 'other side.'

'Shure,' they said, 'it was not what they had expected of their own Miss Helen Bawn, that she should take part with the O'Rheas after all. Did she not know that they were black Protestants, and that they hated Father Phim?'

Helen tried to explain that her father had told her never to call herself or other people names on account of their religion; and that being Protestants need not make the O'Rheas hate Father Phim; but she could not make Judy and Terry understand her. She only convinced them more and more that something was 'wrong wid her' that day. That the O'Rheas had got round her somehow, and not contint wid taking the potatoes out of the mouths of the poor, and the roofs from over their heads, they were trying to stale the hearts of their friends away from them.

'Had not Mr. O'Rhea done that same already with Mr. Gerard?' Terry asked. 'Was he not turning him from being the freest-handed, most generous landlord in Ireland, into a hard driver? Did he not persuade him against his own heart to turn people out of their cabins and their bits of potato grounds, and leave them no place but the workhouse to live in?'

No good luck would ever come to the country again, Terry assured Helen, till the O'Rheas and many others such as they were driven out of it. The Good People themselves had forsaken their hollow, and left off making the grass green and the potatoes sweet that grew there, since Mr. O'Rhea had intruded himself and his ugly pill-box of a house on their hill. Miss Helen might look round for herself, Terry said, and see how poor and bare the hill side was, and how little promise there seemed to be of an early crop of potatoes in his garden this spring, in spite of the sweet sunshine and the good rain, and all the fine manure he had put in, digging till his arms ached last autumn. And how could the ground disappoint him so, unless Miss O'Rhea had overlooked it with an evil eye, just for sheer spite, when she found that—thanks to Miss Helen—Mr. Gerard had refused to turn him and his brothers and sisters from the bit of land where their father and their grandfather had lived and died before them.

When this conversation took place, Helen and Judy and Terry were standing together on the top of Good People's Hill, just outside a little door in the stone fence that surrounded the Castle pleasure-grounds. In front of them was a sloping pasture field, and at the bottom of the field a long-unworked stone quarry, now half filled up with water, that

made a deep and wide chasm in the hill side. The back fence of Mr. O'Rhea's kitchen-garden came within a few yards of the mouth of the quarry on the further side; and there was a wooden plank with a hand-rail, that connected the two banks of the quarry together, so as to make a convenient pathway between Mr. O'Rhea's back garden gate, and the side entrance to the Castle grounds, near which Helen stood. Mr. O'Rhea and Helen were about the only people in the neighbourhood by whom this side entrance into the pleasure-grounds was much used. It was a short cut for Mr. O'Rhea to the Castle stable-yard, where his horse was kept; and Helen had found it very convenient, since she had come to look on Judy and Terry as her chief playmates and friends. Mr. O'Rhea had a key of his own to the side-door, which he carried about in his pocket; but there was another key generally hidden in a hole in the wall, which Helen made use of. It was in her hand now, while she listened to Terry, and she knew that she ought to think of turning homewards, for it was late in the afternoon, and sunny as the days were, the evenings were apt to be chill and misty.

A thin blue mist was already rising in the deeps of Fairy Hollow, which hid the shores of the distant lough from view, and the grass on the sloping field at the top of the hill looked as if it had all been suddenly turned to blades of gold by the level sunset rays. Miss O'Rhea appeared at the back door of the cottage, leaning on her crutch, beckoning and calling in a loud voice to Judy to come in and put the kettle on the fire for tea. Terry leisurely lifted the spade, with which he had *not* been digging, on to his shoulder, and prepared to scramble down the steep hill side to his own domains. Helen's town-bred eyes could see nothing in the scene before her that betokened any withdrawal of the favour of the 'good people,' whose blessing had been supposed in old times to make this spot the fairest and most fruitful of the country side. She could descry nothing wrong, except some stunted frost-bitten shoots in Terry's garden, which he pointed out, and perhaps something rather forlorn in Terry's own face and tatterdemalion figure, when having picked up his tools he turned back with a wistful lingering look, to end their argument with a last word.

'Shure thin, Miss Helen, ye'll tell me the truth,' he said. 'We have your good word secure, come what may—yours and Father Phim's. Ye'll never lave off spaking for us, or see us turned off to starve, will ye? let ould Nat O'Rhea say the worst he can agin us.'

'O Terry, you know I would not,' cried Helen impetuously. 'You are Hilary's friend, and he would never like the hill so well again if you did not live on it. Of course I will never leave off saying this to Grandpapa and Uncle Gerard.'

'Then God reward you for the same,' said Terry. 'I'll be contint and depind on you, Miss Helen, with an aisy heart from this time forth; and it's snap my fingers I will, in the face of ould O'Rhea, and all his dirty

crew. Wid the darling of the world, which is yerself, Miss Helen avourneen, to back me up, what will I fear?'

Terry gave his spade another hitch on to his shoulder as he finished this speech, and addressed himself in good earnest to the descent of the hill; and Helen turned to go home. Passing through the door in the wall brought her into the little plantation of pines that sheltered the Castle gardens from the north wind, and a ten minutes run through well-known wood paths would bring her in sight of the back premises of the house. She was still something of a coward, and liked the open hill side when the twilight was falling better than the dusky wood, where sticking out branches would assume fantastic shapes in the distance, and sudden noises of falling boughs or whirring wings would occur to startle her. To-night, however, instead of racing home at the top of her speed, as she usually did, she paced along slowly, hardly noticing the thickening shadows. She wondered what Terry could have meant by saying he would snap his fingers in the face of Mr. O'Rhea and his crew. She wished very much he had not said that. Suppose he should do something very foolish, that Uncle Gerard could not forgive, and that she should have to entreat for him in vain? If it had not grown really very dark, and if she had not felt nearly sure that Terry would have left his cabin again before she could reach it, she would have run back to the hill to warn him to be careful, and to try to make him understand that her power over Uncle Gerard was after all very small indeed. She wished the Darcy town people had not taken it into their heads that she could do as much for them as Father Phim, when the real truth was that she was only a silly little girl, who perhaps ought never to have put herself forward to interfere in her neighbours' concerns.

Castle Darcy was no doubt a pleasant place, yet Helen felt so perplexed and uneasy that night, that she heartily wished herself at home again in the dull town rectory, with nothing to look at but the paved court-yard and the streets, and with no heavier anxiety on her mind than how to get her lessons perfectly, and keep her frocks and pinbefores as clean as Mrs. Bream expected them to be.

The intense interest she took in the welfare of the poor people round, and in their contests with Mr. O'Rhea, made her listen very attentively to every conversation about the state of the country that took place, in her hearing, between Grandpapa and Uncle Gerard, and the gentlemen who dined at the Castle. She used to perch herself on Grandpapa's knee when she came into the dining-room in the evening; and it became quite a joke among Mr. Darcy's guests to watch how she turned her little face from one speaker to another, and how eager her eyes grew, and what a puzzled frown came on her brow as she tried to follow their arguments. She made out that there were people more or less like Mr. O'Rhea on most of the estates round, and that the gentlemen did not look upon them at all in the same light that Terry and Mickey and the other Darcy town boys did. It was very bewildering to hear doings

called wise and right in the evening that she had heard people complaining of all day as cruel and tyrannical. She wished she could make up her mind once for all, whether it really was best for the Terrys and the Patsys she loved so well, to go on living in their tumble-down cabins on their neglected potato grounds, as they wished to do themselves, or whether it would truly be more for their advantage in the end, as Mr. O'Rhea and many of the gentlemen thought, to shut them up in big workhouses, and draught them off by degrees to distant lands beyond the sea, while their purple and green potato fields, and the plots where their crowded cabins stood, were turned into wide silent fruitful corn-fields, and desolate pasture lands. But, oh dear! how dull the country would be, and how little she or Hilary would care to visit it then!

On the evening of the day when she and Terry had had their little discussion about the O'Rheas, Helen listened to the conversation after dinner with even greater interest than usual. She was almost afraid Grandpapa would hear her heart beat, she grew so excited by what she heard her uncle and his guests say to each other.

They were talking about the funeral of a man, the Mr. O'Rhea of a neighbouring estate, who had lately been shot dead while riding home from market, by a peasant, who through his advice had been turned out of his little farm. His friends wished to give him a grand funeral, and it was feared that the people through the country round, who it seemed hated this man even worse than they hated Mr. O'Rhea, would assemble at some point on the road to the church, and try to turn back or otherwise insult the funeral procession. The gentleman, whose bailiff the murdered man had been, was one of Mr. Darcy's guests that day, and he spoke strongly to Uncle Gerard about its being the duty of the country gentlemen to stand by each other and the people they employed, and to put down rebellion with a high hand. He meant, he said, to make the conduct of his tenants at this funeral a test, and to deal very severely with all who shewed sympathy with the murderer by insulting the dead body of his victim; and he hoped Uncle Gerard would do the same. It was well known that his new plans for improving the Darcy estate, and the new bailiff who was helping to carry them out, were very unpopular in the neighbourhood, and if he did not take strong measures of self-defence in time, his turn to be attacked would come next.

Uncle Gerard nodded his head emphatically. He feared, he said, that it was too true that some of his people were tainted with ill-will and disaffection, and ripe for any mischief that might come in their way; and however sorry he might be to have recourse to harsh measures, no one of his fellow-landlords should have reason to complain of want of support from him. He spoke quietly enough, but his face was very stern; and Helen's heart gave a great bound, and she would have fallen off Grandpapa's knee if his arm had not been round her. That was what Terry meant, then, she said to herself, by snapping his fingers in the face of O'Rhea and his black crew—he was going to take part with

the mob who intended to riot at the funeral, and he was trusting to Helen's influence to shield him from Uncle Gerard's anger, if he were detected.

When Helen left the dining-room and went up-stairs to bed, she looked very anxiously from her window to see what sort of a night it was. The wind had risen, and was making a sad soughing sound among the trees round the Castle, and the rain was driving strongly and steadily against the windows. Helen hoped that the heavy clouds would make haste and empty themselves; and that she might wake early, to find such a fine sunny morning as would give her an excuse for running out before breakfast, and having an interview with Terry before he left his cabin. She felt sure that if she could talk with him quietly, she could dissuade him from the dreadful project she feared he had in his mind. How could he think of doing such a wicked thing? She felt very unhappy as she asked herself this question, and wondered how it was that kind-hearted generous fellows like Mickey and Terry and others of the boys she knew should be so savage and quarrelsome at times, and cherish such hard revengeful thoughts against people whom they fancied had done them wrong. How had such a sad state of things come about? who had been to blame first? It was far too difficult a problem for little Helen Neale to solve; thinking about it only made her restless and feverish, and quite drove away the sleep she wanted to come quickly. She heard one hour strike after another, and all the sounds of the house gradually ceased; yet still she felt obliged to toss about, and every now and then creep to the window to listen to the wind and see how the rain was getting on.

At last, just as she had made up her mind not to sleep at all, but to lie watching for the morning to come, she fell into a doze, not into comfortable slumber, but into weary wandering about in dream-land, and not being able to struggle out. She thought that she was clinging fast to Terry and Judy, striving through hours and hours to hold them back from some terrible danger that they were determined to rush into, and that all the while Mr. O'Rhea was pushing her away from them, with his rough hand on her throat. She could not quite get rid of the choking feeling, even when she opened her eyes and saw that she was in bed in her own room, and that it was broad daylight. In another moment she knew what had made her dream about Mr. O'Rhea's rough hand; she had often before had the same sensation in her throat, it was the beginning of a croupy cough, of which she had frequently had attacks at home; and she knew it would put an end to every hope of her being allowed to go out that day, if Mrs. O'Brien had at all the same ideas about croupy coughs that her mother had.

Helen sat up in bed and began to talk to herself, just to see how bad her throat was, and ascertain if she could possibly conceal her illness for an hour or so, till she had accomplished her expedition to Terry's cabin. No; her voice would only come out in a horrid

scrapy whisper that ended in a dismal crowing sound when she tried hard to make it distinct—the crowing sound which always brought an anxious look on Mamma's face, and caused her to insist on silence and quiet. There was no help for it. She could do nothing but lay her head back on the pillow and wait patiently to see what would befall her. What did happen was first a visit from Mrs. O'Brien to inquire why she had not come down to breakfast, and then one from Grandpapa, who had been alarmed by Mrs. O'Brien's report, to ascertain for himself what ailed her. After that there was a great commotion through the house, and if Helen's throat had not by that time become so sore that it hurt her even to whisper, she would have enjoyed the numerous visits she received, and the eager offers to get her every possible thing she could fancy to eat or play with, that poured in from everybody about the place, from old Mickey to the youngest kitchen-girl.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE BOOK OF THE PASSION PLAY.

SCENE, IV.

JESUS' LAST VISIT TO JERUSALEM.

I.—TYPE.

King Ahasuerus rejects the proud Queen Vashti, and raises the lowly Esther to the royal dignity. The chorus explain this scene as signifying that the proud Jerusalem, having abused the mercy of God, is at last forsaken by Him; and that the Eternal has chosen in her place the Christian Church as His Queen and Bride.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem! awake thee,
The things that are thy peace to learn and know;
But if thou still delay, swift vengeance shall o'ertake thee,
Whelming thy guilty land in wrath and woe.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
Repent, and turn thee to thy God!
Raise not in cries of death and blood
Thy voice of blasphemy;
Else hath the God of Heaven in store
Full vials of His wrath to pour,
Unhappy one, on thee.

Alas! she who the prophets slew of old,
Blasphemeth still in her rebellion bold;
'Therefore this race I make
Accurst, for they My laws forsake.'

See Vashti, see how pride is deep abased!
E'en so hath God in wrath the Synagogue disgraced.

'Away, proud woman, from my throne,
Thou art unworthy of my crown;'
So speaks Ahasuerus in his wrath.

'The time of grace is past for ever,
This people from My love I sever,
By My great Name I swear,' saith God.
'The portion thine, O Esther fair,
The queenly crown henceforth to wear,
To sit and reign at my right hand.'
A people in whom God delighteth,
He to Himself in love uniteth,
E'en as the king chose Esther fair.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
Ye sinners, hear what God doth say;
If ye would be forgiven,
Cleanse ye your hearts, and cast away
Your sins' unholy leaven.

II.—THE SCENE.

Christ enters Jerusalem with His disciples, weeps over the rebellious city because she rejects her salvation, and pronounces the sentence of her terrible destruction. Judas falls behind the other disciples in deep thought, and a fearful struggle takes place in his breast. Two roads are before him; he must decide at once between God and Mammon, for both he cannot serve. And as he stands there weak and wavering, one of the merchants with whom he is acquainted comes with his companions, and seizes the favourable opportunity to make fast the bonds already wound about the soul of Judas. The merchants at first make a pretence of wishing to become disciples of Jesus, if there is anything to be gained thereby. Judas in answer shews them the empty purse, and tells them with many regrets the story of the three hundred pence which had been wasted. Then they make promises of money; as soon as the covetous Judas hears of gold, he is ruined, his passion overcomes him. He gives his word to appear at the next meeting of the Council. But he is ashamed of himself; he looks anxiously round, lest he should have been seen or overheard, and finds it necessary to rejoin Jesus and His disciples.

SCENE, V.

THE HOLY SUPPER.

I.—TYPE.

1. God gives the manna from heaven to the people in the wilderness.

The whole stage is full of people; in the foreground appear groups of children, boys and girls, and mothers holding their infants in their arms; behind them, youths and maidens, the groups rising higher and higher

on the mountain side; still higher, among the more aged, Moses and Aaron are conspicuous, the crowning figures of the picture. On all the hundreds of faces joy is depicted; the picture is motionless, all the figures down to the three-year-old children remaining still, as if turned into stone. Holy amazement penetrates the circle of spectators, who are yet more deeply moved by the following hymn:—

Behold! the hour is coming;
See now fulfilled what God of old,
By all His holy prophets speaking,
Deigned of His mysteries to unfold.

'From Israel, My chosen race,'
Saith God, 'I turn away My face;
Henceforth they shall not to Me bring
Burnt sacrifice or offering.'

'I here ordain,' thus saith the Lord,
'A new feast in My Blood outpour'd,
A sacrifice which every nation
Shall hold in joyful celebration.'
The manna in the desert given
Shews forth in type the Gospel-feast from Heaven.

The Lord is good, the Lord is good;
He gave a new and wondrous food,
His people's wants supplying,
Faint, and with hunger sighing.
Yet all, though filled with plenteousness,
Found death in Sinai's wilderness,
Their eyes for Canaan grieving.
The new and living Bread from heaven,
For the soul's life to all is given,
In worthiness receiving.

2. Here is a picture, consisting like the former one of many groups, in which the great bunch of grapes is shewn, brought by the spies from the Land of Canaan. It is explained by the chorus as signifying the wine first consecrated at the Last Supper.

The Lord is good, His mercies tell;
He gave of old to Israel,
In Canaan safely dwelling,
The fruit all fruits excelling.
This precious vine, by nature grown,
Was for man's use ordained, alone
From death the *body* saving;
The wine of the New Testament,
The Blood of God's own Son, is sent
To still the *spirit's* craving.

The Lord is good, the Lord is good;
His Flesh and Blood to be our food,
By Christ, true Bread from Heaven,
At the last Feast was given.

II.—THE SCENE.

Christ celebrates with His disciples the Jewish Paschal Supper, on occasion of which a dispute arose among them, to which Jesus puts an end, and reproves them in a remarkable manner, teaching them that he shall be greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven who has humbled himself most here. He further teaches this by a striking example, even humbling Himself to wash the feet of His sinful disciples.

After the washing of the feet, the true Paschal Lamb of the New Covenant is sacrificed in bread and wine. 'The whole of this scene,' writes Ludwig Clarus, 'is one of great dignity. The representation of the action in all its scriptural simplicity, without any addition of expressive ornaments, inspires us with holy awe. There was an expression of devotion on the faces of all the actors, and no irreverent look, no scornful gesture, could be seen among the spectators. The significance of the scene was, as far as I could see, so well understood, and so deeply felt, that tears and subdued sobs might be observed amongst them.'

In contrast to the pride and low selfish avarice of the Pharisees, shone out in its full glory the *humility* of Christ, the generosity which sacrifices all, even His own self. Jesus washes the feet of Judas, He gives Himself to him Body and Soul; it was a powerful voice of warning to Judas, a last ray of light vouchsafed to his darkened soul. Alone 'he went out and it was night,'—without him and within.

SCENE, VI.

I.—TYPE.

As the sons of Jacob sold their brother for twenty pieces of silver, Judas asks thirty pieces of silver as the price of betraying his Lord and Master. The chorus condemn the avarice of Judas, and try to call him back from his wicked purpose.

Great horror seizeth me of woe impending!
Whither, O Judas, in thy furious mood?
Art thou the traitor, who His blood
Betrayest? Holy Vengeance, from Thy throne
In lightning and in wrath descending,
Consume and crush that wicked one!

'One of you twelve shall be the traitor.'
Thrice spake the Lord this grievous word.
By lust of gold seduced to evil,
One rises from the holy board;
And he,—O just and holy God!—
Is Judas the Iscariot.

O Judas, now in time repenting,
Fulfil not thou this sinful deed,
Alas! I see him unrelenting
Run to the Sanhedrim in speed,
And there repeat with malice bold
The crime which Dothan saw of old.

'What money give ye for the lad,'
So Joseph's wicked brethren said,
'Him at our hands receiving?'
Soon on the sum they are agreed,
For twenty silver pieces' meed,
Their brother's life-blood giving.

'What will ye give for my reward,'
Iscariot saith, 'if I my Lord
Betray to you for gold?'
The bond, the bloody bond, is signed,
And Jesus is to foes consigned,
His precious Life-blood sold.

A scene of woe; yet much I fear,
A picture of the world is here;
How oft do ye in deeds deny Him,
How oft betray and crucify Him!

Those who of blood made merchandise,
And the false Judas ye despise,
Yet on your way unheeding go;
For pride, lust, avarice, destroy
All human love, all human joy,
And in the world work bitter woe.

II.—THE SCENE.

The High Council is assembled; Judas appears with his empty bag; they haggle about the money for some time, and at length agree on thirty pieces of silver as the price of Jesus' life, and the bloody bond is closed. Judas counts his money hurriedly, looking closely lest any piece should be missing or false, and sweeps it anxiously into his bag. 'To-day,' he cries, 'He shall be in our hands!' and he appoints the time and place of the betrayal. Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus alone protest, and leave the room; all the rest cry with malicious joy, 'Let Him die! let Him die! the enemy of our fathers!'

Thus the infernal plot is arranged; the knot is tied; the Passion begins!

SCENE, VII.

JESUS ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

I.—TYPE.

1. Adam, clothed with an apron of sheep-skins, his spade in his hand, fulfils the word with which God had punished his sin, 'In the

sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread;' two children are pulling up thorns and thistles, the Mother Eve holds the youngest child of her sorrow on her lap. The Chorus introduce this picture, and explain its relation to the Bloody Sweat of agony in Gethsemane.

Judas, alas! the sop hath taken
At the sacred feast,
With heart impure, by love forsaken;
And Satan findeth entrance in his breast.
'What thou doest,' saith the Lord,
'Do quickly.' Judas at that word,
His Master's Supper-table leaveth,
To the Council goes in haste,
And the price of blood receiveth.

Soon is fulfilled, and brought to light
That sad and shameful story;
Judas, alas! this very night
Betrays the Lord of Glory.
Oh, come with me and see His woe;
The waves of sorrow overflow.
The awful plot, in night concealed
And mystery,
Is now to fullest day revealed
In Gethsemane.

Ah, how bitter doth it seem
To our Father Adam now!
See, there falls of sweat a stream
O'er his parchèd neck and brow!
Here behold sin's chastisement;
The earth is cursed by God's command,
Therefore giveth she in guerdon
To our daily toil and burden
All her fruits with sparing hand.

Such bitter strife doth Christ endure,
Wrestling on the Mount alone,
That in His Agony of woe,
His sweat like drops of blood ran down.
Here behold the strife of sorrow,
Fought out by the Lord for thee;
He by death the victory gainèd,
He in trembling, sorely painèd,
Drank the cup of agony.

2. In a second tableau is represented the greeting with which Joab, David's captain, meets Amasa, 'Art thou in health, my brother?' and he laid hold of Amasa's beard with his right hand, and smote him secretly in the side with his sword.

The song of the Chorus, explaining this scene as a type of the treachery of Judas, is very striking.

The meeting at the Rocks of Gibeon
Is acted o'er by Judas, Simon's son.
Ye Rocks of Gibeon!

Why stand ye now so desolate,
Your neighbours' pride and joy of late?
Why covered with a veil of woe do ye appear?
Tell, I conjure you, tell what happened here—
What happened here!

Flee, wanderer, flee! oh, tarry not!
Blood-stain'd, accurs'd, deserted is this place;
Here fell, slain by a brother's false embrace,
An Amasa,
Trusting, alas! in friendship's holy faith,
By Joab's cruel hand entic'd to death.
Oh, echo ye our cry, Accurs'd be thou!
Accurs'd be thou!

The rocks lament and mourn for thee!
The blood-stain'd earth aveng'd shall be.
Be silent, O ye Rocks of Gibeon attending,
With awe and wonder your dark summits rending.
Ye Rocks of Gibeon!
Here was betrayed th' Eternal Son!
Judas here his Master found,
All His enemies around,
Who at their leader's nod
Bound in chains the Son of God.
Ye Rocks of Gibeon!
Hear ye our awful word,
And curse this man, accursèd of the Lord!
Curs'd be the day that gave him birth!
Open thy dread abyss, O Earth—
A living grave!—ye fires of hell,
Consume this wretch detestable.

3. Samson is shewn, betrayed by his beloved wife Delilah to his enemies the Philistines, and bound in chains by them.

Samson ta'en and wounded;
Jesus in Gethsemane surrounded.
Samson by his foes made mockery;
Jesus insulted in Gethsemane.
See here the warrior, who did thousands slay;
Who, when he clomb the steep and rugged way,
The gates of Gaza on his shoulders bare;—
Now, his great strength departed, lies he there!
By foes made sport,
And set at naught;
By hands unsparing
Dragged to the death so long preparing.
Ah! shamefully he fell, enticed
By a false woman's flattery;
Shamefully bound and sacrificed,
Pining in bitter slavery.
Thus treachery doth often gain
O'er strength and virtue victory;
Here woman's arts may forge the chain,
Here cunning men's base treachery.
Oh, ne'er let sin within you reign,
Your good intents undoing!

So did his foes a Samson gain,
So worked they Jesus' ruin.
Oh, never let your soul and sense
To love impure be given!
Nor let the blood of innocence
Against you cry to Heaven!

II.—THE SCENE.

On a rocky part of the Mount of Olives Christ appears, praying. He prays three times, each time more fervently; He wrings His Hands, He bows down His Head to the ground, from which He raises it again covered with a bloody sweat. The Angel appears from Heaven strengthening Him. The disciples sleep, and though awakened three times they sleep again. Albrecht Dürer has most skilfully drawn the figure of the Saviour wrestling in prayer, and near Him that of St. Peter sunk in sleep,—an expressive picture, of which one is strongly reminded by this scene in the Passion Play.

But Judas sleeps not; he comes in the night, with his band of soldiers, who on the given signal, the kiss, were to lay hands on the betrayed Jesus. Peter, just awakened from sleep, and resolved to meet force with force, has just cut off the ear of Malchus; Jesus in His love heals it immediately, and allows Himself to be bound, and led away to death, because 'He laid down His Life of Himself.'

Whilst the curtain falls, the Saviour is seen, led away with scorn and insult into the town; but even now in His mien and gestures is seen the love and patience which He bears in His Heart towards His enemies.

Forsaken by the world, forsaken and betrayed even by His few faithful ones, Jesus is now alone; and His inexpressible woes work powerfully in the hearts of all the beholders, and draw them on into the mysteries of the coming Passion.

Here begins the night between Maundy Thursday and Good Friday, when the Play is interrupted for bodily refreshment and recreation.

(To be continued.)

NOTICES *and* ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS *are unavoidably postponed till next Month.*

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

AUGUST, 1871.

PSALM V.

(Verba mea auribus.)

GIVE ear, O Lord! consider, O my King!
Hearken, my God, to me!
My prayer is like a bird of early wing,
That wakes to sing to Thee.

Pure as this morning dew, yon lingering star
That hangs above me there,
Pure as the wings of Thy great angels are,
So pure would be my prayer.

For Thou art holy, and before Thy face
All evil things must flee;
Folly and lies, deceit and wickedness,
These may not dwell with Thee.

I in Thy mercy wrapped, as in a cloud,
Draw near the Mercy-seat;
Lost in its holy fragrance, see me bowed
At Thy redeeming feet.

Lead me, O pierced and wounded feet, I pray,
For I am sore beset;
My foes are gathering on the narrow way,
And by the narrow gate.

I know them well, their words are soft and fair,
Their lips sweet honey shed;
Their hearts are hollow as the sepulchre
That opens for the dead.

Destroy them for me in that glorious might
  By which Thou didst arise,
And send them quailing, in their own despite,
  Back to their fence of lies.

Victorious on the silent battle-field
  Shine as the morning sun;
Then hold, O Lord! Thy resurrection shield
  Over Thy little one.

Pass Thou before me, and I dare not grieve;
  My doubts and fears must cease,
Like their's, who on that quiet Easter eve
  First heard Thee whisper, 'Peace.'

M. C.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CVI.

LAMBERT SIMNEL.

1485-1487.

When we turn to the House of Tudor after the Plantagenets, we feel as if some thrifty lawyer's family, with a long but obscure Keltic pedigree, and Keltic keenness and passion, had risen on the decay of some stately old family; and though uniting his blood with theirs, could neither by shrewdness nor display, adequately represent the real grandeur that had passed away.

The Plantagenet, in his vices and his virtues, belonged essentially to Gothic civilization; the Tudor to that strange age of transition, when the new leaven was wildly fermenting in the mass of society. The Plantagenet acted less by law and precedent than the Tudor, yet he never so entirely broke through all rule; and though often apparently cruel and violent, his utmost harshness was gentleness compared with the habitual Tudor practice. In fact, a Plantagenet disregarded a law, but a Tudor changed the law itself to suit his purposes.

The reign of the first Henry Tudor was not a period of outward convulsions, but every year prepared the way for them, and sealed the fate of the old systems.

The whole of Europe was passing from the old, and pausing ere fully embarking on the new. To begin with the centre itself, Rome. The renewal and revival of classical learning had filled Italy with an enthusiasm for the whole period when Greece and Rome were in their

glory, and there was a fever of admiration for all that was ancient, coupled with a contempt for that which had displaced it. This feeling pervaded all the scholars and persons of culture, and none more than the higher clergy, who formed the court of Rome, most of them younger sons of princely or noble Italian houses. The abuses consequent on the Great Schism had already done much to corrupt and lower the standard of holiness and of morality; and the fascination of the ancient Paganism, with its magnificent poetry and splendid remnants of art, seized upon minds with little sense of the obligations of Christianity. The hearts, souls, and tastes, were heathen; while the outward forms of Christianity were observed with great pomp, to satisfy the vulgar, and as means of obtaining from them the means of ministering to the luxurious and magnificent inclinations of the men to whom the key of knowledge had been committed.

This actual apostasy of heart rendered the manners of Rome more horribly corrupt than at any previous period; and though these Pagan tastes had not extended to the surrounding countries, the Churches in them were from different causes lowered in tone, and found nothing to raise them in the city of their Patriarchate, which only viewed them as dependencies whence tribute might be squeezed.

The bishoprics and other benefices were still given, sometimes as provisions for youths of noble birth, sometimes as rewards for political or legal services to the clever men who thus worked their way up. Holiness of life was not the recommendation it had been even in the worst of times before. The monasteries, especially in France and England, had been greatly corrupted, and impoverished likewise by the long wars. Contributions had been levied on them, soldiers took up their abode in them, the bands of discipline relaxed, and what was a more permanent evil, the family of the founder of a monastery retained what were called corrodies, namely, the right of quartering a certain number of persons on it, who had to be fed and lodged, whatever their conduct might be. This greatly lowered the tone of the residents; and in effect, they shewed so little spirit of devotion, that the men who felt any ardour towards the service of God, for the most part sought other outlets for their zeal. The monks were always at war with the secular clergy, and endeavouring to absorb the presentation to livings; and the chronicles of various towns prove that since the time when devotion had departed, their care was more for their own wealth than the souls of men. There probably was never a time when religion was in so deplorable a condition as in the latter half of the Cinque-cento; and assuredly, unless the Church had truly possessed a divine vitality, she must then have perished; but that life was about to waken and manifest itself, often in throes, convulsions, and separations, which marked the ensuing period.

Those two great systems of the Gothic ages, the Church and the Feudal System, had apparently decayed together. The difference was,

that the Church, being of God, could recover; the feudal system, being of man, could not. Everywhere the second rank in that scale was being knocked away. In Germany, the robber free lords were getting exterminated; and while the Empire was in fact, though not in name, becoming hereditary in the House of Austria, the lesser princes were more independent of it, and more nearly sovereigns than previously. In Spain, the union of the two Christian kingdoms of Castile and Aragon, by the marriage of Isabel and Fernando, was giving the Crown the preponderance, while the collected forces of the two states were at length able to drive the Saracen from the peninsula. And in France, the ravages of the long English wars, followed up by the policy of Charles VII. and Louis XI., had done much to destroy the great feudal principalities that used to oppress the throne. The English possessions had been conquered, and thus belonged to the Crown; Provence had lapsed, so had Burgundy proper, and the great princes of the blood had nearly all vanished from the scene. Thus the French kings were acquiring a force they had never before possessed; and on the other hand, the English nobility had perished by wholesale in the Wars of the Roses. No one among them could ever be another Earl Warwick, nor would their might and turbulence ever again be such as to make their sovereign only have to choose between a war abroad and at home.

There was scarcely a family that was not broken up by recent slaughter, murder, or exile, when Henry Tudor stood victorious upon Bosworth Field, with the crown plucked from the hawthorn bush upon his head, and three standards of Richard's at his feet, namely, the image of St. George, a fiery dragon on green and white sarcenet, and upon yellow 'tartern' the 'done kowe' of the Nevil, in honour of the exploit of Guy of Warwick.

Perhaps it put him in mind of the poor young lad who bore the title of Earl of Warwick, for the first order he gave was that the son of Clarence should be removed from Sheriff Hutton and imprisoned in the Tower of London; and that Elizabeth of York, who had likewise been there shut up since her machinations with Stanley had been suspected, should be conducted honourably to London, and placed in her mother's house. She was really the true heiress, and many nobles and ladies came out to do her honour, and escort her on her way.

Henry was on his way at the same time, the 'rusticall people' coming out to greet him by the way; and at Hornsey Park, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, all clad in violet robes, received and welcomed him. On the 28th of August he entered London, going straight to St. Paul's, where he offered up Richard's three standards before the altar. Most writers have said that he came in privately; but this has been proved to have been merely a mistake of Speed, in copying the word used by the French contemporary chronicler-poet, Bernard André, who recorded Henry's entry. In his Latin notes, André said Henry entered *lætantur*—joyfully. Speed read this *latentur*—covertly! At any rate, Henry's entrance, though

joyful in itself, was at a time of adversity, because of the sweating-sickness, an epidemic that was raging at the time, and deferred Henry's coronation. The attacks only lasted twenty-four hours, but gave a sense of intolerably oppressive heat, though the least touch of cold was so fatal, that the Lord Mayor who had received Henry, his successor, and six more aldermen, all perished in one week, besides an immense number of private persons. When the disease left London, it proceeded to desolate the country, so that though the city was free enough for the Coronation to take place on the 20th of October, it was scantily attended, and with little splendour. Archbishop Bouchier crowned the first Tudor; and among the rewards Henry gave his followers were two earldoms that have continued in an unbroken line to the present day, namely, Derby to Stanley, and Devon to Courtenay. He appointed a body of fifty archers for his own personal protection, calling them yeomen of the guard, and appealing to the practice of foreign sovereigns. No doubt he had perceived how much benefit Louis XI. reaped from his Scottish guards.

The Coronation was needful before the Parliament could be collected, and this was done on the 7th of November, but then it proved that one half of both houses had been outlawed by the other half, and nothing could be regularly done till all the acts of attainder had been reversed. A hundred and seven persons, including the King's own mother, had to be thus rehabilitated!

The next point was to settle the King's own right. He had in his speech claimed it both by inheritance and by victory; but if the former plea was eminently uncertain, the latter was equally perilous, and so he made a clean sweep of all the old acts of York or Lancaster sovereigns against one another, and obtained an act of settlement on himself and his heirs, prudently keeping silence on the why or wherefore. This could not content the loyal Yorkists, and they petitioned that he would marry no one but the Lady Elizabeth. To this he consented, and the wedding took place on the 18th of January following. It was the last public act of the old Archbishop Bouchier, who died on the ensuing 6th of March, 1486, and was succeeded by the able Bishop of Ely, John Morton.

The Queen was exceedingly lovely, with her mother's delicate grace and the Plantagenet beauty; and her disposition appears to have been very sweet, always doing quiet good, and befriending all who came near her; but her health was frail, and she did not often come forward, so that, whether rightly or wrongly, there has always been an impression that Henry was jealous of her superior rights, and kept her somewhat suppressed.

In the spring, she repaired to Winchester, under the care of the King's mother, the Lady Margaret; while Henry himself set out on a progress to the north, where the Yorkist interest had always been strongest, in hopes to gain popularity; but he had not the open genial manners and freedom of address that had always made the Plantagenets beloved. He

was never strong, was careful, anxious, pale, and elderly-looking while still a young man; and the people viewed him as a miser and coward, and never regarded him with favour; and they ascribed his making this journey without his wife to jealousy of her superior claims, though probably on this occasion her health was unequal to the fatigue. Henry was keeping court at Lincoln, where he meant to spend Easter, when he received intelligence that Richard's minister, Lovell, with Humfrey and Thomas Stafford, had fled from the sanctuary at Colchester, and gone no one knew whither. This, however, was soon revealed, for by the time Henry reached Pontefract Castle, he heard that Lovell had raised a force to obstruct his entrance into York, while the Staffords were preparing to rise in Worcestershire. What there was to rise for it was hard to say, but the taste for opposition had become strong in the English nobles, and they perhaps hoped to make terms for themselves. However, Jasper Tudor* proclaimed the King's pardon to all Lovell's men who would lay down their arms, and most of them made submission; Lovell himself escaped to Flanders, and the Staffords fled to the Church of Colnham near Abingdon, whence they were taken to Tyburn and condemned. It is curious to find that the Abbot of Abingdon interfered on behalf of the right of sanctuary, and the execution could not take place till the judges had tried the question whether Colnham were a privileged place. They decided that it was not, and Humfrey was put to death at Worcester, but Thomas was spared, as being so young as to be supposed to have acted under his brother's authority.

York had been much attached to Richard, and Henry was anxious about his reception there; but he made it understood that he meant to favour the city; and he was received by a grand procession three miles from the city, and escorted into it with pageants and acclamations of 'King Harry, King Harry! the Lord preserve that sweet and well-favoured face.' He reduced the yearly rent paid him by the city from £160 to £18, and granted other favours, returning at the end of a month through Worcester, Hereford, Gloucester, and Bristol. At all these places he attended Mass in the Cathedral in great state, and always heard the same sermon, and a highly flattering one, being an exposition of the Bull of Pope Innocent VIII., which had been sent him with the dispensation for his marriage, bestowing on him every possible title to the crown.

He finished by going to hunt in the New Forest, to be near his queen, whom he desired to continue in the Castle of Winchester. Sir Thomas Mallory's wonderful chivalrous and allegorical Morte d'Arthur was then the favourite reading of all who could obtain Caxton's edition of it; Henry's own head was full of Welsh and Breton traditions; and as Winchester had been decided to be Camelot, and possessed besides a round table bearing the names of Arthur and all his knights, he was

* He was created Duke of Bedford, but we avoid the title to save confusion, as he did not transmit it.

resolved that the birth of his first child, the heir of all the Pendragons, should take place there.

His mother, the Lady Margaret, ordered the chamber with full Burgundian etiquette, hanging all the windows but one with arras, and secluding the Queen from every male about the court, every official in her chamber being of her own sex, and receiving supplies at her chamber door. Elizabeth was very unwell from ague, but her imprisonment in the dark chamber was short, her son being born on the 20th of September, a month sooner than was expected.

He was carried to his christening in the square black font of Winchester Cathedral by his aunts Lady Cicely and Lady Anne of York, and his sponsors were the Queen-dowager Elizabeth, and Aubrey de Vere, Earl of Oxford, the stout old Lancastrian, who was, however, so late in coming, that the rite had begun without him, and he was only in time to take the babe in his arms and present him to the Bishop, who gave him the name of Arthur, in honour of the ancient glories of Britain. Indeed, Welsh bards and English prophets were to be found, who announced that this Arthur would surpass the deeds of him of the Round Table.

Elizabeth long continued sickly, but she commemorated her stay at Winchester by bestowing a new Lady Chapel on the Cathedral, the walls decorated with paintings of the miracles of the Blessed Virgin, and the ornaments of the cornice bearing the feathers of the Prince of Wales, and the royal arms with the label of the eldest son.

For all this, the crown was not too secure on Henry's head. To the Yorkists, he was a cold-hearted wary specimen of the House of Lancaster, who had not exactly done anything amiss, but whom they did not trust. Murmurs and whispers went about that there were nearer heirs than he. Who knew whether the boys in the Tower were really dead? And there was Clarence's son, where was he? A report went about that Henry had murdered him, and there was a good deal of restlessness throughout the country.

Suddenly there was a report that the Earl of Warwick, son to Clarence, was in Ireland. Now Ireland was particularly attached to the House of York; Richard, the first Yorkist claimant of the throne, had been Lord Deputy just long enough to be loved and not long enough to be hated; his son George had been born there, and took his title of Clarence from County Clare; and Edward of Warwick again was Irish born. So disaffected were the Irish, that Henry had just appointed Jasper Tudor deputy instead of Thomas Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare; but Jasper had not yet gone out to take possession, and Kildare was in possession at Dublin, when there arrived there a tall beautiful boy of fifteen, under the care of an Oxford priest of about twenty-seven years old, named Simons, professing to be Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, and telling a plausible story of his escape from the Tower.

Kildare probably believed the story, for he caused his brother, Thomas

Fitzgerald, Chancellor of Ireland, to introduce the lad to the citizens of Dublin, and to such of the nobility of Ireland as frequented his court. His manners were thought to be princely by these judges; and he talked about nobles in England in a manner that none of them could confute, so that the great body of the Irish gentry in the English pale were won over to believe in his identity, and espouse his cause. Only the Butlers of Ossory, four bishops, and the citizens of Waterford, refused to accept him, and not only was he hailed as Earl of Warwick, but even proclaimed at Dublin as King Edward VI.

The intelligence vexed and angered King Henry a good deal. The first thing he did was to convoke a great council at the Charter House, and to proclaim a free pardon, clogged by none of the restrictions that had hampered the amnesty after Bosworth Field. He then confuted the Irish story by sending to the Tower for the real Earl of Warwick, who could have been no stranger to most of the nobles, since he had been at large till the usurpation of Richard, only three years before, and had till within the last two years been at Sheriff Hutton with the young Queen. He was paraded through London, with licence given to anyone to speak to him, and presented to the Queen. The poor youth was almost imbecile, and could hardly make a rational answer. This probably established Henry's case in the eyes of those really conversant with the royal family; but the eager Irish laughed the exhibition to scorn, and would have it that Henry's was the false Warwick and their own the true one!

A very strange part of the affair was that the Queen-dowager, Elizabeth Woodville, was arrested, deprived of her property, and placed in close custody at the Abbey of Bermondsey. The accusation against her was that she had delivered her daughters into the hands of Richard III., contrary to her agreement with Henry, but such an old story as this could evidently only be made to serve for an excuse; and it was universally supposed that she had been meddling, and in some way concerned in annoying the King with this strange plot, or else that she knew some dangerous secret, though, as her daughter was Queen, it is hard to say what she had to gain. At the same time, her eldest and only remaining son, John Gray, Marquis of Dorset, was arrested and thrown into the Tower.

It was no wonder that Henry was anxious and suspicious of all who were connected with the White Rose, for just at this time the heir of Suffolk, the Earl of Lincoln, suddenly deserted him. This nobleman, John de la Pole, was the eldest son of Elizabeth the second daughter of Richard Duke of York, and when the son of Richard III. had died, had been declared heir to the crown. However, he had submitted to Henry, and lived quietly until just after this meeting at Shene he fled in secret, and appeared in Flanders, where he was welcomed by his aunt, the Duchess Margaret of York, widow of Charles the Bold. Emissaries from Ireland had just reached her, praying for her support

to her supposed nephew there; and Margaret, who hated the Lancastrians with so bitter a hatred, that she would do anything that could annoy them, listened to their entreaty. She—who had never seen her brother Clarence's child—might possibly have been deceived, but Lincoln must have known his cousin; nevertheless, he undertook to be the leader of the expedition which she fitted out on behalf of the impostor.

Two thousand German lanzknechts, under the command of Martin Swart, a captain of free companies, were engaged, and with them went Lincoln and Lord Lovell, who was living in exile in Flanders. They landed at Dublin, and were eagerly received by Kildare; Lincoln saw the youth who was called King Edward, shewed no doubt that he was his cousin, and even advised his coronation.

It took place in St. Patrick's Cathedral, with all the pomp and solemnity the Irish could devise. The crown was borrowed from an image of the Blessed Virgin, and the anointing and consecration were performed by the Bishop of Meath; after which a big Irish chieftain named Darcy carried the new king on his shoulders to the banquet in the Castle. This was on the 24th of May, 1487; and immediately after, a parliament was assembled at Dublin, and issued proclamations against the Butlers, men of Waterford, and other supporters of Henry.

The partisans of this new prince wished at first to remain in Ireland, whence they would have been hard to dislodge; but the difficulty of feeding or paying the two thousand Germans prevented this, and they resolved to try to raise the north of England, landing at Foudray, near the great Abbey of Furness, whence they went to Swartmore near Ulverstone, and there were joined by Lovell's friend, Sir Thomas Broughton, and his tenantry; but wild Irish and fierce Germans were not associates such as to tempt the English, and no other supporters came in.

Henry VII. meantime had been paying his devotions to our Lady of Walsingham, and making a progress through the midland counties, where he found universal submission. He placed his mother, wife, and child, in Kenilworth Castle for security, and then marched northward to encounter the enemy, who were advancing from Yorkshire.

Henry kept his army under strict discipline, and severely punished any disorder as it passed through the towns; but his general, the Earl of Oxford, could have had little knowledge of the country, since the army managed to lose its way between the towns of Nottingham and Newark, until five guides were procured from the village of Ratcliffe. Oxford was a brave man, but not much of a captain; however, there was no great skill required in the contest, when his vanguard presently stumbled upon the insurgents in a village named Stoke. It was a matter of numbers and weapons, for the rebels in despair fought bravely; but the Irish portion of them had only knives, darts, and skenes, and were soon trod down; and though the English and Germans sold their lives dearly, they were hemmed in, and perished almost to a man. Martin Swart died with his lanzknechts, Thomas and Maurice Fitzgerald

with their Irish. Lord Lincoln likewise fell, fighting bravely; but Lord Lovell was seen galloping away from the field. Neither he nor Broughton were ever heard of more: but there is a tradition that Broughton lived for years concealed among his tenants at Witherslack; and about the year 1690, when some old buildings were being taken down at Minster Lovell near Witney in Oxfordshire, an underground chamber was found, where sat the remains of a man, in a chair, with his head resting on a table. It crumbled into dust on the admission of the air; but, from the relics found in the chamber, it was believed to be the corpse of the 'Lovell our dog,' who had once 'ruled England under the hog,' and who probably died a lingering death, forgotten and starved in his hiding-place.

The prisoners were few but important. A squire named Bellingham secured the pretended king, Edward of Clarence, and his priest; and a confession was made by both that the lad was only one Lambert Simnel, the son of a joiner at Oxford, who had been tutored by the priest to act this part. After all, the purpose never became clear. The youth was not unintelligent, but was weak and docile, and Simons must have had more to do with the scheme. Why there should have been any personation at all, of a prince alive and capable of being produced in confutation, seems strange. Perhaps Simons believed the report of Warwick's death when he began, and only found out the falsity of it too late to retract; and perhaps he only meant his pupil to have lorded it in Dublin as heir of Clarence, instead of proceeding to the dangerous length of claiming the crown and invading England. King Henry said he much regretted the death of the Earl of Lincoln, who might have explained the plot to him, but his cautious nature made him hush it up as much as possible. He would not have Simons brought to trial, but allowed him the benefit of his Orders, and after declaring his fraud before Convocation, he was imprisoned for life. Lambert Simnel, proving to be a mere tool, was disposed of as a scullion in the King's kitchen, and afterwards promoted to be a falconer. By way of satisfying the Yorkists, who murmured that their Queen was suppressed, Henry resolved, eighteen months after her marriage, to give her a splendid coronation. She made a public entry into London in a barge upon the Thames, escorted by the barges of all the guilds, that of the law-students of Lincoln's Inn being especially noticeable, for the handsomeness of the gentlemen who rowed it, the sweetness of the music played therein, and moreover for a great red dragon, in honour of Cadwallader, the Mortimer ancestor, vomiting flames from its mouth! Thus attended, Elizabeth arrived at the Tower, whence on Saturday the 24th of November, she was taken through London in an open car, accompanied by her sisters and aunts, dressed in a kirtle of white cloth of gold, with her long fair hair hanging down on her shoulders. Her sister Cecily, who was still more beautiful, came behind her in another car, with her aunt Katharine Woodville, who, since the death of Buckingham, had married Jasper Tudor.

She slept at Westminster palace that night, and the next day had her

coronation and banquet in full solitary state, the King and his mother only peeping out of a latticed box. The carpet on which she walked from the Hall to the Abbey was pounced upon with such frantic eagerness by the crowd, as soon as she had passed, that the procession of her ladies was broken and disturbed, and some of the populace were trampled to death. Archbishop Morton set the crown on her head; and after the ceremony, she sat at the banquet with Lady Katharine Gray and Mistress Ditton at her feet, and the Countesses of Oxford and Rivers on each side. Lady Oxford was the same who had supported her children by her needlework through the evil times of Lancaster. Henry seems to have intended to make this coronation the healing of all enmities, for he released his wife's brother, Dorset; and for the time, the wearied country subsided into tranquillity.

(*To be continued.*)

AFTER THE BATTLE OF SEDAN.

[The newspapers describe the finding of the body of a young German, whose hand still held a photograph, evidently the portrait of his betrothed. The following lines are an attempt to express what *may* have been some of his last thoughts.]

This must be death! I've watched them die
About me, friend and foe,
But ne'er could bring it home that I
Myself should have to go.

I thought, before I died, to be
An old grey-headed man,
And tell the grandsons at my knee,
'Twas thus we took Sedan.'

Come from my bosom; let me see
Those tender eyes again:
Dear Gretchen! I must look at thee,
Not kiss. I would not stain

Thy brow with red—but woe is me!
That need not hold me back,
When I have steeped thy life to be,
Thy heart of hearts, in black.

Hark! shouts, and shrieks, and thunder's roar!
Who win, who lose the day?
What matter now? ten minutes more
Will turn me into clay.

Thou mak'st a stillness round me, Dear;
I scent the forest mould,
And hear the fir-trees rock, and clear
Sweet waters, trickling cold;

And hear thy doves, that coo all day
In answer each to each:
And feel the tender things they say
In sweeter tones than speech.

Thy hand is on my arm again,
Those little fingers brown!
I little thought thou'dst need them, then,
To sew a funeral gown.

But when thou askedst God above
To keep me safe, I smiled,
Half condescending, half in love,
As on some simple child.

'A woman's fancy!'—so I said,
I felt so strong that day;
'And if she thinks that Heaven can aid,
She's in the right to pray.

'But schools to-day and sages reach
Beyond the pale of creeds:
"We want no dogmas now," they teach,
"But brave and stirring deeds;

"The spread of knowledge, spread of thought,
United Fatherland;
And clear strong heads, believing nought
But what they understand."'

And now I go—where, who shall say?
'Tis darkness all, and pain.
I'd give the world to hear her pray
That prayer, just once again;

The *Vaterunser* that I said
Before I went to school:
The prayers come thronging through my head
Like ripples in a pool.

'The kingdom, power, and glory,'—Whose?
The Kaiser's? or the King's?
Both—Neither. How my pains confuse
All past and present things!

Ah, Gretchen, say that prayer again,
And clasp thy hands for me!
'Have pity on us sinful men,
O Lord! in misery.'

She comes, she kneels, she's praying now;
And now I see her rise;
Her cold dark hand is o'er my brow,
And covers up my eyes.

Good-night, my own; the wind is keen,
How thick the fir-trees wave!
'Tis slippery underneath, but lean
Upon me, we'll be brave.

'Tis slipping, slipping all away!
I cannot feel your hand—
And all so black! Pray, dearest, pray,
And God will understand.

He hears the words I cannot say,
He reads her heart and mine:
O God, have mercy! In that Day
May both of us be Thine!

VERITAS.

THE PILLARS OF THE HOUSE;

OR,

UNDER WODE, UNDER RODE.

CHAPTER XX.

VALE LESTON.

'The way to make thy son rich is to fill
His mind with rest before his trunk with riches;
For wealth without contentment climbs a hill,
To feel those tempests that fly over ditches.
But if thy son can make ten pounds his measure,
Then all thou addest may be called his treasure.'

George Herbert.

'I SAY, Felix, you've not told me about Vale Leston.'

The two brothers were established under the lee of an old boat, beneath the deep shadow of the red earth cliffs, festooned with ivy, wild clematis, everlasting pea, thrift, and samphire. Not far off, niched beneath the same cliff, were two or three cottage lodging-houses, two-

storied, with rough grey slate roofs, glaring white walls, and green shutters to the windows that looked out over the shingly beach to the lazily rippling summer sea.

Ewmouth was a lazy place. Felix had felt half asleep through the earlier days of his stay, and Lance seemed to be lulled into a continual doze whenever he was unoccupied, and that was almost always. It had grieved his elder brother to see this naturally vivacious being so inert and content with inaction, only strolling about a little in early morning and late evening, and languid and weary, if not actually suffering, during the heat and glare of the day. He was now, with his air-pillow and a railway rug, lying on the beach, beside Felix, who with his safety ink-stand planted in the sand, was at work condensing the parliamentary debates for the Pursuivant, and was glad to perceive that he was so far alive as to be leaning on his elbow, slowly shovelling the sand or smaller pebbles with the frail tenement of a late crab; and it was another good sign to hear his voice in a voluntary inquiry about Vale Leston.

'I have not been there yet.'

'Not there?'

'No. Old Abednego Tripp comes over here every market day, and he's the only person I wanted to see.'

'I thought you came here because you wanted to see the place?'

'Yes; but I was not up to the walk when I came here; and while you were ill I never durst go out of reach of the telegraph, and latterly I waited for you. After all, I have not much mind to it. I don't see the good of setting oneself a coveting one's neighbour's house.'

'It wouldn't be my house, any way,' said Lance quaintly. 'How far is it?'

'Rather more than three miles. We'll get a boat some day and do it.'

'That will be jolly!' and after shovelling a little longer, Lance added, 'How came we to be turned out?'

'That's just what I can't tell. I was only seven, you know, and my father never would talk of it. Sibby used to revile the mane nagur, Misther Fulbert, till it was current in the nursery that he was a black man who expelled us *vi et armis*. One day, my father found four or five of us in a row slashing at an old black doll, by way of killing Misther Fulbert, and prohibited such executions. I think, too, that he quashed an attempt to call our own Fulbert by his other name.'

'I wonder what the nagur did?'

'By the light of maturer nature, I imagine that he may have succeeded as heir-at-law, and that his *maneness* may have consisted in not giving the living to my father; but I cannot tell. It always seemed my father's great desire to put it out of our minds. I remember before we left the place his catching me in a furious rage with someone who told me my pony was to be sold. He carried me off, and told me it was all true; and we were going away, and he trusted to me to be brave and make it

as little hard to Mamma and the little girls as could be. He said the place had belonged to old Uncle Underwood, and that we had no right to stay there after his death. That was all the explanation he gave me, first or last; and I don't think we thought much about it after the neck of the change was broken.'

'You remember it, though.'

'I believe I know every step of the house and garden. I have never ceased to dream of them; and I am as much afraid of disturbing old impressions as of reviving wishes.'

'Holloa! what's up?' exclaimed Lance, as the landlady was seen coming in quest of them. 'I thought I saw a tidy little tiger going in there just now.'

'A note from Mr. Staples, if you please, Sir, and they wait for an answer.'

'I didn't know you had any acquaintance here.'

'Mr. Staples is the solicitor who did the business about Admiral Chester's legacy. He is retired now, and only holds some county office. He found me out last week, I believe, from some letters of mine going wool-gathering to the other F. Underwood. He called and said he knew my father, and was very civil and friendly. He sent to inquire after you the day you came. This is what he says:

My dear Mr. Felix Underwood,

Your relative at Vale Leston wishes me to dine with him to-morrow evening. If you and your brother would like to accompany me on the drive, meet me at six o'clock on the top of the cliff. If you would prefer to return earlier than I do, I can direct you to a boatman to take you down by the river.

Believe me, yours truly,

C. Staples.

'Hurrah! that's not half a bad fellow for an attorney,' cried Lance.

'Shall not you be tired? Will it not be too hot for you?'

'Not a bit of it. He,' indicating the sun, 'can only get at me asquint by that time, and I'm a match for him with my blue umbrella. Come, fire away, you tardy Norseman. Say we are good for it. Fancy boating back!'

And Lance whistled a few bars of The Hardy Norseman, the liveliest thing he had done since his illness.

At the appointed hour, the brothers were standing on the top of the cliff, with a broad estuary before them; on the opposite side of which lay the town of Ewmouth at the foot of the old castle, with fresh modern fortifications towards the sea. The town, with its church towers and gas chimneys, sloped away from it; vessels thronged the harbour; and a long weird-looking thready suspension-bridge spanned the broad tide-river to East Ewmouth, the village fast growing into a suburb. There had not been more than time to point out the details to Lance before a waggonet

drove up from one of the roads that branched among pleasant 'villa residences;' and in it appeared a white-haired but hearty-looking gentleman, prepossessing and merry, very unlike Lance's notion of attorneys, who shook hands with them warmly, and took care to put the boy under the shade of the driving-seat.

It was a pretty drive, through rich meadows, shut in by the sloping wooded hills which gradually closed nearer; and by-and-by over the shoulder of one looked a very tall church tower, whereat Felix started with a thrill of responsive recognition, and suddenly faltered in the political discussion Mr. Staples had started, but dropped at once, looking at the young man's face with kindly interest.

At the same time road and river both made a sudden turn into a much narrower and wilder valley, the hills beyond more rough and rocky; but the river still broad and smooth, and crossed by a handsome high-backed five-arched bridge, the centre arch grandly high and broad, the other two rapidly diminishing on either side. Over this the carriage turned; and from the crown Lance beheld an almost collegiate-looking mass of grey building, enclosing sunny lawns and flower-beds, and surrounded by park-like grounds and trees, all sloping towards the river, and backed by steep hills of wood and moorland, whence a little brook danced with much impetus down to the calm steady main stream of Ewe. The church and remnants of the old priory occupied the forefront of a sort of peninsula, the sweep of the Ewe on the south and east, and the little lively Leston on the north. There was slope enough to raise the buildings beyond damp, and display the flower-beds beautifully as they lay falling away from the house. The churchyard lay furthest north, skirted by the two rivers, and the east end with the lovely floriated window of the Lady Chapel rising some thirty yards from the bank of the Ewe, the outline a little broken by an immense willow tree that wept its fountain-like foliage into the river. The south transept was cloistered; and joined to the building beyond, a long low grey house with one row of windows above the sloping roof of the cloister, and this again connected with a big family mansion, built of the same grey stone with the rest, but in the style of the seventeenth century, and a good deal modernized upon that. A great plate-glass window looked out on the river in the east front, which projected nearly as far as did the Lady Chapel, the space between being, as before said, laid out in a formal parterre, with stone steps leading down to the river.

'Oh, what a place! what a place!' shouted Lance, starting up in the carriage. 'It's like the minster, and the jolly old river besides! Two of them! Oh! what fishing there must be!'

'I did not know it was really so beautiful,' said Felix in a low voice.

'You remember it?' said Mr. Staples.—'I suppose you can't?' to Lance.

'Oh no! I wasn't born! More's the pity! Do the salmon come up here, Sir?'

'Yes, since the fisheries have been protected; but young Mr. Underwood is a great fisherman, and I fear it is not easy to get a card.'

'Oh, I wasn't thinking about leave, Sir, thank you. I've got no tackle nor anything; but I *am* glad *we* have salmon,' said Lance, as though he had acquired an accession of dignity.

Descending from the bridge, they were in a road skirting the river, and on which presently opened the lodge gates of the Rectory. Here Mr. Staples got out, telling his servant to drive the young gentlemen round to the village.

'I say, Felix,' said Lance, as they were whirled on along the lane which swept round the long wall overhung by trees, 'that old party must know all about it.'

'Most likely,' said Felix; 'but if there had been any good in my hearing, my father could have told me himself. How well I remember his giving me my first ride along this lane! Do you smell the bean field? I don't believe I have thought of the scent since.'

Felix seemed absorbed in the pleasures of recognition; and Lance, amazed at the beauty and what seemed to him the splendour of the place, looked up at his brother with a kind of romantic feeling for a disinherited knight, as he contrasted the scene with the counter and printing-office.

The lane led to the village street, a very pretty one sloping upwards, and lying on each side of the Leston, which rippled along as clear as crystal, crossed every here and there by foot-bridges, some wood, some a single stone; while the cottages on the opposite side were perched on a high shelf or terrace, and were approached by charming irregular flights of stairs with low walls or balustrades. Over the rail of one, smoking a pipe in summer evening enjoyment, was seen Abednego Tripp, with long nose, brown parchment cheeks, and lank hair not yet grey—one of the genuine almost extinct species of parish clerk. As the carriage stopped, he began to descend, keys in hand, for the church was a lion, and many carriages did stop there; but it was not till Felix jumped out and hailed him that he knew who were his visitors.

'Bless me, if it is not Master Felix after all! I did think you was never coming, Sir. And this is the young gentleman as has been so ill. You're kindly welcome, Sir. I think he'd favour poor Master Eddard if he didn't look so nesh.'

'I shall get well here,' said Lance. 'If it is not my native air, it ought to be.'

'Will you come and rest a bit, Sir? or would you like to go to the church?'

'The church,' they said. Felix first explaining what he knew would give pleasure—that they had come depending on him for a cup of tea, and a cast in his boat, which was wont to convey the marketables of Vale Leston twice a week to Ewmouth.

Abednego sped up his stairs like a lamp-lighter, to cause his grand-

daughter to make preparations, and was speedily down again, delighted to hear Felix prove his memory by inquiries after the inhabitants of the old dwellings.

'Ha! the Miss Hepburns'!' said Felix, looking at a tall narrow house completely embowered in trailing roses, and with the rails of the bridge of entrance wreathed with clematis. 'Are they there still?'

'Oh yes, Sir, all the four on 'em; and a sight of good they does to the poor!'

'I wonder whether I ought to call?' said Felix; 'they used to be very kind to me.'

'What, is that Rob's godmother, that never gave her anything but that queer name?' asked Lance.

'I shouldn't think they were rich,' said Felix. 'I fancy they used to be very fond of my mother, and made her promise that the next girl should be named for one of them. There was Miss Bridget, and Miss Martha, and something else as bad, and Robina was the least objectionable of the lot. I think they used to write to my mother; but it is late in the day for calling.'

'Here comes Miss Bridget,' said the clerk, as there appeared in sight a tall, rigid, angular figure, with a big brown hat and long straight cloak, and a decidedly charity-looking basket in her hand.

Felix stepped forward with his hand to his hat. 'Miss Hepburn, I believe. I must introduce myself—Felix Underwood.'

The lady's first move had been a startled shy drawing herself up and into herself, at being addressed by a stranger. Then she looked up with an amazed 'Felix Underwood! Little Felix!' and as he smiled and bowed, she fumbled and put out a hesitating hand.

'Yes. Tripp did tell us something—something of your being at Ewmouth, but we were not sure.'

'We have not been able to come over before,' said Felix, thinking she meant to imply that he ought to have called. 'We came for health, and have not been equal to the walk.'

'Oh, indeed. Nothing infectious, I hope?'

'Oh no,' he said, explaining in a few words the total want of connection between his case and Lance's.

'I am glad. I'll—I'll tell my sisters. I'm glad to have seen you.'

There was something faltering and ill-assured in her manner; and in a moment she turned back with 'Mr. Underwood, where are you stopping?'

He answered; and with 'I'll tell my sisters,' she parted with them again.

'That's Miss Bridget,' commented old Tripp. 'She's the one as allys says, "I'll tell my sisters." They do say as Miss Isabella, she be the master on 'em all.'

Felix and Lance smiled to one another the assurance that every family had its Wilmet; but while the younger brother shrugged his shoulders,

the elder felt a certain chill in the contrast with those days of old, when the sugar-plums and picture-books of the whole sisterhood were all at his service, and bethought him that times were changed.

They entered the churchyard by a little side-gate. The church was a grand pile of every style of architecture that had prevailed since the Cistercians had settled in Vale Leston, and of every defacement that the alternate neglect and good-will of the Underwoods could perpetrate. The grand tower at the west end was, however, past their power to spoil, and they had not done much damage to the exterior, except in a window or buttress here and there. But within! The brothers, used to the heavy correctness of the St. Oswald's restoration, stood aghast when Abednego admitted them by the door of excommunication, straight into the chancel, magnificently deep, but with the meanest of rails, a reredos where Moses and Aaron kept guard over the Commandments in black and gold, and walls bristling with genii and angels of all descriptions, weeping over Underwoods of different generations. Lance stood open-mouthed before a namesake of his own, whose huge monumental slab was upborne by the exertions of a kind of tartaric cherub, solely consisting of a skull and a pair of bats' wings!

'My stars! where did that brute come from?' muttered Lance under his breath. 'He's got no trifle of a piece of work!'

However, Felix had taken in that the chancel had respectable poppy-headed benches, though the lower part of the church was completely 'emparoked in pues,' such as surprised Lance out of all bounds when he withdrew his eyes from the white marble death's head.

'My stars!' again he said, 'this is what I've heard of, but never saw.'

'Ay, Sir,' said Mr. Tripp, 'everyone that come here do be crying out upon they pews; and to be sure, I see the folk asleeping in them as is shameful!'

Well he might, for his place was the lowest in a lofty three-decker, against one pier of the chancel arch, surmounted by a golden angel blowing a trumpet, and with lettering round the sounding-board, recording it to have been the gift of the Reverend Lancelot Underwood, Rector and Vicar of this parish—the owner of the mural slab before mentioned. That angel recalled to Felix that the sight of it had been his great pleasure in going to church, only marred by the fact that he was out of sight of it in the chancel.

'Why, you weren't in the choir then?' said Lance.

'Choir! no, Sir,' said the clerk. 'They sits in the gallery. The chancel is for Mr. Underwood's family—the Rector, Sir. They seats was just put up instead of the red baize pew before old Mr. Underwood as was then died, and your poor papa went away. And that there font was put, as 'tis there, just when the twin young ladies was christened.'

'Where was I christened, then?'

'In the bowl as we used to have on the Communion, Sir.'

It was plain how far Edward Underwood had dared to work at

renovation, and that nothing had since been done. The Lady-chapel, with a wonderful ceiling of Tudor fans and pendants, was full of benches and ragged leaves of books for such Sunday schooling as took place there, the national school having been built half a mile off, that the children might not be obnoxious to the Rectory. The church was a good way behind the ordinary churches of 1861, and struck the two brothers the more from the system in which they had been brought up.

'What a state Clem would be in!' uttered Lance, as they came out.

'It is of no use to think about it,' said Felix. 'Let us enjoy the beautiful exterior.'

'Ay, Sir,' said old Tripp, 'parties do be saying as how it is a mortial pity to see such a church go to wrack; and I do believe the Squire wouldn't be so hard to move if it warn't for the Passon—that's young Mr. Fulbert, the Vicar.'

'I don't understand all these rectors and vicars,' said Lance. 'I thought they never hung out together.'

'Why, you see, Master Eddard, as how this is what they calls a lay rectory, as goes like a landed estate from father to son, without there being any call for 'em to be clergy; and the Vicar, he is just put in to do Passon's work, only he gets his situation for life, like I do, not like them curates.'

'I see,' said Felix; 'and the rectors have generally taken Holy Orders, and presented themselves to the vicarage.'

'Yes, Sir, that's how it oughted to be; only this here Squire—not being no Passon, though Rector he be—he puts in a gentleman to keep it warm till his son, young Mr. Fulbert, our Vicar as is, was growed up, and hard work they says it was to get him to bend his mind to 't; nor he'd not have done it at last, but for his father's paying of his bills, and giving consent to his marrying Miss Shaw. And since that, bless you, Sir, the curates have done nothing but change, change, change, till 'tis enough to ruin a good clerk. You knows what that is, Master Felix, you that be one of the cloth.' (For Felix allowed himself no unprofessional coats.)

'It is only the cloth, Mr. Tripp; don't you see I sport a blue tie? I am a book-seller.'

'A book-seller!' The old man recoiled. 'You'll not be passing your jokes on me, Sir. A book-writer—I understands.'

'No, a book-seller in earnest. I have a share in a very good business at Bexley; I've been at it ever since I was sixteen.'

The old clerk was quite overcome; he leant upon a headstone, and stared at Felix without speaking, and then it was a sort of soliloquy. 'To think of poor dear Master Eddard's son being come to that! and he looking a dozen times more like a clergyman and a gentleman than ever this young Mr. Fulbert will!'

'Never mind, Mr. Tripp,' said Felix; 'there's one of us on the way to be a clergyman—Edward Clement, you know, that I wrote to you about;

and maybe this fellow too. Don't look so angry with me. I was obliged to do the best I could to bring in something for the thirteen of us.'

'And we're as proud of him as can be!' added Lance, affectionately and indignantly.

'Ah, well,' said the old aristocrat, 'that may be, for you never knew them he came of. There was my old Lady Geraldine, as was his great-grandmother, who gave a new coat or new gown to every poor body in the parish at Christmas, and as much roast beef as they could eat; and wore a shawl as come from the Injies, and cost two hundred pounds! She *was* a lady! Bless me, what would she have said to see the day—'

'That she was glad to have a great-grandson good for something,' stoutly answered Lance. 'I declare, Mr. Tripp, you'd have liked him better if he had come a begging!'

'So I do,' said Felix; 'and what's more, Mr. Tripp is going to refuse me because he is too fine to sit down to tea with a tradesman!'

'No, no, Sir,' said old Tripp, with tears in his eyes. 'You'll not go for to say that. If it was the last mossel I had, I'd be proud to share it with one of Master Eddard's sons; but I can't but think as how we rung the bells and drunk your health when you was born, just as we did for the Prince of Wales, and how proud poor Master Eddard looked. No doubt he was spared the knowing of it.'

'No,' said Felix, 'it was settled with his full consent.'

Abednego seemed more distressed than ever. 'Poor Master Eddard! he must have been brought very low. Such a gentleman as he was! Never spoke a proud or rude word, Sir, but used to hold up his head like the first lord in the land, and fire and colour up and start like one of young Mr. Fulbert's thoroughbreds if anyone said an impudent word.'

'That no one ever ventured,' said Felix. 'He was as much respected at Bexley—yes, and is still—as ever he could be here. I wish you could see my brother Edgar, he is more like him than either of us. Ah, here's the old garden gate, I wish we could go into the shrubbery.'

Tripp was rather for trying it. He said the gardeners would be gone home, and the elder master at dinner—the younger, with his wife, was absent; but Felix could not bear the sense of spying, though he did not withhold Lance from a rush into the garden paths, where he did not discover much. Then they looked into the eddy at the meeting of the waters; and turning back to Tripp's neatest of kitchens, were there regaled upon shrimps, rashers hissing from the fire, and the peculiar native species of hot-buttered cake, which Felix recollected as viewed in the nursery as the *ne plus ultra* of excellence, probably because it was an almost prohibited dainty. Lance was in his element, delighting himself and Miss Kerenhappuch Tripp by assisting her to toast, to butter, and even to wash up, calling Felix to witness that he always helped Cherry in the holidays; when just as they were rising to seek the boat, Mr. Staples came climbing up the steps.

'I thought I should find you here,' he said. 'Mr. Underwood very

much wishes you would come and spend the rest of the evening with him.'

'The old humbug!' burst out Lance. 'You won't go, will you, Felix?'

Felix thought a moment, then walked with Mr. Staples to the corner of the narrow ledge in front of the cottage. 'Mr. Staples,' he said, 'I know nothing about it. I trust to you to tell me whether this man treated my father so that I ought not to accept attention from him.'

'Hm? ha? I should not say so. He treated him unkindly, ungenerously, but he hardly knew how much so, and he had the letter of the law on his side. I verily believe he regrets it, and that your father, being what he was, would be the last to wish you to hold aloof.'

'Most likely,' said Felix. 'I am sure he forgave whatever there was to forgive.'

'It is not my doing, I assure you. He spoke of your letters that had gone astray, and that led to more, till when he found you were in the village, he said he should like to see you. He is breaking up; his son has given him a good deal of trouble, and I believe he is altogether concerned for what has passed.'

'And he will not suppose we want anything from him?' said Felix, with something of the almost unavoidable pride of independent poverty.

'Certainly not. I have guarded against that.'

'Then I suppose we must.—That is, how is your head? are you too much tired, Lance?'

'No,' said Lance, almost sulkily; for he was much inclined to make fatigue a plea for escaping the 'mane nagur' and enjoying the boat, and was rather unreasonably disposed to think it all a plot on the part of Mr. Staples for spoiling the evening. Felix might have been equally glad of the excuse, but he believed his father would have thought this act of conciliation a duty, and followed Mr. Staples across the church-yard, where all the little boys in the place seemed to be playing marbles on the flagged paths. Its neglected state was a painful contrast to the exquisitely laid-out shrubbery, as trim as gardeners could make it, and improved and altered beyond Felix's recognition.

Entering the house, Mr. Staples led the way to the dining-room, where there was a large empty table in the middle of the room, and in the deep bay of the window a smaller one, laid out with wine and dessert, where sat 'old Fulbert.' Having always heard him so called, the brothers were surprised to find him no more than elderly. He must have been originally a thorough florid handsome Underwood, and had the remains of military bearing, though with an air of feebleness and want of health, and a good deal of asthmatic oppression on his breath. He did not rise, but held out his hand, saying, 'Good evening. Thank you for coming to see a sick man.'

'I am sorry to see you so unwell, Sir.'

'Thank you, I'm on the mend. Sit down. Take a glass of wine—claret?'

Felix accepted, wondering if his father would regard it as an act of pardon.

'And you?'

'No, thank you, Sir.'

'No wine? You are the one that has been so ill? No objection to melon, eh?'

And Lancelot, whose illness had left a strong hankering for fruit, was considerably appeased by the first cut into the cool buff flesh.

'Is he the next brother to you?'

'Oh no. There are three brothers and three sisters between us.'

'And what are they doing? There were one or two with Tom Underwood. Didn't the young fellow offend him and turn out idle?'

'Not that, Sir,' said Felix, his colour rising; 'but he had no turn for a clerkship, and a good deal for art. He is studying at the Royal Academy; but there never was any quarrel; he is often at Thomas Underwood's.'

'And the rest?'

'One has the Ewshire Scholarship at St. Cadoc's; and there's one in Australia.'

'And this lad—what's his name?'

'Lancelot. He is in the choir school at Minsterham Cathedral, and hopes to get a scholarship.'

'Is that all of you?'

'Two more boys, quite little, and the six girls.'

'Any of them able to do anything for themselves?'

'The eldest is a teacher in a school at Bexley,' said Felix, not delighted with the cross-examination; 'and Alda, the one that lived with the Tom Underwoods, is engaged to a man of good fortune. Then two of the younger ones are at schools, where an allowance is made for poor clergymen's daughters.'

'How long has your mother been dead?'

'Four years and a half.'

'And you have managed all single-handed?'

'With my eldest sister's help, Sir.'

'Taken to the press, have you?' (Mr. Staples must have made the best of his vocation.) 'What's your paper?'

'The Bexley Pursuivant. Most likely you never heard of it. It is only a little county paper;' and then feeling that to stop there was a subterfuge, he added, 'Our main business is the retail trade.'

Mr. Underwood was chiefly intent on the next question, the politics of the paper, though he said he need hardly ask. 'All you young stuck-up fellows run in one team—all destructives.'

'No, no, Sir,' broke in Mr. Staples eagerly. 'Mr. Felix is staunch to the back-bone.'

Felix was never more tempted to deny his principles than when he found them brought forward as a recommendation; but he could only explain that the Pursuivant was an old established county gentleman's

style of paper, in the agricultural interest. Whereupon the Squire mounted his political hobby in such sort and with such abusive violence, especially as to the local representatives of the adverse party, that Felix could not help feeling that if such were indeed the opinions of his own side, he should certainly be on the other. One good effect was the sparing him any more personal catechizing. Mr. Underwood shouted himself weary, without requiring any reply, save what Mr. Staples's local knowledge supplied; and when the carriage was announced, the guests were dismissed with a hearty shake of the hand, and invitation to call again—'It was a comfort to talk of public matters to a young man of sense;' and Lance found a sovereign in his hand. He was not sure that he was obliged.

'Well,' said Mr. Staples, rubbing his hands with satisfaction as they drove off, 'what do you think of the Squire?'

'He talks very loud,' said Felix, who had for some time been watching the increase of Lance's head-ache, and now was trying to give him a rest on shoulder and arm.

Mr. Staples gave what help he could towards making the tired boy comfortable, and then returned to the subject in all their minds. 'So your father never told you those particulars?'

'No; I think it was his great object not to dwell on them, nor let us look back with regret or anger.'

'Just like him. I never saw such a case, never! I'll shew you a remarkable letter of his. But, first, you ought to understand the way the matter stood. To begin with the relationships.'

'I know nothing about them, only that my father and mother were second cousins; but I don't even know to which of them my great-uncle Underwood was really uncle.'

'To your mother. He had very strong feelings as to the duty of the head of a family, and made his house a home for all that needed it. When Miss Mary was sent home an orphan from India—James's, his favourite brother's, child—he asked his cousin's widow, Mrs. Edward Underwood, to bring her boy, superintend the house, and look after the little girl; and she was glad enough, for the captain had been killed at St. Sebastian, and she had little but her widow's pension.'

'I know,' said Felix. 'Then whose son is the Squire?'

'The son of Lancelot, who was the second brother, between the Reverend Fulbert (your great-uncle) and James, your mother's father. So he was heir-at-law, but he was a wildish sort of lad, unfit to take Holy Orders; and there came to be an understanding that if his uncle would buy his commission and purchase his steps, he would not look for the Rectory and the estate. On that understanding your father took orders and married; but on old Mr. Underwood's death, his will turned out informal, signed by a witness to whom there was a bequest. There was another in course of drawing up, which he was not in a state to execute, leaving a handsome legacy to Fulbert, but the whole property to

your father and mother. It seemed a matter of course that, as the only compensation, Fulbert should have presented his cousin Edward to the vicarage—£400 a year; but as ill-luck would have it, he took offence at some sermon—a Lent one about self-indulgence, I believe it was—swore he wouldn't have a Puseyite parson preaching at him, and went into such a rage, that it was thought to be partly by way of getting off giving him the living, and getting it held for his son.'

'I see,' said Felix.

'It was a dirty trick; and I was a younger man at the time, and it struck me that if your father chose to try the case, the testator's intentions being clear, and instructions in his own hand extant, it was ten to one it might be given in his favour. I even took a counsel's opinion, thinking that at any rate an intimation that the case was to be tried before possession was given up, might bring Fulbert to terms with regard to the living.'

'And he would not?'

'No. I should like to shew you his letter. Would you do me the honour of dining with me to-morrow?'

Felix was obliged to mutter something about ladies and no dress-coats; but this was silenced, and he made a promise contingent on Lance's fitness. He was puzzled by the relations in which Mr. Staples seemed to stand with the lay-rector; but he found that they were not of business, only that elections and county affairs brought them together, and that Mr. Underwood was regarded with a sort of compassion by the men of his own standing, who used to go and visit him whenever they could be secure of not encountering the cold welcome and ill-breeding of his daughter-in-law—the grievance of his life.

'Did you see anyone you remembered?' further asked Mr. Staples.

'One of the Miss Hepburns, who did not seem very well to know whether to acknowledge me or not.'

'Ha, ha!' chuckled Mr. Staples. 'Queer old girls they are. Very high. Very good to the poor. All the good that is done in Vale Leston is by them; but anything between a swell and a pauper don't exist for them. They're as poor as Job, and their pride is all they have, so they make the most of it.'

So after all, the day had not been quite without mortification, and Felix felt it a little more than he thought it was worth.

Lance was a good deal excited by the sight of his ancestral home. He had an eye for scenery, and longed to bask in it again; boating seemed delightful; and he was amazed, not to say elated, by the grandeur of the house, which exceeded any—save Centry Park—in his limited experience. His mind was set on explorations there, and on the whole history; while Felix, to whom all was less new and more sorrowful, was inclined to hang back from any unwise awakening of unsettling regrets; but there was no declining Mr. Staples's kindness, and he had much desire to see the letter. So the two youths put on

their Sunday coats, assisted one another's ties, and looked each other well over before encountering the formidable mass of ladies Felix had seen in church, and about whom he was far more shy than Lance, who had seen a good deal more of the species at Minsterham.

It turned out very pleasant: the frank good-natured mother and daughters made themselves very agreeable; and though no one was as pretty as Alice Knevett, they were all so far superior to her in manner and cultivation, that the mixing with them could not fail to soften any sting of disappointment that might remain. Lance was made much of as an invalid, and very much liked the privileges that did not hinder an evening game of croquet, since Mr. Staples evidently intended his conference with Felix to be *tête-à-tête*.

It took place in a pleasant little study, fitted with green morocco and walnut, that spoke well for the solicitor's taste and prosperity, and looking out on the pretty lawn, with the long shadows of the trees, the croquet players flitting about, and the sea glittering in the distance.

The letter was ready, folded up lengthwise and docketted, business fashion; but when opened, the familiar hand-writing seemed to bring back the father, even to the sound of his voice.

Vale Leston Rectory,
January 18th.

My dear Staples,

My wife and I feel greatly obliged to you for your good-will and zeal on our behalf, and have not for a moment justified your dread of being thought officious. In other circumstances, I might be tempted to fight the battle; but it is impossible for several reasons. Were we the losers, we should be totally unable to pay the costs, and a load either of debt or obligation would be a burthen we have no right to assume. Moreover, the uncertainty of our position pending the decision would be as mischievous to myself as to the parishioners. It would destroy any fitness to be their Vicar, whether we gained or not. The holding the Rectory is in itself an abuse; and now that the grapes are sour, I am glad not to encounter the question of conscience, and so shall not adopt any means—to my mind doubtful—for bringing it on myself. This being the case, you will see that the idea of alarming Fulbert Underwood falls to the ground. Supposing he were coerced into the compromise, what a pleasing pair—squire and parson—would be the result! No, my kind friend, be content to see things remain as they are. We carry with us the certainty of our good uncle's kindness, and the non-fulfilment of his inteutions is clearly providential. I have heard of a promising curacy, where I shall get the training I need after feeling my wilful way as I have done here. My wife, being the expectant heiress and lay-rectoress, shall write to satisfy you that she is not suffering from my coercion.

Yours, most sincerely obliged,

E. F. Underwood.

And on another sheet followed:—

Dear Mr. Staples,

I think my husband is quite right, and that to go to law would only make things much worse. It is very kind in you, but I really do not care about anything so long as I have my husband and children, and can feel that my dear uncle meant all that was kind. Indeed, I really think my husband

enjoys the prospect of a new and more active kind of work. He is sure to be happy anywhere, and as long as that is the case, all will be right; and he says that it will be much better for the children not to grow up in luxury.

With many warm thanks,

Yours very truly,

M. W. Underwood.

'May I copy them?' asked Felix, looking up with his eyes fuller of tears than suited his reserved disposition.

His father's letter, full of his constant brave cheerfulness in self-abnegation, had not overcome him like the few words that brought back the lovely young mamma he now remembered at Vale Leston, but whom he had too soon known only as the patient, over-tasked, drudging mother, and latterly in the faded helpless invalid. How little she had guessed the life that was before her!

Mr. Staples readily supplied him with the materials, adding, 'I will take care you have the letters by-and-by. I value them too much to part with them in my lifetime.' And presently he interrupted Felix's writing by saying, 'I much wished to have seen Mr. and Mrs. Underwood again, but it seemed to me that they were unwilling to keep up a correspondence.'

'They were so busy,' said Felix.

'No doubt; and I thought they might feel a visit an intrusion. Otherwise, I often thought of running down from Town.'

'My father would have been very glad.'

'I did wish to have seen him again—and your mother, almost a child as she was even at that time, with her flock of pretty children. I shall never forget her—the beauty and darling of all the neighbourhood, as she used to be. All we young men used to rave about her long before she was out.' Mr. Staples smiled at some recollection, and added, 'I never spoke to her four times in my life; but I was as bad as any of them—presumptuous, as you may think it.'

'I am glad you did not see her again,' burst from Felix, the tears starting forth as he copied her hopeful words. 'She altered sadly.'

'Ah! indeed.'

The concerned tone forced Felix to add, 'It came so much more heavily on her than on any of us, care and work and years of seeing my father's health failing; and in the last week of his life she had a fall, that brought on softening of the brain.'

Somehow, the whole had never struck him as so piteous before as in the contrast with her youthful brightness, and when he saw Mr. Staples greatly affected. He could only write on through a mist of tears, while the solicitor walked about the room, blowing his nose violently, and muttering sentences never developed; till at last he came behind Felix's chair, and laying his hand on his shoulder, said, 'After all, it will come round. You are next heir.'

'Heir? There's Fulbert Underwood!' exclaimed Felix.

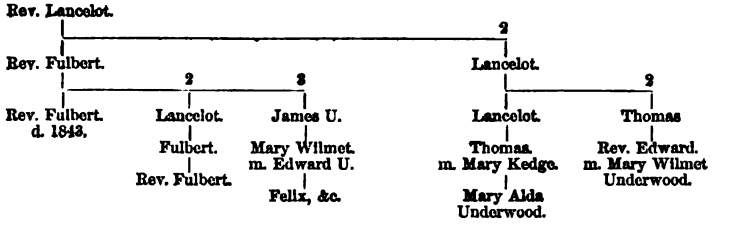
'True; but he has been some years married, and there's no sign of a family. Depend upon it, we shall see Vale Leston come back yet.'

'It would make no difference now,' muttered Felix, as he traced his mother's fearless lines; nay, if he had a personal thought, it was of what he might have ventured towards Alice Knevett.

'Not to them,' said Mr. Staples, 'but a good deal to you, my young friend.'

'Now, Mr. Staples,' said Felix, smiling, 'aren't you doing your best to unsettle a young man in business?'

'Well, well, you are too reasonable. A contingency—only a contingency. But I should like to shew you.' And he hastily sketched a pedigree that had at least the advantage of shewing Felix his relationships.



'There! Through your mother you stand next in the line—are heir-at-law, you see. May I live to see the day! That's all.'

The thought did not affect Felix much at the moment. He was too full of what might have been, and the 'contingency' was such a remote one! So after answering to the best of his ability whether any of his sisters were like his mother, he was glad to get out, and forget it all in croquet. His musical capacities were discovered too; but the attempt to profit by them proved quite too much for Lance, to whose brain the notes of the piano were absolute and severe pain.

A formal little note came on the ensuing morning, in which 'the Misses Hepburn'—in the third person—requested the favour of the company of Mr. Felix Underwood and his brother at luncheon. Felix felt a little stung. He could recollect warm passages between the ladies and his mother, and had been their pet long enough to wonder at this cold reception, and question whether it were not more dignified to reject advances made in such a manner; but his heart yearned towards those who had been kind to him in his youth, and he believed that his mother would have wished him to renew the intercourse, and therefore decided upon going; but it was too hot and sunny a day for Lance to walk, and Felix so entirely expected the visit to be wearisome and disagreeable, if not mortifying, that he could only resolve on it as a duty, and would not expose his brother to it.

So he plodded off alone, and a curious visit he had. It was not easy

for him to guess at the sacredness of those traditions of gentility and superiority that the 'Misses Hepburn' held—not so much for their own sakes, as in faithful loyalty to the parents many years dead, and to the family duty that imposed a certain careful exclusiveness on them in deference to the noble lineage they could reckon, and the head of the house, whom none of them had ever seen. He could not have guessed the warm feeling towards 'dear Mary' that had struggled so hard with the sense of duty, and had gained the victory over the soreness at the dropping of correspondence, and the idea that it was a dereliction to bend to one 'who had lowered himself,' as Mrs. Fulbert Underwood said he had.

What he saw was a tiny drawing-room, full of flowers and gim-cracks, and fuller of four tall angular women, in dark dresses in the rear of the fashion, and sandy hair. They had decided in council, or rather Miss Isabella had decided for them, that since he was to be received, they would remember only his gentle blood; and therefore they shook hands with him, and the difference of the clasp alone could have shewn the difference of character—the patronizing, the nervous, the tenderly agitated, the hearty.

He found them better informed than the Squire had been as to the condition of the family—at least, so he presumed from the text of their inquiries. Not a word did they say of his own employment—it was to be treated as a thing not to be spoken of; but the welfare of the others was inquired after, and especially of Robina—who was the name-child of the eldest sister, the gentlest of the set, and the most in the background, quiet and tearful—pleased to hear that her godchild was at school, and, as Felix emphatically said, 'a very good girl,' and anxious that he should take charge of 'a little token' for her.

The little token turned out to be 'Ministering Children;' and this gave Felix a further hint, which prepared him for the tone in which some of his information was received, when he had only mentioned Geraldine as gone for health's sake to the St. Faith's Sisterhood.

The ladies looked at one another, Miss Isabella cleared her throat, and he knew a warning was coming; so he quickly said, 'One of the ladies, a clergyman's widow, was very kind to my father in his illness, and is really the best friend we have left in England.'

'Your dear father was too much inclined to those specious doctrines that are only too fascinating to youth. I hope you do not outrun him.'

'I hope not,' said Felix very sincerely; and he then succeeded in interesting his monitor by speaking of Fulbert, and using him as a bridge to lead to an account of Mr. Audley's Australian doings.

It was altogether a stiff uncomfortable visit; the very politeness of the good ladies made Felix feel that they viewed his position as altered, and he could not but feel a strong hope that he should never again have to make this offering at the shrine of ancient friendship.

On coming home in the evening, Felix found a note on the table.

'Croquet, to wit?' asked Lance, as Felix tried to read it by the almost vanished twilight.

'What's this?'

We hope you and your brother will join us in a pic-nic at Kitt's Head on Saturday.

Having discharged my ladies' commission, I proceed to that which I have authority from your relation for intimating to you—namely, that failing heirs of his own son, he has entailed the Vale Leston property upon you, thus rendering its alienation by the Reverend Fulbert impossible. I believe the arrangement was made within the last week. Congratulations would hardly be suitable, but I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of saying how sincerely I rejoice.

'What—what?' cried Lance, jumping up. 'You to have that splendiferous river, and the salmons, and all. Won't you get a magnificent organ for that church?'

'My dear Lance, don't you see that all this means is, that if young Fulbert has no children, I shall come after him.'

'Oh, he won't! I'm sure he won't! Things always do come right. Oh, what a *coup d' état* mine was after all! Things always do come right. You, that were born to it! Didn't old Tripp say how they had had the bells rung for you? I should like to set them going this minute!'

'They should be on your own cap, then!' said Felix, laughing, and yet sharing in a castle or two—how Cherry should have a pony-carriage! how Clement should be turned loose upon the Church! how Lance should pursue the salmon at home and the humanities at the University! how Bernard should have a real good gentleman's education!—but Felix soon brought himself back again. 'Remember, Lance, not a word of this at home or anywhere else.'

'Not tell anyone?' cried the boy, crest-fallen.

'Don't you see, Lance, besides the impropriety of talking of what involves two deaths, it would be the most senseless thing in the world to let this make the least difference. Old Fulbert may change his mind, or young Fulbert have a son; at any rate, he is not five-and-thirty, and just as likely as not to outlive me.'

'Fee! Fee! you are quite well, you wretched Norseman!'

'Oh! I didn't mean *that;* but anybody may outlive anybody for that matter. Anyway, there's no chance of any of these schemes coming to pass while we are young enough to care, even if they ever do; and if they unsettle us now, it would be unmitigated damage.'

'I see that,' said Lance; 'but as, by good luck, I'm No. 8, it can't do me much harm to think about it, and I don't see why the others should not.'

'Do you think some of them would be content to go on as we are doing, with this in their heads? And if anyone in the town knew it, whatever I might do, people would think I was getting above my

business. I doubt whether even Froggy himself would have the same reliance on me.'

'Then sha'n't you even tell Wilmet and Cherry?'

'I hope not. I don't think Wilmet could keep it from Alda, or Cherry from Edgar; and just imagine what it would be to have it come round through Kensington Palace Gardens that we were reckoning on it! Besides, it will make no earthly difference to anybody, unless, maybe, to Edgar's son.'

The mention of such a being brought Felix somehow to a sudden silence; and in the meantime supper and a candle were brought in, revealing a thick letter from Geraldine, which had at first escaped notice. There were two enclosures; but as Felix read her writing, he broke out with an exclamation of consternation that startled Lance.

'Hollo! What is it?' And as he received no answer—'Wilmet's not given up Jack? Eh? Nor Cherry fallen in love next? Clem hasn't turned bare-footed friar?' crowding together the wildest suggestions he could think of to force answer.

'Hush! That dear child—'

'She doesn't want to be a Sister? You'll tell her you'd see her at Jericho first!'

'No. It is about her foot.'

'Not worse?'

'No; but, dear little thing, she wants to have it taken off, because she fancies if she was more effective, it might be one difficulty out of Wilmet's way!'

'She's a blessed little brick! But would it be so?'

'Well, I remember in the time of the measles, the last time I ever let that fellow Rugg come near her, he thought proper to tell somebody in her hearing that if she was in a fit state of health, it would be the only remedy. She wasn't, and it was quite uncalled for; and it put the poor little thing in such an agony, that at last Sibby came and wrapped me up in a blanket to sit by her, and talk very big about nobody being able to do it without my leave, and my not intending to consent to any such thing. I thought she had forgotten all about it, but it seems that she has not; and she imagines that, as she says, "with a cork foot that I could stand upon, instead of always keeping this one up in fear of hurting it, I could get about the house with only a stick, and be of some use, and then dear Mettie's happiness might not be so far off."'

'And what does Mettie say?'

'She knows nothing: Cherry implores me not to tell her, for she says that it would be impossible for Mettie to come and nurse her, and she would rather have Sister Constance than anyone.'

'Than Mettie! Deluded child!' cried Lance.

'Her great wish is to have it done now at St. Faith's. She told Clement before she left home, because she thought they would insist on someone at home knowing; but "Don't think me very sly," she says; "I would

not tell Sister Constance what was in my head till I came here, for fear she should think it her duty to speak to Wilmet; and now, they will not hear of it without your knowing. I did wish to have surprised you all! About the cost, I have thought. You know Dr. Lee attends me for nothing while I am here, and I told you that Sister Constance has sent up all my book of illustrations of Queen Isabel, and some of the water-coloured drawings, to her sister, Lady Liddesdale, and how much she has been getting for them—quite enough to set me up with a foot that will not be half such a nuisance as this old dead-alive one, which has never let me have any peace these twelve years. I am trying to be good; but indeed I feel as if it might be wrong to try to be rid of my cross. So I abide by your decision, dear Felix. You are my king, and I put myself in your hands; only you must not be anxious. You should have known nothing if I could have helped it."'

'Go on,' grunted Lance, with his face hidden, as Felix paused.

'That's all; but here are notes from Sister Constance and Dr. Lee.'

The Sister's explanation was, that it had been entirely Geraldine's own thought, and that her willingness and eagerness made a great difference in such a nature as hers. She told Felix not to think of coming—the fewer the better; and he could come in a few hours in case of need. It was advisable that the decision should be made quickly, since to nervous sensitiveness like Cherry's the very effort to bear suspense reacted on the bodily frame. 'If you know what I mean,' concluded Sister Constance, 'heroism is likely to carry the little creature through what would be far more trying if this were proposed to her for her own sake.'

And Dr. Lee's letter gave the medical view, decidedly inclining to the opinion that the probabilities were in favour of the operation, and that the conditions were never likely to be more promising than at present.

'Dear child! I wish I were there!'

'Can't we go?'

'What, you? Think of the train.'

Lance shook his head. 'Couldn't I stay by myself, and you run up?'

'I don't think I can help it.'

But the excitement of the evening broke Lance's sleep, and the next day he was quite ill; while Felix not only saw that he must not be left, but perceived after the first that Sister Constance's warning ought to be respected, and that an arrival would only agitate Cherry's nerves. So he wrote his sanction with a very heavy heart, betraying as little emotion as was consistent with the tenderness so essential to support brave but fragile little Geraldine.

The anxiety seemed to have swallowed up the recollection of Mr. Staples's message; indeed, it was not willingly that Felix answered his note, and made a half engagement to the pic-nic.

Felix was struck by seeing how much, under the circumstances, Lance missed the daily service, to which he had been used all his life.

'I didn't mind it at first,' said the chorister, 'it seemed a part of the holiday; 'but somehow the day seems all stupid and astray without it.'

But there was no church with it to be heard of; and indeed one attempt on Sunday at East Ewmouth resulted in Lance's collapsing into some of his most distressing symptoms, caused, as he declared, by the overpowering might and untuneableness of the singing, but quite bad enough to make Felix resolve against permitting further experiments, and thus walk off by himself on the next Wednesday forenoon when he heard the bell.

There was a long lecture that he had not bargained for; and when he came out with a slightly impatient impulse, the first thing he saw was a blue umbrella, a white hat, and a hand waving a paper. In silence Felix read—

Constance Somerville to Felix Underwood.—11.30. Favourably over. No cause for anxiety.

They were rather grave and awe-struck, and scarcely spoke all the way home—indeed, Felix was chiefly thinking how to get Lance home out of the sun without hurrying or over-heating him; but after dinner came a reaction; the boy went frantic with admiration of a beautiful yacht that was standing into the bay; and Felix, with his letter to Sister Constance to write, one to Australia to finish, and his leading articles to draw up, was forced to command peace in something of the old rough and ready style; and even when Lance vanished, he was to be heard singing scraps of comic songs in the distance.

By-and-by he came in carrying a board taller than himself. 'Please your Majesty, I'll be as mute as a mole; but I must do this here, for Mrs. Pettigrew is baking.'

'What in the name of wonder have you got there?' asked Felix, as Lance proceeded to lay his board on the sofa, (his day—and Felix's night—bed,) and place on it a white and soppy mass.

'A little dab out, as Sibby calls it,' said Lance. 'It's my puggery. Ever since it fell overboard it has been a disgrace to human nature, so I have been washing it, and now I've got an iron heating.'

'What a mess you will make of it!' observed Felix, with a grimace of disgust as Lance returned again from the kitchen, holding the iron scientifically near his cheek.

'That's all you know about it! Why, I've ironed dozens of pocket-handkerchiefs—at least, not dozens, but my own, dozens of times—in the Harewood tubs.'

'I thought the Chapter washed you?'

'So it does, in reason; but last spring there was a doom on my pocket-handkerchiefs. The Harewood puppy ate up one; one dropped into the canal; I tied up a fellow that had got a cut with one, and the

beggar never returned it; and two or three more went, I don't know how. I knew W. W. would be in a dreadful state if I asked for a fresh lot, so I used to wash out the last two by turns, till I got some tip and bought some fresh ones—such jolly ones, all over acrobats and British flags; and after all, didn't I catch it? Wilmet was no end of disgusted to miss her little stupid speckotty ones, vowed these weren't decent for the Cathedral, and boned them all for Theodore! Now, hush! or I shall come to grief!'

Felix held his pen suspended to watch the dexterity that reduced the crude mass to smooth muslin, which in its expanded state looked as impracticable as before.

'Now, do you mean to get Mrs. Pettigrew to put it on in those elegant festoons?'

'You just mind your leader, Blunderbore! A man who has had women to do for him all his life is a pitiable being!'

And Lance, according to instructions obtained from John Harewood, wreathed his hat triumphantly in the white drapery, and completed Felix's surprise and amusement by producing a needle and thread, and setting to work on various needful repairs of his own buttons and his brother's, over which he shook his head in amusement as he chuckled at the decay which had befallen the garments of so neat a personage as Felix, and which had been very distressing to himself.

'Ah! thank you. I never knew what Robinson Crusoe felt like before!' said Felix, as Lance came on a wrist-band minus button.

'Robinson Crusoe! You'd soon have been like Man Friday before he caught him.'

'But doesn't the matron mend for you?'

'She pretends; but I should like to see her face if one brought her a chance thing to do. My eyes! if that isn't old Staples! I must absquattilate.'

Which after all he had not time to effect, with all his works, before their friend came to ask whether they were relieved about their sister, and was amused at the handy little school-boy's ingenious preparations. 'After all, I find it is to be more of an affair than I expected; I thought it was to be only ourselves and the Brandons, but they are the kind of people who always pick up everyone.'

'Does that yacht belong here?' eagerly asked Lance.

'That? It is the Kittiwake—Captain Audley's.'

'Ha? That's what Fulbert went to Alexandria in! What fun!'

'He is a son of Sir Robert Audley's. Do you know him?'

'His brother was my father's fellow-curate,' said Felix, 'and is our guardian and kindest friend. I have seen this one in London. Will he be at this pic-nic?'

'Not likely. He is shy and uncertain, very hearty and friendly when you do meet him, but reluctant to go into society, and often taking no notice one day, when he has seemed like one's best friend the day before.

They say he has never got over the loss of his wife; but I don't like such manners.'

'Does he live here, then?'

'He rents the little Tudor cottage under the cliff year by year, for the sake of his yachting—for he won't go near the regular stations. He's got his boy at school at Stoneborough, and stays here all the winter.'

When the brothers were walking part of the way back with their visitor, they met the gentleman in question, with three boys after him, and he was evidently in a cordial mood; for after shaking hands with Mr. Staples, he exclaimed, 'I am sure I ought to know you!'

'Felix Underwood,' said the owner of that name.

'*Indeed!* Not staying with your worthy relations?'

'No, I am down here with my brother, who has been laid up by a sun-stroke, and wanted sea air.'

'I wish I had been at home,' said the Captain, who had taken a great fancy to Felix when they had been together in London two years before; 'but I've been giving my boy and his cousins, the two young Somervilles, a trip to the Hebrides; and now, just as I am come home, I fall upon Mrs. Brandon, hounding me out to an abominable pic-nic, and my youngsters are wild to go. Are you in for it? I believe we shall go round to the cove in the yacht. Can I take you two?'

Felix gladly accepted, aware that their transport was a difficulty to the Stapleses, and that the Kittiwake would be felicity to Lance, who had fraternized with the boys, and went off with them to see the vessel. He returned, brimful of delight and fatigue, only just in time to tumble into bed as fast as possible, and Felix was thus able to get his work off his mind by midnight.

The morning's letters set them quite at rest. Sister Constance and Clement both wrote: Geraldine had been calm and resolute from the time Felix's consent arrived, and doubt was over; and Clement, though tender, and striving hard to be firm, had been chiefly useful in calling out her words of encouragement. He had spent the time of the operation in the oratory, and there had been so entirely overcome by the tidings that all was safely over, that he was hardly fit to go to Cherry when he was sent for; and that was not soon, for the effect of chloroform on her had indeed been to annihilate pain, but only half to make her unconscious, for she went on talking to Felix about the expedience all the time, and repeating the old motto, 'Under Wode, Under Rode;' and the trance had lasted for a good while, though when once over, she remembered nothing of it, and was only so rejoiced and thankful, that it was difficult to keep her calm enough. She sent her brothers her love, and entreated them not to say a word at home. Lady Liddesdale had contrived the sale of the book of illustrations, a work that had been Cherry's delight of many years; so that she could feel that she herself had earned what would cover the expense incurred, all but the medical attendance, freely given to an inmate of St. Faith's.

'Tell Felix I am as happy as a queen,' was the final message; 'tell him to give thanks for me.'

Felix's voice trembled, shook, and gave way, as he read; and at last he sprang up, and walked about the room, saying that no one ever had such brothers and sisters as himself. There was something almost oppressive in the relief from so much anxiety, and it was some time before he roused his ordinary senses to say, 'Well! we must finish breakfast, or we sha'n't be ready for the Captain! How round the world is! Those boys must be Sister Constance's nephews—Lady Liddesdale's sons.'

'Those boys,' said Lance. 'What, Sum and Frank? Well, I did think it queer that the sailors on board the Kittiwake called everyone My Lord.'

'Sum, I imagine, must mean Lord Somerville. What did you think of them?'

'Nicish chaps of eleven and twelve. Nothing like such swells as Tom Bruce! The little one wanted to know where I was at school, and his senior snubbed him; so I supposed he saw by the looks of me that I wasn't upper-crust public school; and when I said I was a choir-boy, the other—Charlie Audley—said, "Oh, then you're one of the awful lot my father always jaws about when he's out of sorts!" I told him I was very sorry, and it wasn't my fault, but yours; and then we got on like a house on fire.'

(To be continued.)

DOMINIE FREYLINGHAUSEN.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

CHAPTER VIII.

AUTUMN had gone by, and winter had come; the Hudson was frozen over, and skating and sleighing were the order of the day; the Albanian youths were in the highest spirits, and prided themselves on outdoing the English officers by their prowess on the ice; and the Albanian maidens went about wrapped in furs, looking very blooming and bright, and shewing themselves by no means insensible to the charms of a moonlit drive along the frozen river, with the sleigh bells tinkling a refrain to their animated remarks. All this belonged to Albanian manners, and was not frowned on by the elders; nay, even a grand stolen supper at the King's Arms, in which some of the most daring of the youths indulged towards Christmas time, was winked at by the civic authorities as a mere youthful folly, and allowed to escape punishment. Such things

were wont to happen on winter nights, 'it had always been so,' and the good folks of Albany knew how to be indulgent to freaks which had been common to their fathers before them; but the new diversions introduced by the English regiment stood upon different grounds. It was quite strange and wrong according to their primitive notions, that a sleighing expedition should be wound up by a dance instead of a friendly tea at some hospitable mansion along the river; and the announcement of a play which was to be performed in the Gronows' barn during the first week of the new year, excited the greatest surprise and misgiving among all the respectable citizens. Most of them did not clearly know what a 'play' meant, so a spice of curiosity was mingled with their alarm; and even some of those who were perfectly convinced that they should not like it, and quite ready to say, 'Yes, yes, to be sure, Dominie,' when their pastor denounced the intended diversion, cherished a secret wish to see the spectacle, and judge for themselves whether it were indeed at once so bewitching and so wicked as it was represented to be. It happened that M. Ryckman had to go to New York on business, just as the play began to be publicly talked about, and therefore he did not hear so much of the Dominie's views on the subject as he would otherwise have done; but his worthy spouse echoed her pastor's sentiments with true feminine fidelity, and forbade her children to say a word about the play in her hearing, or entertain an idea of going to it.

Franzje had been kept away from all dances that had been deliberately planned, but had come in for one which had been got up impromptu at the close of a sleighing expedition, and had found a strange mixture of excitement and unhappiness in joining for once in an amusement of which she now *knew* the Dominie most distinctly disapproved. Life had become wonderfully changed for her since the Christmas of the year before; *then* it was with a calm untroubled heart that she had listened for the echoes of the angels' song, and her only anxiety had been as to whether the Dominie would like a Christmas present, on which she had been bestowing much time and pains; *now* she would not have ventured to ask him to accept any such offering, and though she lent her voice to the Christmas hymns, it was with a sad misgiving that she was not worthy to sing them, that she had perhaps begun, as the Dominie said, to 'love the world,' and was not pure enough to stand even in thought by the manger cradle. And yet that world, how attractive it was, how innocent it seemed to one who was ready to enjoy it innocently! What did it mean but a little amusement, a little novelty, a little admiration and encouragement, a little new wonderful unexpected love? Yes, *love*, for she felt now, though she never put it to herself in so many words, why Mr. Vyvian's dark eyes softened into reverential tenderness sometimes as they looked at her, why his light tones grew earnest when he talked to her; she knew that though in the Dominie's judgement she was wicked and worldly and undeserving of notice, in that of Mr. Vyvian, she was peerless in innocence, stainless as a saint, his very ideal of

perfect maidenhood, the brightest and noblest influence, so he said, of his whole life. She had been feeling this instinctively for some time, and on Christmas Day he made her sure of it.

There was no Catechising that afternoon, and it was rather the custom for people to pay each other friendly visits, drink coffee together, and exchange the compliments of the season. Franzje prevailed on her mother to call on Madame Banker, a thing which she had not done for some time, and to take her—Franzje—to see Cornelia. The visit was quite honestly to Cornelia, for there was Evensong at the English Church that day as on Sunday, and Franzje imagined Mr. Vyvian would attend it. He had been in the morning, however, and thought a second service unnecessary, so, though he was not to be found in the parlour where Madame Banker was sitting in state to receive her guests, he soon made his appearance among the gay group of younger people who were gathered round the wood fire in the hall. Cornelia was in boisterous spirits, and instead of drawing Franzje apart for a friendly talk, such as they used to have in old times, jested and giggled with Anna Gronow and Mr. Gardiner, who were both of the party, in a way that was more amusing than polite or refined. Engeltje, however, had a special greeting for her sister's friend; and the two girls were standing together at one side of the fire, the little one's arm passed lovingly round the elder's waist, when Mr. Vyvian joined them.

Engeltje blushed scarlet, and seemed ready to fly as he approached, but Franzje held her fast; she loved the little thing, and wondered why she should still be so scared at Mr. Vyvian, now that he had been for so long an inmate of her father's house. *He* did not appear at all embarrassed by *her* presence.

'It is an unexpected pleasure to see you here, Mademoiselle,' he said, turning on Franzje one of his most ardent glances. 'I was just wondering whether it would be thought presumptuous if I were to call at your house to offer you all my Christmas wishes.'

'You would find no one at home just now,' said Franzje; 'my mother is here in the parlour, and my father has not come back from New York, and my brothers have gone out skating.'

'There is no longer any need for me to go, since *you* are here,' he returned. 'I like your Albanian Christmas very much, everybody visiting everybody, and gifts passing from hand to hand. I wonder how many you have had to-day?'

'Not one in this house yet,' said Engeltje, with a start of compunction. 'Keetje began a purse for you, dear, but what with driving out in the sleigh so often, and going up street to see the boys slide down hill, she has not finished it. Cornelius says you will be lucky if you get it by Vrowen Dag.'*

Franzje laughed, and disclaimed any desire for a present, at the same time producing two pretty little bags which she had worked for Engeltje

* Feast of the Purification.

and Cornelia. 'It is quite pleasure enough to see you, dear Engelt,' she said.

'You like giving better than receiving,' remarked Mr. Vyvian, and the subject dropped; but when coffee and cakes had been handed round, and the young people were busy partaking of them, he disappeared, and presently was heard calling from the stairs, 'Mademoiselle Engeltje!'

Engelt looked fluttered and frightened again, but ran off to him; and there was a whispered consultation, which ended in their both going up-stairs together. In a few minutes she came back alone. 'Franz,' she said, twining her arm in that of her friend, and speaking coaxingly, 'I want you to come into my father's little account-room. I have something to shew you.'

She marched Franzje away with the would-be careless air of the small conspirator that she was, and took her into a closet of a room near the back door, where M. Banker paid his servants, and the labourers from his farm.

On the table, supported in an upright position by some books placed behind it, was a small painting of the Madonna and Child, the loveliest thing that Franzje had ever seen. It had no frame, but a few frosted twigs, very white and sparkling, had been tastefully placed round it so as to form a sort of natural bordering, and the holy mother's face looked out from them with a sweet pure wistful look that went to Franzje's heart. She leant on the table gazing at it without a word; it seemed the most beautiful bit of Christmas teaching that had ever come to her. How her heart yearned towards that Divine Child with the wonderful sorrowful eyes that seemed already to discern the future Cross; to her,—unused to the sight of good sacred pictures, except a few possessed by the Schuylers, among which this subject did not happen to be,—He was very very real; if she had been quite alone, she would perhaps have knelt. As it was, she only continued to bend over the picture in silent delight till Engeltje roused her by asking, 'Do you like it?'

'I never thought there could be anything so lovely,' said Franzje earnestly; and she was going on to ask where it had come from, when Engelt cut her short by the eagerness with which she rejoined, 'It is for *you*.'

'For me?' said Franzje, startled; 'oh no; what can you mean, Engelt? Is it M. Banker's?'

'No, it was mine, and now it is yours; it was given me to give you, and you cannot refuse it. There is no one so fit to have it as you, Franzje.'

There was a little soupçon of natural envy in the admiring tones, but not unkind envy; and Engeltje's face was very pretty and touching in its wistfulness as she raised her lips to Franzje's to be kissed. She did not guess the secret of her own feelings, nor did Franzje; but Russell Vyvian, as he entered the room—having stolen down the back-stairs to join them—said to himself complacently, 'Poor little thing! she is half

in love with me herself, and yet grateful for being made a confidante of my love for another girl. What little weak tender simpletons some women are!'

It was well for him that Franzje could not read his thoughts, well perhaps too that she did not know that he had picked up the picture dirt cheap from a poor German at New York, and had bought it, not because he cared for the subject, but because it was a pretty thing in its way, and might be worth taking home to his mother. When he saw her rapt gaze, he would not break the spell by a light word, and only said, 'Mademoiselle Engeltje has found a gift to please you, I see. She could not bear you to leave the house without a single Christmas offering.'

'But this is too good for me, too beautiful!' said Franzje, scarcely withdrawing her eyes from it even when she spoke.

'As if beautiful things and good things did not belong to you by right,' he answered, in a low tender tone which thrilled Engelt to the very heart.

Franzje only thought with a sudden pang, 'And yet the Dominie will not speak to me because I am so bad!'

'If you gave this to Engelt, she ought to keep it,' she said, too straightforward to disguise her conviction that the picture was Mr. Vyvian's in the first instance.

'It was given to her that she might make it acceptable to you,' he said, smiling. '*Angel's* gifts can never be refused, you know, and most especially at Christmas.'

The little shy maiden coloured at the play upon her name. Franzje said gravely, 'Engelt does not need it to make her good, but still I should like her to keep it, Sir, if you please, and she will let me come and look at it sometimes.'

Something in this speech gave little Engeltje pain. 'Franz, you *must* take it,' she whispered; 'it was only meant for you, and if you love me, you will not try to refuse it any more. I shall go and look for something to wrap it up in;' and she ran away.

'I wish this diamond frosting on the twigs were all real jewel-work for your sake,' said Mr. Vyvian when she was gone.

'I should not like it so well then,' returned Franzje simply.

'And perhaps it would not then have come so naturally as little Engelt's gift,' continued Russell, with a smile; 'will you think of me as well as of her sometimes, Mademoiselle, when you look at this picture? I see that you will look at it often, by the way in which you gaze at it now.'

'I should like to shew it to the—' began Franzje; then her face grew changed and sad, and she added, 'I shall shew it to Uncle Jan.'

'Has he a soul for art?' inquired Mr. Vyvian, not very sympathizingly.

'I don't know; but he loves our Lord,' said Franzje, in a soft voice of reverence.

He had very little faith, this heedless young officer, but he could feel

what faith was in another; he saw that religion was not to Franzje a thing in the abstract, to be treated with a certain distant respect, but the worship of a Divine Person, a real living love.

'If we could be all like you,' he murmured under his breath, and his dark eyes in their liquid splendour were full of a strange eloquence which thrilled the girl's soul with an emotion which she could not define. They spoke a language which is understood all the world over, and which leaves a far deeper impression than any audible speech.

She cast down her own eyes when she had read his, and he stood watching the fair modest face in silence for a moment, and then said in a lighter tone, 'You have not so given your heart to heaven as not to leave a little corner for earth, I trust? You are not thinking of joining "the society," as you call it?'

She looked up at him once more, with a little amusement, and yet a little trouble, in her face. 'Oh no,' she said, 'I never can feel as if I should like that, though it is very bad of me.'

'It is a delightful badness,' he rejoined; 'you cannot think how unhappy it would make me if I thought you were one day going to wear a long face and sit mute when others are merry, and never open your mouth except to sing psalms.'

'Uncle Jan's face is not long,' she said, 'it is only grave; sometimes I think that I should like to be like him when I am old.'

'If you will put it off till you are a hundred, I shall not mind so much,' said Mr. Vyvian, with pretended gravity; 'how old are you now, Mademoiselle?'

'Sixteen,' she answered, with unembarrassed simplicity.

'Sixteen! that is gloriously young; let me see, there are eighty-four years to pass before you will be a hundred—plenty of time, then, in which to be glad and gay and loving and loved, as you are now. Franzje, cannot you spare some of these years to me?'

The speech, which had begun playfully, ended in earnest, and a little startled flush came into Franzje's cheek at the sound of her Christian name, but as if she wished to think him still in sport, she answered lightly, 'How can you be sure of my living all those years, Sir?'

'I don't know; but when I look at you I feel as if beauty and youth must be immortal,' he answered in an impassioned voice, which was strange to the girl's ears. 'O Mademoiselle, you are not too young, are you, to be able to comprehend what love means? Promise me that at least—'

But what promise he was about to demand remained untold, for precisely at that moment Engeltje returned, bringing with her a fine damask napkin in which to envelop the picture; and when it was wrapped up, Franzje announced that she thought her mother would be wanting her, and with rather shy embarrassed thanks to her little friend and Mr. Vyvian, went away to the parlour, clasping her new treasure tightly under her cloak.

Madame Ryckman, who had been uneasy all the time her daughter had been out of her sight, rose to depart directly she joined her, and pursued her homeward way rather silently and solemnly, as if she had not been refreshed by Madame Banker's good coffee and kindly gossip. But before they had gone far, Dirk and Albert rushed up to them with eager happy faces. 'Mother, Mother,' they cried exultingly, 'do come and see us slide down hill in our sleighs. Killian has got Arij on his knee, and they go down like a flash of lightning, and are not hurt a bit; only we want Franzje to come and take care of Arij when Killian is tired of him; we can't have him teazing us.'

'Very well, we will come and see,' said Madame Ryckman, her grave countenance relaxing into a smile. 'You will break your own heads and Arij's too in your sport, if I am not there to look after you, I dare say.'

So instead of going straight home, she turned aside to where the steep cross street sloped upwards towards the fort, and there indeed a lively scene presented itself, and one very characteristic of Albany.

Nearly a hundred boys, from about eight to eighteen, were seated in little low sledges which they guided with a rope, and were coming down the steep slippery hill at so rapid a pace, that it seemed as if they must all tumble over one another when they reached the foot. Some did indeed tumble out by the way, but their chariots were so low, that no harm was done, and only a great deal of amusement created among the spectators—people of all ages, who walked up and down the narrow strip of pavement, or sat in the porticos of the houses facing the street, adding by their lively comments to the hilarity of the scene.

'There are Killian and Arij,' shouted the boys; and truly among the foremost of the sledges was one in which sat young Barentse, most charmingly at his ease, and with little Arij Ryckman skilfully propped up in front of him.

Killian stopped his sledge exactly at the right moment, and jumped lightly out, and drew it to one side before it could be overwhelmed by the torrent of other sleighs which accomplished their descent almost simultaneously. There was a glow of exercise on his dark cheek, and he looked very manly and handsome as he came up to wish Madame Ryckman and Franzje a happy Christmas, little fair-haired Arij capering by his side.

Madame Ryckman smiled on Killian as she always did, thanked him for taking care of Arij, and asked after his grandfather. Franzje said but little, and looked about with rather a dreamy air in the midst of the merry throng.

'Mother, come to the top and see us get in,' clamoured Dirk and Albert, bringing out their sledges from under the shelter of a friendly door-way, and proceeding to drag them up the hill by the bit of rope in front of them.

'Oh yes, Mother,' said Arij, pulling her hand, 'I'm going to ride with Killian again—ain't I, Killian?'

'No, no, Arij, he must be quite tired of you; you had better go home with Franzje,' said Madame Ryckman; and a little altercation began between the mother and her darling, under cover of which Killian approached Franzje, and walked beside her up the hill, dragging his sledge after him.

'How dull the Dominie looks this Christmas,' he began; 'he came to eat his Christmas dinner with grandfather to-day, but he had no appetite, and gave such heavy sighs now and then, as if things were altogether wrong.'

'I thought he looked tired this morning,' said Franzje, feeling rather guilty, but trying not to shew it. 'Mother thinks he sits up too late at night studying.'

'Oh, he always did that, but he used not to look so worn and sad. Franzje,'—he paused, and then went on hurriedly, 'you are not going to see this play, are you?'

'I don't know, I suppose not; but I should *like* to go, Killian.'

'I ought not to be surprised at your saying so,' said Killian, 'for nearly every young person in the town says the same; but somehow I thought *you* were different. Franzje, how can you like those officers? They are *not* a good set, they can only do you harm.'

Franzje clasped Mr. Vyvian's present closer to her under her cloak. 'I don't think they do me any harm at all,' she answered.

'Franzje, don't be angry with me if I tell you that things are said—that people are beginning to talk about you and Mr. Vyvian.'

'People talk about everything under the sun,' rejoined Franzje with sudden petulance; 'but it does not follow that there is any meaning in their words. It is the gossips and the tale-bearers that make half the mischief in the world. I wonder you listen to them, Killian. Though indeed,' she added, with some pain in her tone, 'it is not wonderful, perhaps, that you should, since even our Dominie does.'

'It is right that the Dominie should know what goes on,' said Killian staunchly.

'But if he would see with his own eyes and not with Elder Jansen's, he might judge of things differently,' replied Franzje.

'It must be the English officers that have taught you to criticise the Dominie,' said Killian.

She made a little impatient movement with her shoulders, and there was something almost like scorn upon the wide brow. 'It is you who do me harm, Killian,' she said. 'You make me feel cross and wicked, even on Christmas Day.'

'Yes, it is my fault, I suppose; somehow, I can never talk to you now without offending you, Franzje,' replied Killian sadly. 'I must try to hold my tongue for the future.'

They were jostled apart for a moment by the throng, and it was a bitter moment to Killian, full of pain and wrath and self-reproach and disappointed love. But when they came together again, Franzje's mood had changed.

'Don't let's quarrel,' she said, with rather a tremulous smile upon her sweet mouth, 'I am glad you are what you are, that there is *one* person in whom the Dominie is not disappointed.'

'O Franzje, you could please him much better than I if you would,' returned the youth eagerly. 'He does not care for me as he does for you, who have been like his own child almost.'

'I could not please him now except by being a hypocrite,' said Franzje, with the smile growing still more tremulous. 'He will never be satisfied with me till I hate what I don't hate, and think what I don't think. *You* can please him and yet be honest, but I could not now.'

'Are you so changed as all that, Franzje?'

A little of the petulance came back. 'No, I am just what I always was; I never pretended to think everything wrong, but just the very things we were accustomed to. Killian, how is all this sliding and dashing down hill in a sleigh so much more sensible than dancing, or making beautiful poems seem real by saying the speeches in character?'

Franzje's idea of a play was still wholly drawn from Shakespeare; not wonderful, perhaps, since she had read no other.

'It's silly enough, I dare say,' said Killian, colouring a little; 'but at least it does nobody any harm; and see, Franzje, there are two of the officers going to try, so they don't despise it.'

'They'll tumble out, most likely,' rejoined Franzje, with a bright gleam of fun in her eyes. Her supposed devotion to the officers by no means blinded her to the fact that the two young ensigns who were just embarking in little sledges at the top of the hill, were not likely to exhibit such expertness as her young townsmen, to whom this was an annual diversion. One of them could not even get under weigh, it seemed, and Franzje was still more amused when she got near enough to hear the exhortations which Dirk and Albert were addressing to him.

'You ought to have a stick,' said Dirk, 'to push yourself off with. I wonder you did not think of it. I'd lend you mine, only I want it myself.'

'You shall have mine,' said the more good-natured Albert, 'if you'll promise to let me have it back when you've had one turn. See, you must give the sleigh a push, so! and then—'

And then, before Albert could finish his sentence, off went the sledge like a shot down the slippery hill, and the young officer, not being skilled in guiding it, came to grief half way, and not only tumbled out himself, but descended like an avalanche on top of the other ensign, who but for this catastrophe, might have fared more prosperously.

There was a tremendous shout of laughter among the by-standers; they meant no incivility, and would have been quite as ready to laugh if the accident had happened to Killian; but perhaps the Englishman's clumsiness was rather more delightful to them than native clumsiness would have been, and they did not make much allowance for his not having had similar opportunities for practice.

'I'm glad *he's* had a tumble,' said little Arij, dancing about; and even his quiet kindly mother did not reprove the sentiment.

'I hope he has not broken my stick,' said Albert ruefully. 'Killian, lend me yours, will you? It's no use to you if you're only going to talk to Franzje.'

'O Killian, you *must* take me down the hill once more,' pleaded Arij. 'Franzje can wait for me,—can't you, Franz?'

'You will tire Killian's patience out,' said Madame Ryckman; but the Indian face was lit up with a good-natured smile, and Arij was placed in the sledge and taken down the hill 'like a flash of lightning,' as the boys had said, before any further objection could be made.

Madame Ryckman stood at the top, shivering. 'I wish Vrow Banker would not keep her rooms so hot,' she said; 'it makes one feel the cold so when one stands about.'

'Had not you better come home, Mother? Killian will see to the boys,' said Franzje.

'Ah, yes, that's very fine!' returned her mother quickly. 'You can scarcely speak a kind word to him; but when you want anything done, then it's "Oh, Killian can do it."'

Franzje blushed, and attempted no self-defence. 'Then will you take Arij home, Mother? and shall I see to Dirk and Albert?' was all she said.

'Well—' began Madame Ryckman, half assentingly. She was very cold indeed, and the thought of the warm stove at home was very comfortable, and to leave Franzje under Killian's protection, as it were, was a thing not repugnant to Albanian notions of propriety, and might be the means of bringing about a better understanding between them. She was just going to say yes, when she caught sight of a bevy of officers, among whom were Colonel Trelawny and Mr. Vyvian, advancing up the street; and then she changed her mind all in a hurry, and became anxious only to despatch Franzje home as fast as possible.

She would have taken her into the middle of the road out of the way of the gentlemen, had it been possible to keep clear of the sledges that were rushing down or being slowly dragged up; as it was, she hurried her so quickly along the crowded pavement, that she had nearly precipitated her into Mr. Vyvian's arms. He moved aside most courteously, but looked surprised and amused. 'A second meeting to-day, that is an unlooked-for pleasure,' he said quickly.

Colonel Trelawny would have spoken to her, but she only curtsied and passed on, her mother panting behind.

By going out into the road, Mr. Vyvian managed to get near her again for an instant, and whispered, 'Remember the 4th, and your promise.'

On the 4th, the theatricals were to take place.

Arij was found, and Franzje and he were sent home together as quickly as possible, Madame Ryckman remaining to shiver, though the glow of excitement she had felt about the officers and her daughter had warmed her up just for the moment. The consequence was, she caught

cold, and though she persisted in what she called shaking it off for several days, it mastered her at last, and brought a sort of feverish attack in its train. On New Year's Eve, she took to her bed, and for a day or two was really ill—so ill as to make her children uneasy at the absence of their father. She would not hear of his being alarmed about her, however, or summoned home. 'Business must be attended to,' she said; and by the 4th she was really a good deal better, though in that weak uncomfortable irritable state, which sometimes makes the beginning of recovery more trying than the illness itself. Franzje was very tender and devoted in her attendance, but Madame Ryckman seemed almost to prefer the services of a middle-aged negress, who had been with her since her babyhood, and so the girl's chief business lay in overlooking her little brothers, and making her Uncle Jan comfortable.

One of her special occupations was to soothe and sympathize with Evert, who was in a very discontented unsettled frame of mind. He had rebelled against his father's decree with regard to not joining in the officers' amusements, much more decidedly than Franzje had done; had even stolen off to one ball without leave, braving M. Ryckman's short-lived anger and the Dominie's lasting displeasure, and now openly declared that he meant to attend the theatricals, and saw no harm at all in doing so.

'Father never has *forbidden* them, you know; how could he, when he never heard of them?' said the lad, coming and leaning his elbows on a little table in the kitchen, where Franzje and the faithful Maria were making cakes together. 'It's my belief, if he were here he would want to see the play himself.'

'I don't think he would go to it, though,' said Franzje.

'No, because of the Dominie. Isn't it unbearable, Franz, that the Dominie should set himself against everything that is amusing?'

'Oh, but he does not; not against *everything*, I mean,' corrected his sister.

'Well, not against skating, and so on, perhaps, but against everything that is introduced by the officers. Do you know, Franz, the Cuylers are going to the play. Madame Cuyler says she will not judge without seeing, but that if she does not like this one, she shall never go to another. I am going with them; I promised Cortlandt I would.'

'Oh, Mamselle Franzje, you go too,' broke in Maaike. 'Madame Cuyler, she very good lady, it quite safe to go wid her anywhere. Monsieur Evert, you ask de mistress to let Mamselle Franzje go.'

'Oh, no, no, Evert. I can't have Mother worried,' said Franzje warmly.

Maria and he only exchanged smiles; and he proceeded to unfold before the girls a printed play-bill which set forth that on such a day and at such an hour a comedy called 'The Beaux' Stratagem,' was to be acted by 'the Royal Company of Players;' and there followed a list of the characters, though not the names of those who were going to take them, as the actors expected much amusement in puzzling the good towns-folk as to their identity. The paper was dingy, and the printing imperfect,

compared with the marvels of modern typography; but it had been printed at New York on purpose for the officers, and was the best thing of the kind that the country and the period could produce.

To these young people, who had never seen anything of the sort before, it was something very wonderful and fascinating; and Franzje and the little slave-girl suspended their cake-making, and hung over it together. Franzje was thinking of her promise to Mr. Vyvian, and longing to keep it, though feeling half ashamed of the longing, since her duty seemed to be to stay at home.

'What is a comedy, Mamselle?' queried Maria, as she plunged her hands into the flour again.

'Something funny,' responded Evert briskly.

Maaike's black eyes glittered, and she shewed all her white teeth; but Franzje said meditatively, 'It must be witty, of course, but I don't know that it need be exactly what you would call funny, Evert, though it is not like a tragedy, there are no deaths in it. I hope Mr. Vyvian won't have any funny speeches to make.'

'Franzje, you are a sort of she-Dominie at heart, after all; you don't really care for fun,' said Evert.

'Oh yes, I do, in its way; but I don't like people I care about to be ridiculous. I should not like to see Mr. Vyvian sliding down hill in a sleigh, even if he did it as well as Killian.'

When she had said this, she got hot and confused at the admission she had made. She had implied that she cared for Mr. Vyvian, cared for him more than for Killian.

Maria, woman-like, caught the force of the remark; but Evert did not seem to notice it. 'Would you rather see a trage—what d'ye call it, Franz, then?' was all he said.

'Oh no; I like things to be happy and to end well,' she answered. 'I want it to be so in real life as well as in poetry.'

With her bright face raised, with her soft eyes gleaming, and her fresh lips parting in a smile, she looked the very picture of joyful anticipation. She liked life to be happy, and it was going to be so, she believed, spite of little passing cares and contrarieties. And all the while there was a tragic future waiting—a future which she herself was unconsciously helping to mould.

When she had finished her cakes, she made some thick milk for Madame Ryckman's dinner, and took it up to her; but though she had taken pains with it, her mother was not at all satisfied. The poor lady was out of sorts, and nothing seemed nice or comfortable to her. She was too amiable by nature, and too well regulated, to make much complaint; but she declined to finish it, and told Franzje to let her be quiet and go to sleep, affirming that that was all she wanted.

The boys went out after the early dinner; Maaike was kept busy by the cook, and the afternoon seemed very long to Franzje sitting alone in the parlour with her sewing. Once she would have passed it in learning

page after page of 'theology' for the Dominie, but she had missed his last week-day lesson through her mother's illness, and besides, he scarcely seemed to care to set her any tasks now.

Just as it was getting dusk, Evert returned, accompanied by no less a personage than Madame Cuyler. He had been working on her feelings with regard to Franzje's loneliness and dullness now that the mother was ill and the father away, and she had come to see if the girl would go to the play with her.

'I have told my husband that *I* shall go and take my children for this once,' said the mayor's wife in her stately manner; 'if we do not like it, we can but come away again.'

'I should think you are sure to like it,' said Franzje fervently. She had such a beautiful ideal of what it was going to be, that she would not admit the notion that it might turn out something reprehensible.

Madame Cuyler had designs of seeing Madame Ryckman and persuading her into giving leave for Franzje to go; but Franz was sure that her mother would not see any visitor, and at last it was agreed that Evert should steal up and try what his eloquence could effect.

He went, and returned in a marvellously short time, waving his cap in the air, and calling out, 'Victory! victory! You are to go with Madame Cuyler if you like.'

To Franzje the news seemed too good to be true. 'Are you sure, Evert?' she said doubtfully. 'I don't think Mother can have meant it. You know she would not let us talk of the play even. I must go and speak to her.'

But Evert caught hold of her, and held her fast. 'No, no, you must not go near her. She said she was sound asleep when I went in, and that we must not disturb her again. I tell you, she said as plainly as words could speak, that you might go with Madame Cuyler.'

He did not explain the ambiguous tactics by which he had won this consent. All he had said to Madame Ryckman was, 'Madame Cuyler has come to fetch Franzje; she wants her and me both, will you mind our going, Mother?' without any mention of the play at all. It is true that Madame Ryckman knew that the play was to be on the 4th, but having forbidden the subject to be mentioned before her, the date was not nearly so strongly impressed on her memory as on that of the young people; and now, when occupied by her own ailments, it had passed from her mind. Had Madame Gronow or Madame Banker been mentioned as calling for Franzje, her suspicions would have been aroused; but the mayor's wife was looked up to as a most sensible superior person, and nothing but the notion of a friendly tea-party suggested itself in connection with her.

'Of course you may both go; I don't want anybody but Jettje,' Madame Ryckman had said; and Evert had jumped at the ready permission, and not thought it necessary to explain the real state of affairs, though he saw his mother was under a misconception. It was

not honourable or dutiful, and Franzje herself would never so have acted; but Evert's leading idea at the moment was to give her pleasure, and he was not so strictly truthful or upright by nature as either she or Jan.

His wish to please her had an immediate fulfilment. Franzje's face, as she rose up to go and dress for the evening, was like a sunbeam for radiance. 'She is the most beautiful girl in Albany,' said Madame Cuyler to herself, which, for the mother of two or three good-looking daughters, was quite a triumph of impartiality. Oh, how gaily she decked herself in her gala dress, such as it was! how deftly she coiled round her thick plaits of flaxen hair! what a happy thing it was to be young and to be beautiful, and to have a whole evening's pleasure before her, and to know how one face would brighten when she appeared! How kind it was of Madame Cuyler to come for her, of her mother to let her go! how nicely everything had turned out! In her foolish girlish natural gladness, she nearly forgot the Dominie, and did not pause to think whether it could be right to do in her father's absence what he would certainly not have allowed her to do had he been at home.

Before she left the chamber, she gave one rapid glance at the little picture of the Madonna and Infant Saviour, which she had hung in a recess at one side of the fire-place; but she was thinking of it more just then as Mr. Vyvian's gift, than as the holy messenger which it sometimes was to her. The wistful look on the spotless mother's face haunted her as she went down the stair, but she did not read in it either warning or rebuke, she was too gay of spirit at that moment to be troubled with any misgivings. The 'little corner for earth,' which she had left in her heart, was widening.

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH LINKS OF FOREIGN FORGING;

OR,

'THE LADY WITH THE LONG NOSE.'

(A TALE OF CONTINENTAL TRAVEL.)

BY A. F. FRERE,

AUTHOR OF 'WONDER-CASTLE;' 'THE THREE SONS-IN-LAW,' ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

It was about a fortnight after their reunion at Thun, that Mrs. Fulham and her friends landed, on a sultry September evening, at the little pier opposite the 'Bellevue' Hotel, at Cadenabbia, on the Lake of Como. They had come from Zurich, over the Splügen, a fatiguing journey, especially on this last day, when a scorching sun had beaten down upon

the two vetturino carriages as they wound down the valley of the Adda, on the Italian side of the pass; and in spite of several hours halt at Chiavenna to avoid the noon-day heat, little mitigation of its oppressive ardour had been obtained. They had been induced, by the inconvenient hours of the steamers down the lake, to continue their drive along its eastern shore as far as Varenna, and thence boat across to their destination; an arrangement which, though exhibiting the beauties and curiosities of a magnificent road carved in the rock, had also exposed the party to the full blaze of the westward-slanting sun, and involved besides much bargaining, vociferation, and distracting fuss, from the additional carriage and boat service required. To exhaust your energies in trying how much 'Inglesi' can be made to pay, is as much a part of Italian character, as to yield at length with perfect courtesy to superior strength or sagacity, and give the maximum of willing service for the minimum of pay. Hugh Neville had learnt from experience to endure with tolerable patience through the inevitable stages of a business in which 'most haste' is, emphatically, 'worst speed;' but both Mrs. Fulham and her son-in-law were new travellers in Italy, and the former, knowing just too much of the language to remain perfectly passive, sat in terror of being left without *any* conveyance; while Hugh, with abundant shakes of the head and shrugs of the shoulders, sauntered about the crowd of carriages, their drivers now underbidding each other at so eager a rate, that, had the ladies been less impatient or the sun less grilling, a price might have been reached, somewhere about one-fourth of that originally demanded for the job. As it was, the party were thankful to get off on fairly moderate terms; but again, at Varenna, came much the same sort of squabble, only with less competition, in boats, and here the Colonel's sense of justice was outraged by having to pay nearly double what both Hugh and the landlord of the inn at the water-side declared to be a fair price.

It was getting late, and the *barcajuoli*, with the whole breadth of the lake before them, knew the travellers to be completely at their mercy: a view in which the *padrone* ultimately concurred, after the unlucky *forestieri* had refreshed themselves with lemonade on his broad terrace; and so, amid discordant shoutings in the harsh Como dialect—an Italian lopped and shorn of all its graceful vowels—the weary party, with their pile of luggage, were at length floated off. So utterly overdone did most of them feel, that not even the hour's comparatively cool and quiet row, nor the rich purple gloom, with streaks of ruddy light, which gave increased grandeur to the rocky masses and peaked mountain outlines of the shore they were approaching, could counteract the bruised and fretted sensation; frequent consequence of a journey taken in extreme heat.

After landing, amid final clamours for '*buonamano*' or '*bottiglia*,' and taking possession of agreeable-looking rooms at the hotel, rest was voted more desirable than immediate supper. Mrs. Fulham and Mabel lay down on their beds or sofas, the gentlemen went for a lounge by the

lake side, and Ida, who felt too tired to walk or stand, yet longed for more space and air than her own small apartment afforded, found her way in the twilight to a salon opening from an avenue of shady planes, whose smooth white trunks glimmered in the surrounding darkness. Sounds of music partly attracted her thither; the player was hardly discernible, but the touch was clear and sweet, the melodies dreamy and soothing to harassed spirits; she crept to a sofa, and curled herself up on it, and lay listening with eyes half closed, but opened now and then to follow the track of a fire-fly as it glanced through the dark foliage outside. It was a luxurious sensation. Ida only dreaded the player should leave off; and presently, in a pause of the music, some slight movement betrayed her presence, for a mellow feminine voice coming from the pianoforte, said:

'I beg your pardon. I was not aware there was anyone in the room. Do I disturb you by playing?'

'Oh no; on the contrary, I am enjoying it so much. Pray go on.'

'Would you not like lights? I had asked the waiters, while I was here alone, to leave the gas unlighted—it heats the room, and I am fond of playing in the dark; but I will ring for it, if you prefer it.'

'Not at all. We have just arrived from a long journey, and to lie in the dark and be lazy is all I am fit for.'

'Your voice sounds very tired,' said the invisible lady. 'Are you comfortable?'

'Yes, pretty well, thank you: only these hotel sofas are always so hard for one's head.'

Instead of an answer, there was a faint rustle of silk in the doorway, and a few moments after, with a gentle 'Will you let me?' something deliciously soft was inserted between Ida's head and the ornamental frame of the sofa. 'Oh, that is perfect!' she exclaimed. 'How kind!' but meanwhile the good fairy had glided back to her place, and pleasant harmonies again filled the dusky air. Listening gradually passed into drowsy hearing, and dropped into short naps, through which the music went ever winding and swaying, for what appeared a long time; but at length there came the harsh break of a sudden blaze—the inexorable moment was come, other *forestieri* were in the offing, and the gas must be lit. As Ida opened her eyes, they fell first on her brother, just raising himself from a corner in which he had been crouching and nursing his knees.

'You here, Hugh! When did you come in?'

'When did you?' said he softly. 'The music brought us both, I suppose. What delightful playing!'

'My audience has increased, I *hear*,' said the lady, slightly turning round; but Ida answered eagerly, 'It is only my brother, who enjoys music quite as much as I do. Pray don't stop—if you are not tired of playing.'

She had begun Handel's 'Water Music,' and now resumed its clear

liquid melodies, till a clang of voices approaching put an end to privacy, and the player rose from her seat in the still dim corner, folds of black silk falling round a graceful figure crowned with a slight white *coiffure.*

Hugh went forward a few steps to thank her for the music; then coming back to his sister, who was lying with her face turned from the light, he bent over the sofa and whispered, 'So you have found her!'

'What do you mean? The lady—?'

Hugh nodded. 'I think it must be, only she is too handsome!'

'Oh! I must see her,' cried Ida, starting up; but her brother checked the impulse.

'Nonsense. I won't have you looking silly and flabby, and blinking and goggling in the gas-light at *the feature.* Time enough to-morrow morning, when you'll be less squashed and more presentable.'

'But she has been so kind—brought me this for my head, and spoke so pleasantly—just like what we had been told of her, only my brains were too stupified to put things together!'

'Well, say Ta for your cushion then, and come away like a good child to the eating-Sally, where I've ordered you tea and omelette—I thought that would be about your mark, little one? I'm going in for a *biftek aux pommes.*'

'And what are the others doing?' Ida asked, conscious of a temporary oblivion as regarded her friends.

The ladies have had something sent up-stairs, and I left the Colonel eating steadily through the courses of a regular dinner; he must have got to his *rôti* by this time,' said Hugh, as they moved across the room. The object of their interest had meanwhile been speaking to some inmates of the hotel who had lately entered, so that a very brief acknowledgement was all that seemed opportune, and the Nevilles passed on to the salle-à-manger, at this late hour almost emptied of guests. Ida went up soon after tea, but her friends were already gone to bed, and the discovery recently made must be reserved till the morrow.

Just as most of the party had met for breakfast next morning, in ran the two children, all glowing with exercise and excitement. Having seen nothing of the Lake after their late arrival, they had eagerly begged for an early scramble under Thomas's charge, and had been up and doing almost as soon as the September sun. The result appeared to be highly gratifying, and when breath was regained for telling, Edwin began.

'Oh! it's so jolly here! we've been up ever so far on such nice slippery slopes, all among the rocks and brambles; and what do you think? we've met the lady with the long nose!'

Mabel, who had heard nothing, exclaimed in astonishment.

'Yes, indeed it is her,' said Eva eagerly.

'*She,* you should say,' corrected Edwin; 'and she's so awfully jolly, you can't think.'

'My dears! how have you come to know her?' cried Ida.

'Look here,' began the boy, frequently *seconded* by his sister in a somewhat discordant duet. 'We were scrambling all about up there, and Thomas in a taking for fear we should tumble—only *he* was a great deal more likely—and then Eva disappeared somewhere in a hollow, and so Thomas went one way and I went another, and I was calling out, "Eva! Eva! where are you?" and all at once a lady came up and asked what was the matter, and when I told her, she took hold of my hand and said, "We'll go together." But just as we'd gone a few steps, there was Eva all right; so then the lady said she'd go back to finish her sketch, and we asked if we might come and see, and she let us help to hold her paints.'

'Very good-natured, I'm sure,' exclaimed Ida, 'considering the *sort* of help.'

'Well, then she asked our names, and she said *she* had an Anglo-Saxon one too—"Elfrida." But I said *that* was not a nice name at all, it belonged to that wicked queen who had her step-son killed at Corfe Castle.' (Edwin was just in that budding stage of historical lore, where youthful minds are apt to be alarmingly well up in the period of Edgars and Ethelreds.) 'So she said yes, but it was an old name in her family: but she had another name, that she was always called by, and she thought it was the best of all the names a woman could have, and that was "Mary." Then Eva said, "Oh yes, it was a very nice name in the Bible, but still there were some very nasty Marys—"

'Polite, I must say!' exclaimed Hugh.

"—that *we* had known: there was that cross Mary Proctor, who was so unkind to a poor little girl that had lost her way, at Eastbourne, last year, and asked if she might walk with us, and Mary wouldn't let her." Then I said, I was sure *that* wasn't right, and it wasn't at all like a kind lady we had heard about in Switzerland, with a very long nose, who had led a poor man herself down a mountain. Then the lady laughed a little, and Eva looked up at her all at once, and said, "Why, I do believe *you're* the lady with the long nose! only I thought you'd be a great deal uglier." So I began to scold Eva for saying such rude things; but the lady said she didn't mind, and she *was* the same one; and then it was time to come in to breakfast, and we carried her things for her; and we're to be great friends if Papa and Granny have no objection.'

'Come, stop your mouths with your bread and milk,' said the Colonel; 'you are a wonderful brace of saucy urchins, and I don't know what Mamma would say to all your goings on!'

'Here she comes!' exclaimed Edwin, as 'the lady' entered the salle, fresh with her early walk, and bowed slightly to the Nevilles.

Hugh was just then saying to his sister, who had produced the penknife entrusted to her care, 'Now don't go and charge at her with it, bayonet-wise. Let the facts come out by degrees. You needn't behave as if the nose were quite an unmistakeable test of recognition!'

'I hope your fatigue has passed off by this time,' said their new

acquaintance, coming up to Ida; who replied, 'Oh yes, quite, thank you: I believe your music half cured me.'

'And I enjoyed it in my dreams,' said Hugh. 'That and the Lake seemed to mingle in a delicious confusion—watery melody and melodious water!'

'Handel and the Lake of Como,' said the lady, smiling; 'they never met in life, but I suppose everything that is great must be harmonious. Oh, I see my little climbing friends are of your party,' she added, as the two children, unable to resist, crept round the table and took hold of Hugh's protecting hands; but were recalled by a serious injunction to their half-eaten breakfast.

'And I must go to mine; so we'll talk to each other sometime when we are not hungry, and don't see a waiter looking reproachful at us for all the good things that are spoiling!'

The lady walked away to her coffee and eggs. Kind and frank as her manner was, it had a certain dignity and *retenue*, and said as plainly, 'Now I'm going to be quiet,' as some people's says, 'Come and talk to me, pray!'

The Nevilles, who had long despatched their breakfast, strolled into the shady avenue outside, while the others waited for Mrs. Fulham, who had not yet come down. Hugh was in great spirits, enchanted with everything, and especially the lady with the long nose, although he declared her to be totally unlike his ideal. Ida, on the other hand, was somewhat relieved to find her so much like people in general. In fact, though the feature certainly was sufficiently decided to make a strong impression at first sight, it had not the least vestige of deformity. The whole face was a long oval, in which the nose, springing from delicately arched eyebrows, came down in a prolonged curve, slender and slightly aquiline, with a kind of individuality of type which was wholly aristocratic and by no means ungraceful. The eyes, deep-set under a well formed brow, were dark grey, long-shaped and expressive, with a sadness in repose, which, when animated, became a glow rather than a sparkle. A sensitive, though firmly closed mouth; a clear, pale, yet healthy complexion; delicately made hands and feet, and graceful movements, all indicated a 'lady' in the fullest sense of the word.

'Don't you think she is a widow?' said Ida to her brother as they sauntered under the plane trees. 'She wears a wedding-ring, and deep mourning, though not exactly a widow's cap; but I am sure she has had *a story*—there is something in her face that seems to tell it.'

'I don't know how it is,' said Hugh musingly, 'her face reminds me of something, or somebody—I can't tell what or where. It is one of those queer flashes of memory that are gone before you can see which way they lead. A widow, did you say?'

'I was only guessing.'

'Then don't. That's the idle curiosity of women. What does it matter to you or me if she has a husband in China?'

Ida felt a little rebuked; but Hugh never 'came the elder brother' long, and amusement and a change of ideas were presently caused by watching the different little parties of inmates from the hotel, who were settling themselves, one by one, at small round tables under the thick green shade—best refuge for the hot sunny morning hours at Cadenabbia. There were German ladies whose tongues clicked simultaneously with their knitting-needles, and others gravely bent over serious Berlin patterns while amiable cavaliers read aloud to them: steady English families, breathing a mitigated atmosphere of school-room and rice-pudding, as the healthy girls in chintz frocks brought out their dictionaries and exercise-books, or studied improbable dialogues in various foreign languages, while mammas and elder sisters worked up sketches, or wrote their affectionate letters to friends and relations at home; there were Americans who did nothing particular, but talked about all they *had* done with the zest of peculiar satisfaction, and with much brilliant and acute comment on people and things. There were a young French couple, who ate grapes, and looked very loving but rather bored; and a Swiss ditto, whose more perfect bliss was rigidly maintained by the husband's invariably barricading his bride with the sweep of a long arm, marking out a magic circle when they appeared in public; and there was an Italian lady, with two puffy little children, fractious from over feeding at unnatural hours, and evidently unused to the smallest amount of nursery discipline, but with soft bright eyes and gentle manners that made them attractive in spite of tangled locks and ill-washed faces.

Hugh and his sister sauntered about for a while, exchanging a few remarks with the more sociable groups, till Ida thought it was 'time to be doing something,' and went in to look after her friends. She found them quietly occupied in their own rooms—Mabel with her letters, Mrs. Fulham hearing her grandchildren read; and it was not till a couple of hours later that the party met down-stairs to discuss arrangements for the day.

Mr. Neville, who had been learning the ins and outs of that part of the Lake, hitherto unknown to him, proposed a boating as soon as the sun should have sufficiently declined.

Mrs. Fulham hesitated a little: she would like the water, but she could not pledge herself quite yet. 'In fact,' she said, 'I have made a sort of engagement for this afternoon with that very pleasing Mrs. Langton.'

'Mrs. Langton? Who is she?' asked the others, in much surprise at the shy grandmamma having rushed into any new acquaintance.

'Why, the lady who was breakfasting in the salle when I came down, and who had been so kind to the children.'

'The lady with the long nose!' exclaimed Mabel and Ida.

'My dear girls!' said Mrs. Fulham, quite shocked. 'Impossible! I mean that remarkably lady-like woman in black silk.'

'Yes, yes, indeed it is the same,' persisted her auditors, 'only you

have been so clever as to find out her name, which nobody else had done.'

'I am sure I should never have asked impertinent questions,' said Mrs. Fulham, with a little air of propriety. 'I make it a point not to be inquisitive about the strangers one happens to meet with in travelling. But when Edwin and Eva told me how very good-natured she had been to them this morning, I could not do otherwise than express my thanks and the Colonel's. That led to mentioning names, and then the lady told me hers; and we talked a little about the place—she has been here a fortnight, and seems to know everything, and so I ventured to ask if she thought I could get a piece of lining anywhere near, which Tofts is wanting. And she said yes, but the shops were difficult to find, and she was going herself to some, and would shew me the way if I would allow her. It was so kindly said, I really could not do otherwise than accept the offer,' ended Mrs. Fulham apologetically.

'And we are so much obliged to you for it!' cried Ida. 'Everything is satisfactory that helps us into an acquaintance with the lady of the long nose.'

'But, my dears! you really must drop that dreadful expression; it always struck me to be an impertinent sort of description for *any* lady, and now, for so very charming a person as Mrs. Langton—'

'At any rate, it would be very bad taste to use it now the occasion is gone,' said Hugh, 'so henceforth it shall be always "Mrs. Langton," —mind, little one!'

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF MRS. DOROTHY.

(AS RELATED BY HERSELF.)

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

I AM afraid that what I have just written may incline some persons to think of me as an ill-used and unhappy child, but this assuredly I was not. True, I was often chid and punished, as I never could bear to chide and punish my own daughters, still less my dear little grand-daughters; but if I had ever thought of comparing my lot with that of other children of my own day, I should have had no reason to esteem it an especially hard one. Nevertheless, I must own that at eleven years old I was learning already to look back with regret upon the past. In my heart of hearts I wished the happy times would come again when my father was plain Mr. Holderness, living all the year round very contentedly in Soho Square, London. He had held then a small place under Government, which he owed to his staunch allegiance to the

House of Hanover; but his duties were light, and being burdened with no oppressive grandeur, he had had time and thought to bestow upon me. I did not doubt that he loved me still, but he was a great man now—at least he was deemed so in Suffolk; and I could not help feeling that he took much less notice of me than in former days.

I believe it was said by some that he neglected me, for the busy-bodies of Much Allington had discovered that I had no governess, no attendant of any kind higher than a waiting-maid, and the old man-servant Giles. But for this there was a reason, of which the busy-bodies knew nothing. Sir Ambrose had in his youth suffered much from the loss of a dear sister, who had died in consequence, it was thought, of being kept too closely to her tasks; he had therefore determined that no daughter of his should receive any regular instruction until she was twelve years old. Besides, he fancied, I believe, as many good men in those times did fancy, that it mattered very little how ignorant a woman was, provided she were pretty and sweet-tempered. But though he would willingly have kept the gates of knowledge shut against me, I did of my own accord contrive to open them—at least a little way. At needlework I was a very dunce, but I learned to read I know not how, and though I spelt ill, I could (as I have heard my mother say when she thought I was not by) pen a better letter than herself. Nevertheless, being left very much to my own devices, I fell into many bad habits, and was often idle for days together. When neither walking nor riding, I spent my time chiefly in the nursery, though I would now and then vouchsafe to pay a visit to the housekeeper's room, where I was supposed to receive instruction in the making of pastry and confectionery, and of washes to improve the complexion.

As for my mother, I seldom saw her except when she was surrounded by company, for she no longer called me into her dressing-room, as she had been wont to do in olden times. She liked children while they were little, but ceased to care for them as soon as they began to lose their pretty baby ways; and though I will not say she had 'ceased to care' for me absolutely, she certainly did not seem to take pleasure in having me about her. Of little Tommy she was very fond—fonder than she had ever been of me; and sometimes, when she was kissing him, a feeling came over me which made me very miserable.

Tommy was a weakly puny child, backward on his feet and with his tongue, for he could scarce speak or run alone at two years old. His parents were exceedingly anxious about him; and a few weeks after that memorable day when I rode to Stillingford for the first time, I was informed that they purposed removing to their town house in Soho Square, in order that they might place their little son under the care of a renowned physician. I thought that I was to accompany them as a matter of course, but before long I discovered that they were going to leave me behind, under the joint care of Mrs. Miller the housekeeper, a waiting-maid named Kitty, and the old man-servant Giles. My father

saw I was vastly disappointed, and tried very kindly to convince me that it was a great deal pleasanter for me to remain in the country, where I could run about, and do whatever I pleased; but I cannot say that his words were of much avail, for little folk—ay, and old folk too—are seldom to be talked into liking that which they happen exceedingly to dislike, whereas a frank acknowledgement on the part of those about them that the trial they are called upon to bear is a hard one, will often rob it of half its bitterness.

During the whole time that preparations were being made for my parents' removal to London, I felt very sore at heart; and when the morning of their departure came, and I was sent for to bid them a formal farewell, I astonished Sir Ambrose by hiding my face in his shoulder, and sobbing out, 'Oh, Papa, Papa, I wish I were not so wicked, I wish I were not so wicked!'

'Wicked, my child?' said he, gently stroking my hair. 'Why, what do you mean?'

'I am sure I *am* wicked,' said I; 'you called me a good girl yesterday, but I am not—not at all.'

My father turned in perplexity to my mother. 'What does Dolly mean, my dear? She says she has not been good.'

'You have not been hurting your little brother, I hope, Dorothea?' said Lady Holderness quickly.

'No, not hurting him,' I said, nestling up more closely to Sir Ambrose, and fingering the gold lace upon his coat, 'only, only—'

'Deary me, Sir!' said good Mrs. Miller, who was standing by, 'the little lady is only grieving because you are going away. As for her being naughty—why, she's the best little lady in the world!'

I shook my head at this, as well I might, and putting my lips close to my father's ear, I faltered out, 'Papa, I thought I did not love brother Tommy as I ought.'

'Oh, is that it?' said Sir Ambrose, taking my confession more lightly than I had expected; 'and prithee, child, what has made you think you do not love him?'

'Because,' I whispered, 'I thought you loved him best—better than me.'

I was mightily frightened as soon as I had said these words, for my father looked grave, and I thought he was much displeased. Instead of chiding me, however, he murmured 'Poor child,' and bade me put all foolish fancies out of my head, and never to think myself unloved. I know not why, but I scarce felt satisfied, though I cheered up when Lady Holderness called me to her, and kissing me more tenderly than usual, promised to bring me scores of pretty gifts from London.

'Take care, Mrs. Miller, that Mrs. Dolly does not poke too much over her books,' was Sir Ambrose's parting charge; and then he gave his arm to his stately wife, and, amid the bowing and courtesying of their servants, they passed out into the vestibule, closely followed by Tommy's head-

nurse, whose most precious charge was fast asleep in her arms. In a few minutes more, the whole party, consisting in all of eight or ten persons, had started upon their journey in two travelling-coaches, each drawn by four prancing horses. I stood on the door-steps waving my hand to them until they were out of sight, and likening myself sorrowfully to some fairy princess who was about to be shut up alone in an enchanted castle.

Now with respect to this my so-called imprisonment, I must needs say that I found it on experience a dreary one. Mrs. Miller seemed to me but dull company, so I got away from her as much as possible, and spent my time chiefly in a little room that went by the name of the Blue Study. My associations with it were not altogether pleasant, for it had now and then been used as a place of punishment. Here I had once been locked up for a whole day on bread and water, for speaking impertinently to my mother; and here, in a corner of a dark cupboard, might still be found a gaudy cap, shaped like a sugar-loaf, and bearing on it the word 'Dunce' in large letters. That cap had seldom been on my head, but I hated the sight of it; and whenever I came upon it while hunting in the cupboard, I never failed to give it a revengeful toss in the air, or to tear off one of the flaunting, mocking bows of cherry-coloured ribbon, with which it was adorned. Yet, in spite of the memories it awakened in me, I dearly loved the Blue Study, for it contained among other books a quarto black-letter edition of 'Foxe's Martyrs,' a work that positively fascinated me. I would drag out the heavy volumes one by one, and placing them on the window-seat, would pore over their 'tragical histories,' until at last I could scarce sleep at night for fancying that I saw Rose Allin's hand being burnt in the candle, or Joan Waste, the blind woman, feeling her way very painfully to the stake.

Mrs. Miller discovered that 'Foxe's Martyrs' was doing me harm, and the book, under some pretext, was conveyed away. This made me very angry, and though too proud to ask for it back again, I moped and pined, and grew exceeding wilful and perverse, mainly, perhaps, because my mind was starving through lack of proper food. My guardians were most anxious to find amusement for me, but they seemed not a little dismayed when one day I took it into my head to declare that I purposed paying another visit to Stillingford. Why they should dislike my going thither I could not imagine, yet that they did dislike it was very plain, for they consulted about it in whispers, agreeing at length, with nods and winks, that 'take it all in all, it was better to let the pretty dear have her own way.'

I affected not to have observed their whisperings, but no sooner had Giles and I started upon our ride, than remorse for my wilfulness began to trouble me. I could enjoy nothing; and just as we were coming within sight of Stillingford Church, I so far mastered my pride as to propose (of my own accord) that we should turn back. My old attendant, fearing that I was tired, looked round at me anxiously, and was about

to give his assent, when our attention was caught by a little village lad, who ran after us, flourishing his horn-book in one hand and a horse-shoe in the other. 'Sir, Sir, your horse!' he panted out, pointing to one of Lightfoot's hinder feet.

'Well, that be unlucky,' said Giles, 'very unlucky, upon my word; the poor brute will be turning lame if he goes over these rough roads without his shoe; so, though you are tired, Mrs. Dorothy, and would as lief be returning home, we must, I am afraid, go on to the blacksmith's. —Where does your blacksmith live, my little man, can you tell me?'

'Hard by the green, over against the stocks,' said the child shyly, pulling the front lock of his fair hair; 'and please, your honour,' he added, lowering his voice, and looking vastly important, 'there's a man in them to-day.'

'In the stocks!' said I, shuddering. 'Oh, do not go that way! I cannot bear to see him.'

'Bless your tender heart!' said Giles, 'it won't hurt you, nor him neither, to look at him; besides, you know, you can turn away your head if you like. But when I was young, ladies of quality used to go to see people hanged, by way of amusement, my pretty. What would you say to that, hey?'

I could only say that I thought it very dreadful—as well I might—but I raised no further objection to passing the stocks; and after the child had been rewarded with a penny, we jogged on in search of the blacksmith. We had hitherto been riding along close roads much shaded by trees, but on reaching the ill-kept village green, we obtained a fine view of the sky, and were then somewhat startled to perceive that some dark clouds, streaked here and there with pale copper-colour, were rising rapidly in the south-east, right against the wind. The sun was still shining, letting his bright beams fall alike on the children playing among the rubbish heaps, and the poor miserable drunkard who sat in the stocks; but the birds were flying low, as if perturbed and restless, and the air had that singular stillness which so often precedes a storm.

The blacksmith—a stalwart man—was standing over his furnace, whose red glow contrasted very strangely with the pale-yellow light of the sunshine. As we dismounted before his shed, he looked round at us wonderingly, and on learning that he was needed to shoe our horse, replied, bluntly enough, that by our leave, he must first finish the job he had in hand. This delay vexed us less than it would have done, had it not been for the rising storm, which was beginning already to growl and mutter in the distance. A dirty shed did not, however, seem to Giles a proper place for me to stand in, and he asked the blacksmith whether there were any gentlefolks living round about who would give me shelter.

The man shook his head. 'I don't know that there be,' he said. 'Our Squire died last year, and the house is shut up, for Madam is away, and the young Squire is gone to Cambridge for his learning. I do not

see the good of so much learning myself; his father did without it, anyhow, and when we lost him we lost the only real gentleman of the place.'

'Except your Rector, I suppose,' said Giles; 'is not he at home?'

'He! oh he comes here for a few weeks in the hunting season, and that's a'most all we see of him. You see what a tumble-down place ours is, that's because the gentry won't live among us, nor the parson neither. We be all going to rack and ruin, like the country.'

'Nay,' said Giles, taking offence at these last words, 'I cannot say much for your village, certainly; but as for the country, I do not think it was ever more prosperous than it is now. We have put down the rebels up in the north, and if they rise again we shall know how to deal with them. However, that's neither here nor there; what I want to know is, where to take my young lady for safety in the tempest.'

'There's my cottage,' said the blacksmith, 'it's just round the corner, you may carry her there, if you will. My wife, Molly Grieves, will make her welcome, I warrant.'

'Thank'ee,' said Giles very drily, 'but is it a place fit for the likes of her to go to?'

'Nay, 'tis for you to settle that. I do not know who she is, but I take it she bean't of such very high degree. There's no real good quality left in these parts now. They be a set of upstarts, all of them.'

Giles was very angry at this speech, and so also was I; but at this moment a flash of lightning, forked like a serpent's tongue, seemed to rend asunder the dark curtain of cloud that had now obscured the sky; and I, growing terrified, was glad to swallow my indignation, and to flee with my attendant to the blacksmith's cottage.

We were met at the door by Molly Grieves, the blacksmith's wife, a bold-eyed woman, with a face as hard as if it had been carved out of a piece of rock. She seemed at first somewhat doubtful how to welcome us, but after looking at my dress she judged me, I suppose, to be of some gentility, for her manner changed, and she shewed me very civilly into her kitchen. Here Giles was forced to leave me in order to attend to Lightfoot, who was always restive during a storm; but I did not much like his going away, for I felt shy and uncomfortable on finding myself alone in a strange cottage.

'Who's that?' I said, shrinking back in some alarm at sight of a gaunt-looking old woman, who was lying on a mattress in a dark corner of the room. 'Who is that? Is it somebody sick?'

'Oh, it's only my mother,' said Molly Grieves, with a carelessness that shocked me greatly. 'She's had the palsy these ten years and more, and can scarce so much as raise herself.'

'And is she in pain?' I said, for the old woman's hands were clasped very tightly together, and she was moaning and muttering strangely.

'Nay, I doubt if she be in pain, but she's affrighted of the lightning, that is all.—Come, Mother, look'ee here, here's a little lady come to take

shelter with us. She's been caught in the tempest, and you should bid her welcome, you know.'

The old woman glanced at me a moment, and seemed about to speak; but another flash of lightning came, and she shut her eyes in an agony of terror, groaning aloud. Molly Grieves, perceiving that I was much frightened, called me away to another part of the room. 'This is a poor place for the likes of you to come to,' she said, 'but there's a seat for you near the window, if you'll please to sit down.'

'Thank you, but I don't want to go near the window,' I answered, 'I would rather not see the lightning; and besides, there are the stocks.'

'You cannot see the stocks from this room; you must go into the back room for that. Would you like to go?'

'Oh, no, no!' I cried in horror. 'I could not bear it! Will they leave the poor man sitting in them all through this storm?'

'He will have to stay in them till nightfall, I take it, as better men than he have had to do.'

'Did you ever know anybody who was ever put in the stocks, then?' I said.

The woman stared at me without speaking, and feeling my question to have been a rude one, I grew as red as a rose, and began very hastily to notice some rough oil-paintings which hung upon the walls. Molly Grieves told me, with much pride, that they were all done by a young brother of hers who was no longer living. He had painted the sign-board of the village inn, she said, and this had been so much admired that he had afterwards taken to painting portraits, one of which she would now shew me. Glancing at her mother as she spoke, she left the room, presently returning with a picture that she dusted very carefully with her apron. 'There,' said she, holding it up before me, 'you will think that beautiful, I'll warrant.'

It was the portrait of a lady with large blue eyes and crimson cheeks, and a string of pearls around her throat. I felt quite sure she was meant to be pretty, and therefore said she was so; indeed, though the face was ill drawn, it was a sweet one to look upon.

'Did this lady live at Stillingford?' I asked.

'Yes,' said Molly hastily, 'she was the wife of one of our Rectors. She is dead now though, like our poor Jack. Jack thought her very beautiful; and when he was only seventeen, he begged and prayed that he might paint her picture, and at last she sat to him, and it brought him into notice like, for other ladies sat to him afterwards—ladies of very high family.'

'Indeed,' said I; and willing in my foolishness to shew that I was of 'high family' myself, I added rather loftily, 'I wish Papa could see this picture, he has a great many very fine pictures himself, some by Rubens and Vandyke.'

Rubens and Vandyke were most likely unknown names to Molly Grieves, but, duly impressed by my tone, she dropped a courtesy, saying,

'Sure, Lady! and who may you be, if I may make bold to ask? I reckon you are somebody grand.'

'My Papa is Sir Ambrose Holderness of Much Allington,' I said.

The blacksmith's wife started and looked greatly dismayed. 'Then you know,' she said, 'you know—'

'Know! what?' I asked her.

She did not answer, for a violent thunder-shower was now falling, and her attention was caught by the sound of rain pouring into the next room through a hole in the roof. 'I must go and see after it,' she said, 'but I shall be back directly—mind that,' and glancing at her mother as she passed her, she hurried away. No sooner was she gone, than the sick woman, by a great effort, raised herself upon her elbow, and began beckoning to me.

'Do you want anything?' I said, going towards her rather fearfully.

'Hush!' she whispered, 'hush! she'll hear. Where is your uncle? Is he alive?'

'My uncle! What do you mean? I have three uncles.'

'Him—I mean him,' she said, pointing to the picture.

I nodded my head, making believe to understand her.

'Is he alive?' she repeated, putting out her shaking hand as if she would lay it on my arm.

'Yes, yes,' I answered, 'he is alive. I dare say he is, at least. Did you know him?'

The old woman looked at me very strangely. 'He was a good man,' she said, 'a good man, and it was a wicked thing—those papers that were found upon him, *she* put them in his pocket—my daughter did; he knew naught about them, and I saw it! Lord, forgive me! I saw it! and I dare not die till I've told!'

'Mercy me! Mother, what are you sitting up in bed for?' cried a shrill sharp voice; and turning round with a start, I saw that Molly Grieves was standing close to my elbow. I felt almost guilty, though I hardly knew why, and the poor palsied mother seemed to feel the same, for she cowered down in her bed without venturing to say another word. An awkward silence followed, and right glad was I when I found that the thunder was dying away in the distance and the rain beginning to abate. 'I will go and meet my servant,' I said hurriedly; 'the weather is clearing up, and I do not mind the ground's being wet.' Molly Grieves made a pretence of trying to detain me, but was in truth very ready to speed my departure. With seeming civility she took leave of me at her door, and then, slipping out after me, laid her hand very heavily on my shoulder.

'Now, little lady,' she said, with her face all aflame, 'do you just tell me one thing—what has my mother been a saying to you?'

'I do not know,' I answered, in some terror. 'I could not understand it; it was about some papers, but I could not understand her at all.'

'I do not suppose you could,' said the woman more gently, 'there is

no understanding my mother, she's not in her right wits—remember that.'

'Oh yes, I'll remember it, only let me go.'

'I will directly; but promise one thing, that you will say naught about her ramblings. It will be worse for you if you do!'

I made no answer, but broke away from her and ran off as fast as I could towards the blacksmith's shed. Before I had reached it, I met Giles, who was coming to fetch me. Lightfoot had been re-shod, and we started at once on our way home. Ah me! how beautiful, how calm, all nature seemed now that the storm was over—just like a little child which, after a fit of angry sobbing, has fallen into a sweet sleep. The rain-drops glittered still on every leaf and blade of grass, but the sun shone forth again in splendour, and instead of the loud rolling of the thunder, the birds were singing softly their evening hymn.

'You look rather pale, my pretty one,' said Giles tenderly, 'were you frightened by the tempest?'

'Yes, rather,' I said; 'I do not like storms much, I wonder why they come.'

'For some good purpose, you may be sure, Mrs. Dorothy, since 'tis the Lord who sends them; the lightning cannot strike us unless it be His will.'

'I tried to think of that when I was in the cottage,' I said softly, 'but still there is something very awful in a storm, and I could not help feeling afraid; there was a poor old woman lying in bed, who seemed very much frightened indeed. She almost screamed aloud.'

'Did she, sure? that was a pity now. I hope they made you pretty comfortable, Mrs. Dorothy. I did not much like leaving you in such a hovel of a place, but thought the blacksmith's wife seemed a tidy, decent body.'

'Oh yes!' said I, rather faintly, 'only she was very cross, Giles.'

'Ah, so is her husband. I never saw such a churlish man; though I paid him downright handsome, he scarce said so much as thank'ee.'

'I do not like the people here,' said I; 'I shall never wish to come to Stillingford again.'

'That's right, Mrs. Dorothy; I thought you wouldn't, perhaps.'

'No, never; 'tis such a dull drear sort of place, is it not, Giles?'

'Very dull and drear,' said the old man-servant emphatically, and he began to whistle softly to himself, which was a sure sign of his being in good spirits.

I, on the other hand, did not feel very easy in my mind; yet neither to him or to anyone did I tell aught of what had taken place in the cottage. It had, in truth, perplexed and frightened me so much, that I could not bear to speak of it, especially as I in some way connected it with the exceeding dislike my guardians had shewn to my visiting Stillingford. There was a mystery in the background, I felt sure of that—a very great and alarming mystery, over which I puzzled my poor

little head in vain. I could recall every word that the old woman had spoken, and at times it troubled me to think that I perhaps was doing wrong in keeping back the message—if message it could be called—which she had given me respecting one of my uncles.

'When Papa comes back into the country,' I said to myself, 'I will tell him all about it; I would rather tell him than Mamma, though Mamma perhaps might care the most to hear it, as my uncles are all her brothers. Papa never had a brother himself, I have heard him say so more than once. Oh dear! I wonder which uncle it was that that poor miserable old creature was thinking of—Uncle Charles, Uncle Harry, or Uncle George? I wish I could find out; not that I would do so in a secret way for all the world!'

(To be continued.)

IN TIME OF WAR.

CHAPTER II.

'In wealth and in adversitie,
I always shall myselfe apply
To serve and suffer patiently.'

Sir T. Wyat.

The excitement was not over next morning; some of the gentlemen had gone to sleep at Rufford Abbey, Sir John Savile's place, about two miles from Ollerton, but several had stayed at the Markhams'; and there was a noisy breakfast, and great fuss of departure afterwards. All were in good spirits, and very confident of success, though in the matters of money and arms there seemed to be many difficulties; yet in their enthusiasm for the good cause, the personal attachment of many to the King, and the pleasure of others at leaving wearisome negociations, and taking to so simple and congenial a line of argument as their swords, these lesser cares were made light of.

Mr. Bertie had an errand to Southwell, where he was bidden to use much caution, as there were many malcontents in that place, and the influence of some of the principal inhabitants was thought to be for the Parliament. Mr. Markham spent great part of the day at Ollerton, engaging men, and putting down any symptoms of disaffection with a high hand. As yet the Markhams ruled the little town, much of which belonged to them, and a man so respected and beloved as Thomas Markham was obeyed by instinct; but the new ideas were leavening even so remote a place, and things changed before long.

Nottinghamshire was the most loyal of the midland counties, which generally were siding with the Parliament, the King's party prevailing

in the north and west of England. The Nottinghamshire gentry were chiefly loyal, the two names of Ireton and Hutchinson being nearly the only distinguished exceptions, while there is a goodly roll of the names of those who fought for the King. The common people of course followed their landlords or employers. The middle classes, the smaller land-holders, and the tradespeople, were chiefly for the Parliament; this was the class that possessed the grievances, and on whom the oppressive taxes fell; they were furious against anything that they thought savoured of Popery, and excited by the wild fanaticism of Puritan preachers, they began to feel their power, and resent the pride, luxury, and haughty insolence, of the nobles and gentry. The town of Nottingham was a stronghold of these men; Southwell, a comparatively unimportant place except for its church and college of prebends, also inclined to the Parliament; while the fervent loyalty of Newark is a matter of history.

Mr. Markham returned towards evening, looking grave and weary. Katharine drew his upright leather arm-chair to the open window of Ursula's parlour, Mrs. Markham brought her boy, and Dorothy a tankard of ale. Wife, sister, and serving-woman, all thought there could be no fitter subjects for a little fussing over and petting than the Thomas Markhams, father and son. The son was a quaint little object, little more than two years old, dressed in a plain straight gown reaching to his feet, and a frill round his neck; a little delicately worked cap, without any border, was tied under his chin; but he was quite a fashionable baby, and being very well grown and strong, with fair hair and broad forehead like his mother, grey eyes like his father, and a touch of Aunt Katharine's fun, he was quite satisfactory to all his relations. His father was of darker complexion, with nearly black hair, and marked regular features; he was above the middle height, but looked shorter than he really was from the breadth of his shoulders. He wore a pointed beard, but had his hair cut shorter than was the custom of the cavaliers; he would say that his Ursula must wear the love-lock, he liked not so unsoldierly a fashion. Mrs. Markham and Katharine wore their hair cut short on the forehead, with short curls at the side, and longer ones behind. Their gowns were cut low, and made higher by deep falling collars or tippets of muslin or lace; the sleeves were large, and full to the elbow, where they were gathered in with a short ruffle of lace. It was a pretty and becoming costume, more graceful than the stiff shapes of Queen Elizabeth's time, and more simple and modest than the fashions of the Restoration.

After a little play, inexorable bed-time came for the boy; his father bade him say his prayer before he kissed and blessed him, and when he was gone, said, 'We all have need to pray thus; the King's enemies are many and mighty.'

'But you will disperse them speedily,' said Ursula; 'Mr. Bertie said in three months at the latest.'

'I wish I could think so, sweet-heart; these young men are full of fire and courage, and will fight nobly, but they are over-confident; this division is a wound in the side of merrie England that will not be healed in three months, no, nor in three years.'

'You are weary to-night, and so your thoughts are heavy.'

'They have been heavy for a long time past in thinking on this distracted realm, but I cared not to sadden you before the time, dear wife; now it is time you and Kate should know what evil days these are, that you may learn how to behave in them. I fear you will both need all your courage, for these men mean no less a treason than to force the King from his throne, and will not be content till they have destroyed our Church; but we will have a stout fight for the good cause, and God grant us victory at last.'

'Why have you any fear?' asked Katharine; 'surely good and loyal men are not lacking to defend both Church and King.'

'If all England were like our good county of Nottingham, there would be no fear; but the Parliament is strong, both in the other midland shires and in London; and even here the levies for the King go on but slowly. Still, few of our party think as I do; they are in good heart, and look to have all settled in a few weeks, and would call me but an evil croaker, for saying, as I think, that this disorder has been too long a-gathering to be so soon dispersed. The hearts of the people are not with the King as ours are, and they only know him through false report, and deeds that have too often been unwise or unjust.'

'But you have never thought the King unjust, Brother?'

'I love the King right well, and honour him, as all who have felt the power of his goodness and gracious ways must do; but I see how often he is ill-advised, and his judgment is not always good; he yields where he should be firm, and is firm where he should yield. He is about to reap the harvest of rebellion sown by his father and the ungodly crew who were his father's friends. King Charles may reform and purify and concede as he will, but his enemies will never be satisfied; and now, if he would keep his kingdom at all, it must be by the sword. Then the Queen is so hated! they will have it that the King favours the Papists to please her, and all he does to support the Church they think is but preparing to re-establish Popery. Truly we should be in evil case if we had no religion between her Popery and their puritanic ways!'

'When you were at court you thought no evil of the Queen?' asked Ursula.

'I thought her as lovely, kind, and gracious a lady as I had ever seen, but not more fit to be a king's counsellor than you or Kate; nay, I do you wrong, for you are ever true counsellors to me, your interests being mine, which cannot be said of the Queen and her husband, for her faith is not the same as his, and we have sad knowledge of how ill two religions agree in one house.'

'What is there for us to do, Brother? You said we must suit our behaviour to the times; I should like to do something.'

'Would you, my Kate? what can a loyal little woman do for her king? Now if curls were soldiers, you could contribute a troop,' he answered, playing with the brown hair that was close to his hand as she sat by him on the window-seat.

It is hard to be teazed ever so little when one is in earnest, but Katharine was never petulant with her brother; she laughed, and said, 'Nay, do not laugh at me; you, too, who have no love-locks.'

'Well, your love is yet to win, and you cannot spare the locks. You must be brave and patient; it will be hardest for you to be patient, and my wife will try to be brave; and neither will fret when I must leave you, nor vex me with womanish fears when my head is full of business, and my heart sore at parting from you and the boy.'

'We will try,' said Katharine, trying even then to command her voice. Ursula thought it best not to trust hers.

'You must be discreet, too,' Mr. Markham continued; 'no word that may come to you of our plans must be repeated—it were best not even to speak of our opinions; you know how the Queen could not restrain her words to my Lady Carlisle, and thus that treacherous lady defeated the King's plan for arresting Mr. Hollis and his friends.'

'A traitress!' said Katharine and Ursula together.

'Do not speak even before Dorothy; she means to be true, but she is simple, and a babbler, and all her kindred are in the town. It will be hard to know friends from foes, though I trust our foes will not be of our own household,' said Mr. Markham, using the Scripture phrases then so usual. The excessive and forced use of such language by the Puritans had not then brought the practice into disfavour among persons of taste and reverence.

Back rode Mr. Bertie at supper time, somewhat hot and angry at the cool reception he had met with at Southwell, declaring that there were none there but clergy who could not fight for his Majesty, and rebels who would not, and he was not without a desire to use strong measures for infusing a little more loyalty into the town.

Katharine defended her old friends, the clergy of Southwell, from the imputation of idleness and self-seeking, with a spirit that caused Mr. Bertie to continue his attack for the pleasure of seeing her excited. Mr. Markham laughed at them both, and told Bertie of Katharine's desire for active service, thereby putting the would-be heroine much out of countenance.

'At least,' she said, 'I will leave having my shoes made by James Lee of Southwell, for I know him to be a fanatic and preacher of rebellious doctrines; I must have them made here by Dorothy's brother, though his be right clumsy.'

'Well said, Kate; you will make a good partisan, and we may

have need of you yet,' said her brother; but Mr. Bertie was graver, and said that Mistress Katharine had undertaken more than that, for she had promised to remember the King's soldiers in her prayers.

For some days no event of importance occurred; preparations for war were being made on all sides, though hostilities had not yet begun. Authentic news was difficult to obtain, and reports of all kinds were flying about; no one came to the house without his budget of news, and each new-comer contradicted his predecessor with a yet more incredible tale. Mrs. Markham believed all she heard, especially if it were of an alarming nature, and was only saved from distraction by forgetting a good deal of each story as soon as she heard a fresh one. Katharine inclined to the other extreme, and was not disposed to believe anything that was not confirmed by her brother or Mr. Bertie. These latter were fully occupied, and had many rides to Newark or Nottingham to confer with the Royalist leaders, or to seek men and horses. Mr. Markham usually returned to Ollerton to sleep, unwilling to be away from his family more than was absolutely needful. Richard Bertie frequently accompanied him; his lands in Lincolnshire being let, it was arranged that his home was to be with the Markhams for the present, and the young man was nothing loth.

On the 12th of July, the Commons voted the raising of an army against the King, and gave the command of it to Lord Essex. When after a few days these tidings came to Nottinghamshire, Mr. Markham pressed his preparations with more haste, and was unwearied with drill and exercise; his troop of horse, though small, was well appointed and in good order; many of his tenants had served under him before, and these inspired the rest with their own confidence in their leader, who had held the rank of captain before he left the army ten years before. His commission as lieutenant-colonel was now promised by the King, and Mr. Bertie, through Lord Lindsay's influence, was to be made one of his captains.

'Ah Brother, I would I were a man, if I could but ride with you!' sighed Katharine one day, as she watched him doing something to the straps and buckles of his head-piece.

'What! harping on that still? My girl, we have yet to taste how bitter a thing is civil war, and though you cannot fight, there will be much for you to bear; if, as I fear, the struggle be prolonged, it will tax your courage enough only to stay at home, dear lass.'

'If I were but a lad, I could fight beside my colonel,' she said wistfully, with 'Britomart the valiant mayd' in her mind.

'Your colonel (when he comes to be one) can only advise you, as he doth his men, be brave and patient; patient now, and brave when there is fit occasion; and Kate,' he continued, putting down his work to lay his hand on her shoulder, 'remember that I go the more lightly to my duty, knowing that my brave little sister is here, to help and comfort my wife, and take care of the boy. You will do so, will you not, dear heart?'

With a thrill of painful pleasure at the confidence these words shewed, Katharine said earnestly, 'I will, the Lord being my strength,' and presently, with a remembrance of the hardest part of her duty to her sister-in-law, added, 'I can do but little, but I will have patience, and submit myself to Ursula.'

'Take counsel each of the other in every difficulty; and beside my wife and son, look well to the safety of my sister Kate, if you would please me,' said Colonel Markham, smiling.

A week later, Mrs. Markham called Katharine to help her in bringing the household plate from chest and safe into the dining-parlour. There was a goodly store, and the table was laden with cups and tankards, bowls and dishes, of silver, besides a small and beautifully wrought gold drinking-cup, which Katharine had never seen, and she wondered that so choice an ornament should never have decked their table at any feast within her memory. When all was brought, Mrs. Markham asked her husband, who stood examining and weighing in his hand each of the larger articles, why he wanted them.

'To choose some of it to send to Southwell.'

'For safety?' asked Ursula.

'No, not for that,' he answered, looking at Katharine.

'Is it for the King's service?' she said, remembering what she had lately heard of the abundance of silver plate that had been contributed in London for the service of the Parliament.

'His Majesty has asked his loyal people to assist him in this way, and I think from all this store we may spare some for his greater need.'

'Will they melt it for coin?' said Ursula, with a pang in her housewifely heart for the pride and grace of her hospitable board.

'I fear so, sweet-heart; but all shall not go; some here was your father's marriage gift to you, and some should be set aside for Katharine's portion.'

'What is mine is thine, twice over, for I give it thee now,' said Ursula gently.

'If any be for me, let me help in the gift—ah, let me!' urged Katharine.

'Well, we will keep my father's drinking-cup, which I use; this bowl, that was Queen Elizabeth's marriage gift to our grandfather; something of our mother's for George, and of Ursula's for the boy; keep also each your fork, and some spoons and dishes for the household use. Something also for Kate—we must not rob her husband that shall be.'

'Husband of mine shall never ask for it,' said Katharine indignantly; 'well, if you will have it so, this that was my mother's, for good luck;' and to end the discussion she took the smallest and thinnest of the bowls.

Richard Bertie watched her from the window, where he sat apart.

'Whose is this beautiful gold cup, Brother?'

'Do you not know it? It was given to our uncle Griffin Markham by the Lady Arbell Stuart; and when, after his unhappy enterprise, his goods were confiscate, this cup was hidden, and conveyed here secretly. When, in his banishment, he wanted money, my father sent him a large sum, far more than the worth of the bauble, which he said he would hold as a pledge till Griffin should see better days; which he never did in this present world, so the cup remained here. We have never cared to use it; methinks the best use for it comes now.'

The story of Sir Griffin was a blot on the fair history of the loyal Markhams. A gallant soldier, like all his family, he had won his spurs in Normandy, where he was knighted by Essex for his brave deeds before Rouen; he also served under Essex in Ireland with much honour; but became involved in the conspiracy of Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Cobham, Lord Grey, and others, to place the Lady Arabella Stuart on the throne. This rash and ill-concerted enterprise being speedily discovered, the plotters were tried and condemned to death; some were executed, but a cruel caprice of King James caused Lords Cobham and Grey and Sir Griffin Markham to be brought to the scaffold, and only reprieved after they had tasted the very bitterness of death, their heads having been actually laid on the block. Sir Griffin was banished, and ended his days in poverty and exile, covered with a disgrace that was deeply felt by his family.

After examining the beautifully wrought cup that was the only memento of him left in his father's house, Katharine said, 'There be worse treasons now than his, Brother; and you will wipe out our uncle's fault.'

'Did I need fresh cause to serve the King, you would find it for me, Kate,' he answered, smiling. 'But how shall we convey this treasure to meet the King? It were best sent to the Palace at Southwell, where it can lie in safety till the King can send for it; but it must be done secretly, for I have no mind that the rebels should waylay it, as they did the great store of plate that the University of Cambridge would have sent to the King.'

Several plans were proposed and rejected; a guard could ill be spared, and it was thought best not to draw attention to the fact that there was anything to be guarded. At last Katharine cried, 'Pack it in the coach with my baggage, and let me go, as if for a visit, to our good cousin at the Palace.'

This really seemed feasible; there was as yet little danger for a lady travelling the country roads; two or three serving-men would be sufficient defence against robbers who might be lurking in the forest; and if Dorothy went with her young lady it would give a colour to the use of the coach, Katharine's journeys being usually performed on horseback. Richard Bertie was inclined to object to the plan, saying there were parties of men on many of the roads going to join one army or the other, but he was over-ruled.

(To be continued.)

FATHER PHIM.

PART II.—CHAPTER I. (*continued.*)

About noon came an elderly doctor from Ballyowen, who summarily turned all the visitors out of the room, and established a reign of quiet and darkness as absolute as Mamma always insisted on at home. It was dismal, but Helen knew it was right. Somehow she could not care about the funeral or about Terry, as she had done the night before; it all seemed a long way off. Sometimes, just as she was going to sleep, a vivid thought like a stab would flash into her mind. She would jump up in bed, thinking that there was something going on somewhere that she ought to try to prevent, and that she must make her voice loud enough to be heard. Then Mrs. O'Brien would come quickly to the bed-side, and cover her up carefully, and give her something to drink; and all her thoughts grew misty and dull again, and she cared for nothing but to lie still and watch the swaying of the bed-curtains, and the shadow of Mrs. O'Brien's cap on the wall.

The next day Helen was much better; and by the evening of the third day the pain had left her throat, her voice had come again just as clear and strong as ever, and her doctor and Mrs. O'Brien, who had not nursed her through previous attacks, were surprised to find her well again so soon. Helen assured them that it was always so with her at home, and coaxed Grandpapa, who pretended to think she had been shamming all along, and to scold her for the fright she had caused him, to give her leave to come down-stairs to breakfast as usual the next morning.

Coming down-stairs at Darcy Castle included, even for invalids, the liberty to stand as long as you pleased at the open front door, to make little raids into the garden and court-yard, and to hold lengthy conversations with any comers and goers who might be about the place. Helen felt confident that the morning would not pass without her coming in contact with someone whom she could trust with a message to Terry, and from whom she might learn what had happened in the neighbourhood while she had been ill. The breakfast was a shorter and more silent meal than usual. Grandpapa and Uncle Gerard both seemed in haste to leave the house; and it struck her that they were glad to get away from her, either because they did not wish her to begin asking them questions, or because they wanted to talk to each other about something she was not to know. She watched them from the window walking down the drive arm in arm, and their heads were close together, and they were talking eagerly enough then. It was a warm sunny May day, but the garden and court-yard were all through the morning uncommonly quiet and empty—quieter than Helen had ever known them since she came to Darcy town. Just because she wanted so very much to see someone, nobody came. She stood at the window, and watched and watched.

Oh, if she could only see Father Phim's broad figure coming up the drive, or catch a glimpse of Terry's ragged coat, how it would rejoice her heart! It occurred to her to wonder how it was that among all the people who had come to inquire after her since she had been ill, she had seen nothing of Father Phim. She thought there could be no harm in writing a little note to him, to beg him to come and see her.

Composing the note occupied her happily a great part of the morning. The first line cost her much consideration. It seemed so strange to begin a letter, Dear Father Phim, for that was how Hilary began his letters to her; and equally strange to sign herself, Your loving daughter and namesake, Helen. When the note was folded and sealed, she ran into the servants' hall to find someone who would take it down to the village. None of the servants were in sight that day; there was a curious stillness through the wide straggling house. Helen had to wander out into the stable-yard, and peep into the saddle-room, before her search came to an end. There at last she caught sight of old Mickey, seated on the corn-bin, with an old Prayer-book in his hands, which he seemed to be reading.

Everybody about the place knew that when Mickey took to sitting on the corn-bin and reading his prayers something very bad must have happened; and Helen was in such consternation at the sight, that she stood at the stable-door staring for a minute without speaking. Mickey knew she was there, for he peeped at her from the corners of his eyes, but he would not raise his head from his book.

'O Mickey,' she said at last, 'do tell me at once—tell me what has happened. I came here to ask someone to carry a note from me to Father Phim, but I am sure something is wrong.'

Slowly and solemnly Mickey raised his eyes. 'Father Phim! a note to Father Phim! the saints presarve us all! and you don't know, thin, that he's been murthered!'

'Murdered! O Mickey, Mickey! it can't be true; are you sure?'

'Kilt intirely, Miss Helen, darlint. I've a right to be sure if anyone has, for I wid my own two hands dragged him up from the ground from under the horse's hoofs. 'Twas that ugly baste of Nat O'Rhea's that knocked him over, just as he was putting himself before the boys to try to stop them from rushing down the hill side into the road wid their shillalahs, and turning back the black funeral procession from the churchyard gate. "Shure," said I, "it's a pity yer Reverence throubles yerself to interfere; it's kicks, not thanks, ye'll get, fighting the drivers' battles for them; and if ever a mortal man desarved to rot in a ditch, it's him that the gintry are trying to give dacent burial to this day." And for all the pain he was in wid his leg broke in two places, and his head bleeding, it was all two of us could do to hould him down on the bank while the fight went on. He was so set on spaking to the boys, and calming them down before mischief was done. And when at the end the mounted perlice came up, slashing wid their drawn swords, and

riding down the women that had come up to take care of the men, it was harder to keep Father Phim quiet than ever. He was for calling out to one and another that he knew, begging them to have mercy, and I telling him all the time he might as well prache to the raging seas.'

'He could talk—he is not really dead, then?' said Helen, drawing a deep breath.

'Small thanks to Nat O'Rhea and his baste of a black horse that he is not,' said Mickey; 'two of us took him home on a bit of a litter to die aisy on his bed if he wants to die; and why would not he, in a country where such as Nat O'Rhea have it all their own way, and can trample women and childer and holy priests like Father Phim to death in the mud, in broad daylight, widout anyone saying them nay?'

'O Mickey, I am so sorry, you can't think how sorry I am!' said Helen, and she went and sat down by Mickey's side on the corn-bin, and cried and sobbed, with her head leaning on the old man's shoulder, till he was fairly frightened at her agitation. 'Mickey,' she said, lifting up her head at last, 'tell me the real truth; was anyone really killed? killed dead, I mean.'

'Well, be aisy, darlint; not a soul of our own boys. Shure, Miss Helen avourneen, ye know the Darcy boys better than to think they'd be mane-spirited enough to die outright in a bit of a skrimmage.'

'But the others, Mickey. Oh dear! I think it will be worst of all if our boys have killed anyone. You know, Mickey, they ought not to have been there at all. They ought not to have stopped the funeral.'

'He was a mane turncoat, and a hard man as ever breathed, him they wanted to bury,' said Mickey, rather resentfully.

'Never mind that; was anybody killed?'

'You may call him somebody if you like, Miss Helen, but it was just that pink-faced bit of a perlice-sergeant that came over lately from England to drill the Peelers. It's tied to his mother's apron-string over the water he should have been, instead of bringing his wake, pudding head where shillalahs were flinging. 'Twas nothing but a fair blow he got, that another would have taken and been thankful; and he must needs fall down wid it, and die out of sheer maneness and spite. For no rason at all but to make out a bad case agin the boys, and give O'Rhea a chance of hauling up Terry O'More and another boy that had no more to do wid striking the blow than meself, and having them put in prison to be tried for murther.'

'Mickey, this is dreadful!' said Helen. 'Is Terry really in prison?'

'When the constables that are out looking for him ketch him he'll be put in prison, shure enough, Miss Helen.'

'Then he is not caught yet; perhaps he never will be. Where do you suppose he is hiding?'

'How would I know? and if I did, shure you would not have me betray the poor boy?'

'Oh no, no! but if he is innocent he need not hide, surely. Grandpapa and Uncle Gerard would take care he was not hurt.'

'Mr. Gerard is insinst intirely. Small blame to him, wid Nat O'Rhea always at his ear, poisoning him wid lies. They're gone in to Ballyowen to-day, and an inquest has been held, and warrants sent out agin more than Terry. Oh, let Nat O'Rhea alone for speeding mischief; he'll not let the grass grow under his feet when there are lives to be sworn away.'

'What can I do? I will beg and pray Grandpapa—I will go on my knees to Mr. O'Rhea—only tell me what you think I had better do,' implored Helen.

But Mickey was at that moment in too desponding a mood of mind to be a very comfortable adviser. He would not have Miss Helen demean herself to ask a favour of O'Rhea, he said, not to save the lives of all the boys in Darcy town. Why would they *not* die? it would all be the same first or last; and but that they would grudge giving such a triumph to Mr. O'Rhea, it would be as well for Terry and the other boy to lie in jail, or be hanged out of hand, as to starve out on the hills, or be driven from the country.

Helen's entreaties and even her tears could not get more out of him than a promise to take her note down to Father Phim, and if his Reverence was well enough to be spoken with, to bring her a word in answer.

The afternoon passed wearily with Helen. Mrs. O'Brien, who had evidently been schooled by Uncle Gerard, refused to answer any questions about the fight at the funeral, or Father Phim's accident, or the accusations against Terry O'More. When Helen tried to introduce any of these subjects, she stopped her, by beginning to scold her vehemently, for having made her eyes red with crying, or for not eating her dinner. Yet in her inmost heart she could not have felt angry, for she said, over and over again, that Helen was just like her mother, and that it reminded her of old times to hear her talk, and see her take on in that way.

After dinner, when Mrs. O'Brien had retired to the housekeeper's room, to attend to her own business, Helen went and sat at the head of the back stairs to watch and wait for an answer to her letter. The house was much quieter than usual; but every now and then sounds of footsteps passing to and fro in the lower regions, and of voices in eager mysterious whispers, caught Helen's ear. When she heard them, she started, and looked cautiously round. She thought of the story Hilary had told her about that day long ago, when Grandpapa had sat as she was sitting on the back stairs, and a starved foot-sore rebel had come to him to beg for hiding; and she half hoped, half feared, that Terry O'More would come in that same way to her. How could she manage if he did? Would Uncle Gerard be very fiercely angry with her? Helen wondered whether, if she were hiding Terry, and the worst came to the worst, she should have courage to imitate the woman in

Grecian History, Hilary had written a theme about, who bit out her tongue to save herself from betraying the secret of a friend. She pressed her teeth hard on her tongue, to see how it felt. It hurt dreadfully; and then never to be able to speak again! She was afraid it would be a very hard thing to do, especially for her who was so fond of talking; she would be in a worse plight than if Nurse Bream's old threat about her tongue wearing out had come true.

Nothing happened during the afternoon, however, to put her courage to the proof; only one person came up the back stairs, and that was old Mickey, carrying a letter. He thrust it mysteriously into Helen's hand, and then scuttled rapidly away. This was the letter, written in a fine bold hand, which she could make out easily by the light of a flickering candle that was every evening stuck in a knob of the balusters of the back stairs, that formed an original Irish sort of candlestick.

My dear little Alter Ego,

(You know enough Latin to translate that.) It certainly seems hard lines that you and I should be tied by the leg, just when other people are cutting out so much work for us. Perhaps it is to shew us that we are not of so much consequence as we thought, for that there are others at work wiser than we. We don't believe—at least I don't—that the blessed Saints and Angels are up there doing nothing; not to speak of the One above all, who holds the isles—our Irish isle as well as the rest—in the hollow of His hand, and who can bring good out of evil in ways we know not. I don't say this to make us less active in trying to help others; only to comfort myself for having to lie here like a useless log, and to reconcile you to being reminded that obedience and respect to elders are first duties with little girls, and that it is not their place to judge or interfere with the actions of their grandpapas and uncles in matters too complicated and difficult for them to understand. If you can get leave to come out to-morrow, come here to see me, as I can't come to you; and we'll talk it over.

Your affectionate

FATHER PHIM.

P. S.—The little door opening on to Plough Lane is best to come in at; for to-morrow being market day at Ballyowen, there'll be nobody but me in the house. Mind the puddle on the left side of the door. My room is at the top of the house; if the old sow with her little ones is blocking up the head of the stairs, turn her right out and come up; any of the children playing round the door will shew you the way.

Helen read her letter over and over again; it was the only comfort she had during the rest of the evening, for Grandpapa and Uncle Gerard brought several strange gentlemen home to dine, and Mrs. O'Brien decided that she had better put herself early to bed, instead of being dressed to go down to dessert; so she had no opportunity of hearing further news.

CHAPTER II.

THE next day was market day at Ballyowen, and not quite a common market day either. It was the day of the great annual cattle fair, which brought visitors to the town from all parts of the country, and changed

the sleepy idle little place for a few hours into a scene of great bustle and excitement. Shop-keepers smartened up their windows, and brought out their best wares; farmers, small and great, crowded in to sell their pigs and cows, and their wives followed, to spend the money their husbands received; peasants flocked from all sides to meet each other, and take part in a revel or faction-fight, as their inclination pointed; and beggars, blind pipers, wandering musicians, of every description, blocked up the narrow streets and crowded the roads that led to the town, from early morning till night.

Peace-loving people were always particularly sorry when anything occurred to excite the feelings of the peasantry about the time of the great annual gathering; and on this occasion there was such a strong feeling that disturbance was likely to arise, that Grandpapa and Uncle Gerard, who were county magistrates, thought it their duty to remain in the town all day, that they might be at hand should difficulties arise. Helen saw them set out for Ballyowen quite early in the morning, before she had breakfasted, Uncle Gerard driving Grandpapa in the jaunting car, and Mr. O'Rhea riding by their side on Father Phim's enemy, the big-boned black horse. The other inhabitants of Castle Darcy were not behind-hand in finding reasons that proved their presence on the scene of action to be indispensable. Except Helen herself, there was hardly a person about the place who did not openly or secretly cherish an intention of just making his or her way out to the town some part of the day, to see what was going on. Old Mickey—as head out-door man, and second only to the 'masters' in his own opinion—took care to be the first to follow their example. Helen watched him drive off in style, in a very shambling cart, with two little pigs he intended to sell at the fair beside him; the stable boys and helpers taking off their hats, and shouting and running after him a good distance down the road. Mickey was quite in good spirits this morning with the prospect of the fair, and seemed, Helen thought, to have forgotten all about Terry and the doleful expectations he had confided to her the day before, when they were sitting on the corn-bin together.

Later on in the day, when Helen and Mrs. O'Brien had had their early dinner together, the second-best jaunting car was brought round, to take Mrs. O'Brien to the town. She was very sorry, she said, to leave Helen alone at home; but she durst not take her, because she did not expect to be back till quite late at night, as she was to meet a married son and daughter at the fair, and spend the evening with them at a friend's house. Helen was secretly so glad to be left to her own devices, that she could hardly contain her joy; but she prudently waited till the last minute, when Mrs. O'Brien was very much taken up in settling herself and her wraps and her parcels in the jaunting car, to whisper her petition. Might she go out for a walk this fine hot after-noon—just down to the village, to visit Father Phim? At the sound of the name Mrs. O'Brien's busy face lengthened a little, and she began to

blame herself vehemently for having forgotten in the bustle of the morning to send someone to inquire after his Reverence, and carry him a mould of jelly and a bunch of grapes she had put ready in a basket. It was evidently a relief to her when Helen eagerly offered to be her messenger, and make satisfactory apologies for her negligence. Between satisfaction at having her conscience set at ease, and the bustle of departure, Mrs. O'Brien quite forgot to lay any commands on Helen about taking one of the servants with her to the village and not staying out too long.

It was wonderful good luck, Helen thought, for now she was free to spend the afternoon just as she pleased. Before the jaunting car was quite out of sight, she had her bonnet on, and had possessed herself of the basket. There were two ways of reaching the collection of cabins called Darcy town, from Darcy Castle. One by following the straight road to Ballyowen for about half a mile, and then taking a cross road that brought you to the north end of the straggling village street. The other was a circuitous and much more varied route; across a corner of the shrubbery, through the door in the wall before described, over the stone-quarry bridge, down Good People's Hill and Hollow, through potato patches and meadows, till you reached the south end of the irregular village, in which quarter of the place Father Phim resided, and the Catholic chapel stood. Any time before yesterday Helen would have chosen the field route, as being the least public and the most interesting; but now she could not endure the thought of passing Terry's deserted cabin, and preferred the road. It was a pretty upward-sloping road, with shadows of great trees lying all across it, and making bands of light and dark to walk upon; and to-day it was very quiet, almost solemn. No voices reached Helen's ears from the fields on each side of the way, no men were to be seen leaning on their spades and looking over the hedges after her as she walked along. Everybody had gone away into Ballyowen, and there was a sort of Sunday peace and stillness spread over everything. Something came over Helen that made her pause in her walk, put down her basket, and cover her eyes with her hand; she could not kneel down, but she said a little prayer in her heart —a prayer about the stillness and the Sunday-like peace, that it might not only stay spread out over the sunny country and in the budding trees, but that God would put some of it in the hearts of the people who were just then crowding into the town, and keep them from growing angry and hurting one another. She did not know that she was walking into any danger that day, but it was put into her heart to pray that she might be made brave, and helped to do some little thing that might make those who were hating and injuring each other, grow to be better friends.

When she took up her basket again, she walked at a pretty good pace, for she had altogether more than a mile of road to get over, besides having to walk quite through the village, which ran down one little hill and up another, before she reached Father Phim's house. He did not

live in the proper priest's house near the chapel; that had been turned into an infants school since he came to the village. His cottage was the last of a row of untidy cabins, and only looked a little better cared for than its neighbours. The front entrance seemed never to be used, for there was a great hill of turf built up in the middle of the path that led to it; but Helen had not much difficulty in finding her way to the back of the house, and there the door stood wide open, and admitted her at once into a mud floored kitchen, tenanted by three little pigs, an old sow, a flock of pigeons, and some hens and chickens. She trod cautiously, not to disturb what seemed to be the rightful owners of the place. In a dark corner, at the end of the kitchen, was a steep flight of steps; she scrambled up, and knocked at a door at the top, and Father Phim's cheery voice bade her enter.

It was a bare low light room she came into; there were no curtains to the window, and the afternoon sunshine was pouring in and shining full upon a narrow settle bed that stood against the wall. Father Phim was lying there, stretched out very stiff, as if he were tied to the bed; his head was bound up with linen bandages, his eyes were shut when Helen first looked in, and there was a little frown of pain on his broad forehead; but he soon looked up, and smiled all over his face, when he saw who it was standing in the door-way.

'Come in, come in, Comrade,' he cried, just in his usual way. 'Here's a hand still for you to shake; "you were hung at Ballytub, and I was hung at Ballytubber."' Then, pointing to the bed, on which, to Helen's surprise, were ranged in a row a child's toy-horse, some little yellow apples, a penny trumpet, and a gilt gingerbread elephant, he added, 'Come and see what a fine thing it is to be sick. Look at the illigant presents I have had this morning. Widow Rooney's children have been treated by their uncle to the fair; and what must the darlings do, the minute they get back, but bring their fairings as a present to me because I'm sick. It's little enough of pleasure they ever get, poor things; but indeed, I could not rob them of the blessing of giving. So there my fairings lie, and I would not change them—with the warm love out of the children's hearts hanging round them—for so many heaps of gould. It's rich the children have made me this day.'

Father Phim's blue eyes sparkled with pleasure, and his face seemed one great smile; but Helen could not smile in return, a hot feeling had come into her heart, and smarting painful tears into her eyes, as she looked at the disfigured face of her dear friend, and a sentence rushed to her lips that she felt she must speak out, or it would choke her.

'Father Phim, I hate—I do so hate Mr. O'Rhea. I know he did it on purpose—please don't stop me, I must say it; to see you lying there makes me feel so dreadful. I don't know how to hate Mr. O'Rhea enough.'

The smile faded out of Father Phim's face; but he did not look angry, or even much surprised. 'Aisy, Brother, aisy; are you at that

still?' he said; 'just lift the water-jug from the stool there, and sit down by the bed-side, and we'll consider of it together.'

Helen seated herself as he directed; and Father Phim took her little hand and spread it out on the bed, and laid his own over it; but he did not begin to talk all at once, he shut his eyes, and a little frown of pain settled on his forehead.

'Well, mavourneen,' he asked, after five minutes silence; 'well, what now?'

'I hate him just the same, Father,' said Helen; 'I hate him more and more, for he hates you; and I think he hates me a little too, just because people say I am like you. I believe he made his horse kick you down, and that he felt glad when he saw how much you were hurt. I believe that of him, I hate him so.'

'Well, darling, then that just fits in beautifully with something I am wanting to say to you. Sure, who would we do good to but them that hate us? and it's just yourself I've been counting on all day to do a kind turn for the O'Rheas.'

Helen felt a little disconcerted: she knew Father Phim was right, but his precept did not fall in with her feelings at that moment.

'The O'Rheas don't want us to be kind to them,' she said discontentedly. 'They have got it all their own way, they do what they please. They wanted Terry's potato ground, and now they'll get it. They are as bad as Ahab and Jezebel. It will be like Naboth's vineyard to them. I should like to tell them so.'

'Sure, I did not know you were a holy prophet, like Elijah, and could read what was in people's hearts,' said Father Phim drily.

Helen was silent for a minute, and then asked, in a humbler tone, 'Father, do you know anything about Terry? will he be taken and put in prison, do you think?'

'It's a bad business altogether, dear, and I fear we have not seen the last of it; but you may be easy about Terry himself. I have good hope that he has got clear out of the neighbourhood, among some friends of his on the other side of the bay. He has an uncle settled in America; if he gets down safe to the sea, he'll do well enough; he's the boy to prosper in a new country, once he gets clear of ould ways, and ould heart-burnings.'

'But, O Father! are not you sorry to lose him? He always looked so bright and kind, and he knew everything about the country as no one else did. The sunny creeks by the Lough side, and the path over the bog to where the rarest flowers grow, and the squirrels' nests in the woods, and the kingfishers' haunts by the river. No one will love them like he did, or find them out when he is gone. How can you like him to be banished, Father?'

'Well, dear, it's just breaking my heart, it is, to see them go one after the other, them that I should have known how to keep together—my own children that belong to me, that are being plucked out of my hand. Helen, avourneen, shall I tell you what is doing it?'

'I know well enough,' cried Helen. 'Mr. O'Rhea.'

'Nay, dear, he's not strong enough, nor any man. It is just that same thing you say you have got in your heart now. It is that, that is turning, bit by bit, the fairest land in the world, that should be a Paradise of God, into a desert. Hatred and division, dear. One party set against another, hating and scorning instead of being joined into one Holy Church, one family of helpers. It is that, that is the death of the land.'

Father Phim hardly seemed to be thinking of Helen as he spoke the last sentences; his eyes closed again, and he went on murmuring words that she could not catch. She had sense enough to see that in spite of the effort to appear cheerful he had made when she first came in, he was suffering much and was in no state for conversation; so, after taking out the contents of the basket and giving Mrs. O'Brien's message, she rose to go. Father Phim shewed her where to put the jelly, in a little recess in the wall near the head of the bed, that had been fitted up with a shelf—'handy,' Father Phim explained, for his old servant to put there all he was likely to want for the day, when she had to go out, or was too busy to think of him. He let Helen have the pleasure of washing the plate and cup and spoon that had served for his dinner, and of making his closet tidier than it had been for many a day. She was going to put the bunch of grapes beside the jelly, but Father Phim took it out of her hand, and put it back into the basket.

'It's an elegant compliment for you to take to Miss O'Rhea,' he said; 'for, dear, it's to her you're going after you leave me. It's there I'd be meself this minute if I could walk, and aint you all the same as meself? That poor crippled thing is lying all alone, worrying herself, and not without rason, about her father, for fear he should never come back this night. Not a soul will come near her to speak a word to pass away the time. Judy O'More left the house the day of the fight, and has not been seen since; and none of the women from the village will come near the place, because of what happened to me. It's only for you to speak a friendly word and shew a kind face to her in the day of her sorrow, that I ask; and sure, Brother Phim, you'll not refuse me.'

Of course Helen could not refuse him anything when he called her Brother Phim, and looked at her with that twinkle in his eyes, half comical and half serious. Besides, she was really sorry for Mary O'Rhea; and when just as she was leaving the room Father Phim put his hand on her head, and said softly, 'The blessing of the Holy Saints and Angels be about the child this night,' Helen thought she could have walked a hundred miles to do his bidding.

When she reached the lower room, she was surprised to find how dark it was there. And though it was still light enough out of doors, the shadows had grown very long, and there was nothing to be seen of the sun but his last rays, spreading out like a fan behind the wooded ridge of the hills that skirted the western horizon. Father Phim had not been

wrong to say night, for if she did not take care, night, or at all events twilight, would be upon her before she had finished her business. She did not retrace her steps. When she left Father Phim's cottage she had only to cross a field, and climb a little ridge, to gain the top of the hill that formed one side of Good People's Hollow. From thence her shortest road home was to descend the hill on its further side, cross the hollow, and then ascend the steep path up the opposite side of the ravine that led to O'Rhea Lodge. She determined to ask Miss O'Rhea to let her pass through their back garden, and so proceed over the stone-quarry bridge, and through the shrubbery to the Castle. Most of the women and not a few of the men of Darcy town would have been afraid to cross Good People's Hollow just in the twilight, but Helen was not quite so silly as to dread a meeting with the 'good people.' She was glad to see that the last glow of the yellow fan had faded out of the western sky, and that the moon's full orb, shewing faint and silvery, could be traced in the blue, as she began to climb the O'Rheas' hill. She thought it would not frighten her, but delight her beyond measure, if by chance she were to spy a little wheesy green-coated man or woman sitting on a round stone or on a mushroom half way up the steep. She was almost sorry when she reached Mr. O'Rhea's door, and knocked loud on the smart brass knocker, without any adventure having befallen her. Mary O'Rhea opened the door herself. She gave a kind of frightened cry when she saw Helen standing on the step, and leaned against the door-sill as if she could hardly support herself.

'What is the matter?' she asked in a shrill shaky voice; 'tell me at once. I had rather know at once. Father—'

'Oh no, no,' cried Helen, 'nothing has happened, please, it's only me, Helen Neale; and I've come to ask after you, and bring you a bunch of grapes.'

'To ask after me! sure it's mighty civil you're grown all at once, Miss Neale; but won't you walk in out of the mist?'

Miss O'Rhea gave a little short laugh as she finished speaking, that was almost as disagreeable as her father's sniff. It had not been one of her bad days; she had evidently been bustling about the house, doing the house-work better than all the women in Darcy town put together could have done it, for she had a great browny-white pinbefore fastened about her strange figure, and a comical sort of night-cap that stood up in a peak on her head. As Helen followed her through the porch into the cottage parlour, she could not help thinking how like she was to the pictures of bad fairies in story books, and how well she could imagine herself just now, the heroine of a fairy tale, in the act of being led by her angry left-out godmother to some mysterious place where she would be shut up for a hundred years or so.

In spite of the short laugh, however, Miss O'Rhea evidently was pleased that Helen had called to see her. She made her sit down in the best parlour, and brought out a slice of dry seed-cake and a glass of

cowslip wine, which she forced Helen to drink, to keep the cold out of her throat going home. She even seemed very sorry that she had nobody to send home with her, and she insisted on getting her crutches and limping down the back garden to let her out at the gate herself. As they walked down the garden, she pointed out to Helen a little window at the back of the house, and a bright light burning in it. 'I put it there whenever Father is likely to come home after dark,' she said, 'to guide him across the bridge. He always leaves his horse in the Castle stables, and walks through the pleasure-grounds, and by the short cut over the bridge; and though I had a hand-rail put up, I am never quite easy about his crossing the quarry late after a market or fair dinner at Ballyowen. He's as sober a man as any in Ireland not to be a teetotaller, is Mr. O'Rhea, but it is not to be expected that it should be all the same with him, whether he has taken his drop of whiskey after his dinner at Ballyowen, or whether he is waiting for it till he gets home.'

Helen quite understood that Miss O'Rhea was very anxious indeed, and that she had had a long time in which to brood over her fears, or she never would have told all this to her. It seemed to comfort her when Helen said she thought it would be a bright night, and that she felt almost certain Mr. O'Rhea would come home early, though she knew she could have no reason for thinking so. It was twilight still when Helen left the garden, but the western sky was quite grey, and the silver moonlight shewed on the grass blades of the narrow strip of field Helen had still to climb before she reached the bridge. It was so pretty, she forgot to think about Terry and Judy and their deserted garden.

Suddenly, just after she had heard Mary O'Rhea shut the door of the cottage behind, something whitish and large rose from behind a gorse bush in front of her. It must have been waiting for her—waiting ready to spring. She stopped, and her heart beat quick and loud; she thought of Terry's tales about Leprechauns, headless witches, and other hill monsters sent to lure people into their underground prisons. She would have turned and run down the hill if there had been any spot within reach where she could have felt safe from such enemies, but the mysterious deeps of the hollow were more terrible to her than anything she could meet with on the open ground. The thing had a head—that was some comfort. It began to glide towards her, making wild gestures with its arms. It was only a girl after all, and before it came quite close Helen had recognized Judy O'More, but such a white-faced, wild-eyed, strange looking Judy, that she hardly knew whether she was most frightened or most relieved at the discovery.

The instant she was within reach, Judy seized Helen's hand and began to drag her away from the edge of the quarry in a slanting direction down the hill towards Terry's garden. 'It's this way you're going, Miss Helen, darlin,' she whispered in a hoarse voice; 'this way, not across the bridge. I've been watching for you. Ochone! Ochone!

what would have become of us at all if I had not been on the hill side this weary night?'

Helen had presence of mind not to scream, for it occurred to her that Judy would probably not wish Mary O'Rhea to know she was so near, and that perhaps Terry himself might be waiting to speak to her in his garden. She tried to follow as quickly as she could, but she was not used to scramble along pathless hill sides, and at last Judy fairly tucked her under her arm, and did not put her down on her feet till she had lifted her over the fence, and landed her in Terry's little enclosure.

'O Judy, how you frightened me!' said Helen, as soon as she could speak.

'That'll be nothing, dear, to the fright it gave me whin I saw ye coming down the opposite hill, and comprehended it was crossing the bridge ye were maning. I shake and trimble yet wid the thoughts of it.'

And indeed Judy was shaking and trembling; Helen could see, even by the moonlight, how deadly pale her cheeks were, and how her teeth chattered.

'But why should you be frightened, Judy? and why have you brought me here instead of letting me go home by the bridge?' Helen asked.

The question seemed to rouse Judy. 'Shure, darlin', it's home, safe at home, I want ye to be. Ye must not stay here a minute, nor I either. There's them whose anger I dare not face, who would be bitter angry wid me for watching here this night, and knowing what I know. Spy and informer would be the best names they'd give me, but the thought of you forced me to come.'

'I don't understand,' said Helen.

'An' no need ye should, thin. Shure no harm's done, but just that ye've walked round the stone quarry instead of across it. 'Twas to satisfy a bit of a shuperstition I had meself, dear. Now I'll just take ye across this plank—it's safe though there is no hand-rail to it—and then we'll climb the hill agin by these steps that'll land ye close to the shrubbery wall, beyant the quarry where it's low enough to climb; and when I see ye safe in the wood I'll be satisfied.'

If Helen had wanted to ask any more questions, Judy did not give her time; she hurried her through the garden and up another side of the hill with such breathless speed as left Helen no inclination for talking. 'Now, mavourneen, I must go and hurry away,' she said, when she had helped Helen over the low wall into the pine plantation; 'run right home, and think no more of my taking the fancy to drag ye through the old potato-garden onct more—or stay, ye are cute, Miss Helen dear, and faithful; I'll lave a word wid ye for yer own heart, Aclusha, and for Father Phim. If ye hear anything to-morrow to trouble ye, be aisy; and mind what I tell ye, that neither Terry nor any of the Darcy boys were in it at all. And now I'm gone.'

Judy's head disappeared on the other side of the wall before Helen

had sufficiently recovered her surprise to ask for an explanation of her last sentence. The race round the gravel-pit had after all taken but a few minutes. Helen could still find her way easily enough along the well-known path, though it was much darker in the wood than on the hill. She began to walk homewards, not quickly, but slowly, as if something were dragging back her steps. At first she hardly knew what it was, and then all at once she stood still. A thrill seemed to pass through her as if a flash of light had come into her mind, making a terrible thought, which she had not known to be there before, suddenly clear and certain. There was something wrong about the bridge, that was why Judy had dragged her away from it. Judy had saved her, but who would save Mr. O'Rhea? Helen did not pause to think what was best to be done. The impulse was on her to go to the place of peril, and watch, and drag away from it anyone who came near, as Judy had dragged her. There were several paths through the wood. Mr. O'Rhea was probably coming along one of them now; there was no time to be lost. She turned, and ran back to the door in the wall; the key—her key—was in the lock; she turned it, and came out on to the open hill side again; the twilight had deepened, but the moon and the stars that studded the sky, afforded a pale shimmering light. There lay the sloping strip of field before her, and the bridge looking so safe and solid, that for a minute Helen thought her alarm was all nonsense, and that she had better turn round and run quickly home. No; why had Judy trembled so? why had her face been so white? Excitement made Helen for the moment very brave; she felt that she must know the truth, and determined to look closer; she crossed the green, and stood at the head of the bridge. Then she put her hand on the rail and gave it a little push. It moved, as the bridge rail had never moved before—it seemed to be swaying backwards and forwards. She pushed again a little more strongly, she gave quite a hard push. The whole thing reeled; she could hardly believe her eyesight—was it the uncertain light that bewildered her? No, there was a loud horrible sounding crash, and splash far below in the bottom of the pit; for a moment she could do nothing but listen to that. When the din had died in her ears, and the mist left her eyes, so that she could look steadily again, she perceived that the bridge rail was gone; it had fallen backwards into the chasm, and carried a portion of the middle of the bridge with it. The remaining parts of the severed plank were trembling and swaying ready to follow. Some treacherous hand had sawn the plank asunder, and left it and the broken rail slightly linked together, so as to form a carefully prepared pitfall, which must precipitate the first person who attempted to cross the chasm to certain death in the water below.

Helen stood for some time staring after the rail and the plank, as if she thought they were alive, and would cry out for help from the depth beneath; then she sank down on the grass by the edge of the quarry, sick and trembling with fright, and feeling as if she never could have strength

to drag herself up again. After a little while, through the tumult of her mind, two sentences came to her that seemed to stand out in letters of light, and calm and control the surging horror within her. First came the remembrance of Father Phim's farewell, 'The blessing of the holy Saints and Angels be about the child to-night.' It was very nearly night now; it seemed quite a long time since Father Phim had said that. She had been in great danger herself, and now she had to stand between someone else and danger. She could not do it alone, but she knew she was not alone. She lifted up her head; it was all still calm moonlight. Oh, if God would only open her eyes as He had opened the eyes of Elisha's servant at Dothan, and let her see her helpers! She was not even a prophet's servant to have such grace done her, but she was a Christian child. What did it matter not seeing or knowing exactly how she was to be helped; did she not know she was cared for, and that help sufficient to her utmost need was close at hand?

The second sentence that came to calm her was Judy's assurance—'Be aisy, and mind what I tell ye; neither Terry nor any of the Darcy boys are in it.' It was indeed a relief to be sure that the man who had done this cruel treacherous deed, was not one of the people who had smiled pleasant smiles and spoken flattering words to her since she came here. Judy was very much to blame, but then she had said she was afraid. At that moment Helen felt so near being afraid herself, and knew so well what a cruel thing cowardice is, that she was less surprised at Judy's conduct than she would have been a little time before. It was only by clinging to a strength not her own that she could keep back the cold fear at her heart that might have made her cruel too.

By the time these thoughts had passed through her mind, she had recovered herself enough to get up from the grass and set herself to consider quietly what was really best to be done. Across the chasm she could see the little light that Miss O'Rhea had put to guide her father, shining clearly. It must be already past his usual hour for returning home. There would not be time for her to run to the house and try to speak to him in the stable-yard as he was dismounting from his horse; he was most likely on his way from the Castle to his own home now, and she might take a different path and miss him. Besides, even supposing there had been time for her to meet him at the Castle, she was not quite sure whether in the absence of old Mickey and Mrs. O'Brien, there was anyone among the servants she could quite trust to help her in her purpose of saving Mr. O'Rhea. She was sorry to think it, but she believed that just at that moment there was no one willing to stand between that stern hard old man and danger, but just her weak frightened self, and that the best way to do it would be to stay near the place of peril, with her eyes fixed upon it, ready to warn him away. There was a round white stone—one of the stones that Judy believed the 'good people' sat upon—close to the shrubbery door. Helen established herself on it with her face towards the door, so that it would be impossible for anyone

to pass through without her being aware of it. Would Mr. O'Rhea take her for a Leprechaun, she wondered, when he first caught sight of her? For the first minute or two she was quite absorbed in watching for steps approaching from the wood. Now he was coming, now she heard his footfalls—but no; many noises came, for woods however solitary are not silent places, but not the sounds she was listening for. The minutes slipped away. Dark clouds began to rise from the eastern horizon, and float in thick masses up the sky, hiding the moon, and parting again to give Helen a glimpse of its silver shield. When the moon and stars were hidden, the distant landscape and even the near view of the green strip of hill side and the broken bridge, faded from Helen's eyes into an indistinguishable dusky sea, that seemed to swallow her up. She thought of one night, now more than a year ago, when she had sat alone in Hilary's garret at home, and seen the light fade out of the little familiar room, and the darkness come in. That had been only a little strip of darkness; she wondered how she could have felt frightened then. This was the great night itself she saw, walking with solemn steps out of the distant dark woods, over the wide fields and misty lake, to wrap her in his arms. It was more awful, but then it was beautiful too—so beautiful, that Helen almost forgot to be afraid. Thicker and thicker the clusters of stars came in the clear spaces of the sky between the cloud-rifts; here a little eye of light, there a little eye of light, all looking down kindly on her, and sending out helpful rays to make the outline of the hill clear. The sky was most free from clouds just above Terry's garden, and there hung the golden wheels and horses of Charles's Wain, a friendly sign-post, pointing her way. She liked to see it, because Hilary had pointed out Charles's Wain so often from the nursery window at home. Oh, if Hilary could only come to the other side of the door now, and sing to her as he had done that other night when she had had to be brave about being alone. The wish grew so very strong in poor Helen's mind, that she had to squeeze her hand very tight over her eyes to keep herself from crying. It would never do to cry, and perhaps not be able to speak clearly and see clearly when Mr. O'Rhea came. The thought of Hilary ought to make her brave, for would not he like her to be brave? She remembered how anxious she had been to think she had saved Hilary's life by not letting him come into the garret that day; and how Miss Thornton had said that perhaps the little trial of staying alone in the dark had been sent to prepare her for some more important work that might be given her to do. It seemed to have come now really and truly—the thing Helen had wished for so very much, the great honour of being permitted to help to save a person's life.

Not a person she loved, or who loved her, someone who even disliked her a little. 'Who would we do good to but them that hate us?' Father Phim had said. Helen quite understood that now. Yes, it was best, it was being allowed to do it for Jesus Christ Himself. Wonder and thankfulness and joy rose so high in Helen's heart, that they left no room

any longer for any touch of fear. She began to sing, 'Glory to Thee, my God, this night.' Her voice was not nearly so strong or so sweet as Hilary's; and it was just then even rather more husky than usual, but the words sounded sweet to her through the darkness, and before she got to the end of the second verse, a night-thrush on a tree near began to trill out an accompaniment to the hymn. She could not certainly have had such a fellow-songster as that in the old garret at home. The thrush stopped suddenly in the middle of a trill. Helen held her breath too. Yes, it was no mistake now, there were steps approaching the door. Uneven stumbling steps, not like Mr. O'Rhea's usual even tread. Someone fumbled at the latch of the door, twisting and turning the key as if he did not quite know how to open it. Helen jumped up from the stone, and stood ready. At last the door was pushed open, and Mr. O'Rhea came out.

Helen never could remember afterwards exactly what she said and did at that moment. It was certainly Mr. O'Rhea, but it was not quite the Mr. O'Rhea she was used to see. She discovered that, even by the moonlight. His head hung down in a strange way; and his hand, which she seized and held fast in hers, felt hot and powerless. He listened while she spoke, without seeming quite to understand what she said, and he did not appear to be as much surprised at her being there and coming up to him as she had expected. Luckily, however, though he was too sleepy or stupid to comprehend her explanation about the bridge being unsafe to cross, he was more willing to let her lead him home than she had dared to hope he would be. He said he must get home to his poor lass, and Miss Helen might take him round by the steep side of the hill if she pleased, for he could walk quite as steadily now as when he set off in the morning. He would like his poor lass to see how steadily he could walk. Helen thought it rather fortunate that there were no windows in the cottage looking on to the steep side of the hill, for whether it was the suddenness of the slope in that direction, or her own nervous haste in dragging him along, certainly Mr. O'Rhea did not walk steadily. It was more of a roll and stumble than a walk down the hill-side. But when he fell he always managed to pick himself up again without seeming at all hurt; and Helen kept her hold on his hand and directed his steps.

The fence of Terry's garden was broken in so many places, that Helen had no difficulty in making her way through it, and coming out at last on to the smooth path at the bottom of the valley, which wound up again to the front entrance of O'Rhea Lodge. She wondered Mr. O'Rhea did not ask her some questions, now they were able to walk quietly side by side along a safe path; but it was a relief to find that he was too much occupied in muttering and smiling to himself, to notice who was leading him. It was Helen who opened the little gate of the front garden at last, and lifted the smart brass knocker of the door. Miss O'Rhea again came to the door; and before she had time to speak a word, or utter an exclamation of surprise, Helen had drawn Mr.

O'Rhea within the house, and put the hand of his she was holding into his daughter's.

She did not speak even then. She could not think of a word to say; but there was light enough in the hall for her to see Mary O'Rhea's face, and for a minute Mary and she stood in silence looking at one another. Helen could not have told anyone what it was she saw in Mary's eyes during that minute, but it was something that made her determine never again to believe that Mary O'Rhea had a black heart. A black heart could not have looked so, out of any eyes. Helen turned to go away, when she saw that Miss O'Rhea was leading her father up-stairs; but before she reached the gate of the front garden she heard limping steps behind her, and saw that Miss O'Rhea was running after her, with a great shawl in one hand, and a lighted horn lantern in the other. Even then Mary did not speak; she knelt down on the gravel walk, and wrapt the shawl well over Helen's chest, and knotted it behind; then she got up, and put the lantern into her hand, her face came quite close to Helen's as she did this—it was not a kiss, it would have been too absurd to think of Miss O'Rhea giving anyone a kiss, but certainly her cheek touched Helen's, and Helen found it was all wet with tears, the tears she had been shedding during her anxious lonely watch for her father's return that night. It did not take Helen long to make her way, for the third time, across Terry's potato ground, up the steep side of the hill, and round the stone-quarry, for just as she left the Lodge gate the clouds parted again, and the moon shone so brightly, that Miss O'Rhea's lantern was of no use till she got into the wood; there it saved her from taking a wrong path, or knocking her head against the branches of the trees.

After all, the time had not been so very long. It seemed to her as if she had been watching on the hill half the night; but in reality, the great clock in the stable yard at the Castle was only striking ten, as she slipped into the house by the kitchen entrance, so muffled up in Miss O'Rhea's plaid shawl, that none of the servants observed who she was, as she passed through the kitchen and up the back stairs. Mrs. O'Brien had just, the moment before, driven up to the front door, after having spent a merry evening with her friends. As Helen ran across the passage to her bed-room, she heard Mrs. O'Brien's voice in conversation with the parlour-maid in the entrance hall. 'I suppose, Molly,' Mrs. O'Brien was saying, 'that you gave Miss Helen the cake and preserve, with her tea, that I put out for her; and that you sent her to bed at her usual hour?' Molly's answer seemed to come out rather hesitatingly, and sounded very surprising to Helen. 'Sure, and I did lay her out an illigant tay, all to herself, in the little drawing-room; and where would she be but in bed at this time of night?' Molly had evidently been out pleasure seeking, like her betters, and had forgotten all about her charge. Helen perceived that if she could only get quickly into bed, before Mrs. O'Brien had taken off her wraps and come to look after her, she might

avoid the necessity of answering any bewildering questions that night. She hid Miss O'Rhea's shawl and lantern in a corner of the room, undressed hurriedly, and was just laying her head on the pillow when Mrs. O'Brien looked in. The kind woman, seeing that she was wide awake, came up to the bed-side to tuck her in, and give her her nightly kiss. 'I shall not tell you anything to-night, about the fine fairing I have brought for you,' she said, 'for you ought to have been asleep long ago; and, my dear, how was it you ate so little supper? I looked into the drawing-room just now, and you have not even cut the cake I made for you; and it is your own kind of cake, Helen, the kind you like best; how was it, dear?'

Helen was glad that she could give a true answer, without saying more than she wished to say at present.

'I forgot all about supper,' she said; 'but, dear Mrs. O'Brien, if you would bring me the cake now, I am very hungry.'

Only at Castle Darcy would such a thing have been allowed, that a little girl, who had been lately ill, should sit up to eat rich cake in bed, at ten o'clock at night; but people did things at Castle Darcy without taking any harm, that could not be done with impunity in other parts of the world. Helen sat on the edge of her bed, wrapped in Mrs. O'Brien's cloak, and ate cake and drank wine, and heard a good deal of news about the fair, where everyone enjoyed themselves with great good humour; and then she lay down again, and was tucked in, and kissed, and pitied for her lonely day, by Mrs. O'Brien.

She was so thoroughly wearied out, that she fell asleep quickly; but the strange events of the day were mixed up painfully in her dreams. All night long she seemed to be walking along the dizzy edge of a dark chasm, hearing noises of falling far down; and being prevented from clutching at hands stretched out to save her, by feeling Mary O'Rhea's tear-wet face pressed so closely against hers, as almost to suffocate her. The horrors of the night were far more painful than anything she had suffered during the evening; but very great joy—joy of a kind worth having—seldom comes without previous labour and pain; and in the morning a joy came to Helen that made up for all. She woke out of a night-mare struggle just as the morning was beginning to dawn, and crept out of bed, to get rid of all her uncomfortable visions, by looking out of the window. The window of her sleeping-room, which was in a turret of the Castle, looked to the east, and commanded a wide view over the tops of the shrubbery trees across the Hollow to the Lough, out of whose waters the sun was just rising. Helen saw the first golden streak dart up the sky, and watched how the grey mist of twilight was lifted from the joyful fields, how the trees shook themselves as if they were waking up out of sleep, into fresh happy life, and heard the birds in the shrubbery tune their little pipes, and then burst out into a chorus of joyful welcome to the sun.

A thought came into her mind as she looked and listened, which

seemed like the rising of a sun of joy which would make her heart sing for ever. The sun might rise and shine, the fields might smile, the birds did right to sing—no cruel deed had been done in their neighbourhood last night, that would have made the light and song a weariness to sorrowful eyes, a reproach to guilty ears. She had been allowed to prevent it; the glory and joy of the day seemed like a present given from God's Hands to her. She knelt down at the window to thank Him. She had often thought it must have been beautiful for Daniel to say his prayers at a window, and this Castle Darcy window seemed just the sort of place suitable to kneel and pray in.

She crept back to bed when her prayer was ended, and slept comfortably, without any more dreams, till Molly came to call her. At breakfast, of course, everyone was talking about the wonderful escape Mr. O'Rhea had had the night before, and saying what a miracle it was that he should have chosen that particular night to go home by the longest route, and thus avoided the bridge over the chasm, which, as was plainly seen by the light of morning, had been left in such a condition, that anyone attempting to cross it must have been precipitated into the pit beneath, and been killed. There were different opinions expressed as to how Mr. O'Rhea had avoided the danger: had he walked home through the village? or if not, what had induced him to scramble down the steep side of the hill? He had certainly not received any warning of danger—or at least, he could not recollect having had his suspicion roused in any way. Uncle Gerard, who had seen Mr. O'Rhea early in the morning, said, laughingly, that he seemed to be a little confused about the events of the previous evening, and could not give a clear account of himself after he had left Ballyowen. The only thing quite evident was, that he had had a miraculous escape of breaking his neck; and that the important question was, to find out, and punish, the villains who had planned such a horrible revenge for the grudges they fancied against him.

Helen kept silence while the conversation went on. She had made up her mind not to say anything unless she was asked, for fear of throwing suspicion on Judy; and though, as the day went on, all the household talked of the miracle of Mr. O'Rhea's escape, it never occurred to anyone, that the fact of little Helen Neale having forgotten to eat her supper last night, could have had anything to do with it.

Helen held to her resolution of keeping her own counsel, as long as she remained at Castle D'Arcy; but, though she never exchanged a word about the events of that memorable night with anyone, she knew that there were two people in the neighbourhood who understood the true history of Mr. O'Rhea's adventure, as well as she herself did.

Father Phim was one. He never once spoke on the subject to Helen, perhaps he had gained his information from a source that bound him not to reveal it; but Helen was nearly sure he was perfectly well aware of the part she had acted in saving Mr. O'Rhea from the peril that

threatened him. She knew that he knew, by the tone of his voice, and the look on his face, when he put his hands on her head and blessed her, the first time she saw him after the Ballyowen fair night; and also by a peculiar expression that would come on his face often afterwards, when, in the midst of a conversation on quite other matters, he would pause suddenly, to chuck her under the chin, and say, in a half jocular half affectionate tone, 'So, Brother Phim, you hate Mr. O'Rhea?'

Miss O'Rhea was the second person who understood the true state of the case, but she preserved an equally strict silence. For a little while, Helen expected every time they were alone together that she would begin to speak openly about what they both knew; but she never did. The only change it made in her was, that, after that night, she took a fancy to limp up the road, once or twice a week, to Castle Darcy, and that, when she was there, she always insisted on seeing Helen. Sometimes, she would sit in the old school-room, for an hour or two at a time, watching her while she wrote copies, and practised scales on the old piano. She rarely entered into any conversation, but when she did talk it was always about her father she spoke. 'Father's a very sober man not to be a teetotaller,' she would often take occasion to say, 'though I don't deny that it's against my will that he dines on market days before he leaves Ballyowen.'

She always fixed her eyes on Helen as she said this; and the look Helen had seen on that night, the look out of a sore heart, would come again into her eyes. Helen understood that it was an appeal to her not to say a word that would lower her father, in her own eyes or in those of others.

When Helen left Castle Darcy, almost everyone about the place gave her a present. Mary O'Rhea's was a large orange and black shawl, that she had knitted herself.

Helen's brothers and sisters abused it when she got home, as the very ugliest thing they had ever seen in their lives; but she valued it more than any other of her possessions—except, perhaps, a letter that reached her two or three months after her return to England. The letter was from Judy O'More, and told how she and Terry, and two Ballyowen boys, who had been accused of taking an active part in the riot on the day the police-serjeant was killed, had, thanks to Father Phim, had their passage paid out to America in an emigrant ship; how they had arrived safely in their new country, and got into good work quickly, and were doing well. At the end of the letter was a postscript, that puzzled everyone but Helen. It ran thus:—

P. S.—I'll tell you the truth, Miss Helen darlin, and no lie—as why would we to you, the vein of our hearts as ye are? It was him, Murdoch Clancy—my own bachelor, the boy that is going to marry me to-morrow—that did the thing you know of on Good People's Hill, that May night we'll never forget, you and I. Don't go to think that it is any but the best heart in the world that is in him. 'Twas the bitter black anger for the wrong done Terry and me, that

drove him mad that night. Father Phim—may it be granted to us all to see him in glory!—scoulded him into his right sinses before we sailed, and it's on our bended knees this day we thank you—he and I—for how it turned out, so that no blood-guilt will follow us, to keep us back from thriving in this new blessed country, that, they tell us, God made on purpose for the poor.'

(*Concluded.*)

THE BOOK OF THE PASSION PLAY.

(SECOND DIVISION.)

SCENE, VIII.

JESUS BEFORE ANNAS.

THE Chorus enter, and glancing at the stage where the Mount of Olives is represented, announce that the Passion has begun.

Begun is now the bitter conflict;
  Begun in sad Gethsemane;
Ah sinner, who this scene beholdest,
  Keep it in heart and memory!
For thee the grief and conflict sore,
That on the Olive Mount He bore;
For thee exceeding sorrowful
  He knelt on that cold sod;
For thee on all His sacred limbs
  The sweat like drops of blood.

THE TYPE.

Micaiah, the prophet, is smitten on the cheek, because he speaks the truth before Ahab. (1 Kings, xxii. 24.) So is Christ smitten on the face in His trial before the High-priest.

The faithful one they smite,
Who prophesies aright;
'O King, thou shalt be overthrown,'
So speaks Micaiah true alone,
'If 'gainst Ramoth thou dost fight.

Give, O King, no heed to those
Who cannot save thee from thy foes;
  Baal's prophets are they all;'
But the word of that true seer
  Offendeth Ahab's haughty mood,
And the lying Zedekiah
  Smiteth him in scornful blood.

Liars and flatterers may gather
  Laurels to enwreathe their brow;
Truth will ne'er by flattery prosper,
  Rather would she suffering bow.

Annas would of Jesus know,
Prayeth Him a sign to shew
Of His doctrine and His word.
Jesus maketh answer meet,
'I taught in every public street;
Lo! they will tell you who have heard.'

But the truth by Jesus spoken
To Annas' pride brings sore disgrace,
And holy Innocence is smitten,
Jesus smitten on the Face.

Liars and flatterers, &c.

II.—THE SCENE.

Annas stands on the balcony of his house, waiting for Jesus to be brought bound to him. A noise of running, shouting and mocking, is heard on the right. Judas rushes in to demand his reward from Annas; it is given with the words: 'Thy name shall stand in our books for ever.' It is indeed written among the traitors, but as a curse to all generations.

Jesus is brought into the balcony, and stands before Annas, the Accused before the judge, or rather the judge before the Accused. Below stand the excited people, raging, and loudly accusing Him; even the healing of the ear of Malchus is made a reproach.

Jesus returns no answer to the questions of Annas, or to the accusations made against Him; and His sacred silence is quite incomprehensible to the aged priest. 'Why answerest Thou nothing?' he demands in hasty confusion. With a calmness, which only the consciousness of innocence can impart, Jesus replies, 'I ever taught in the Temple, and in the Synagogue, and in secret have I said nothing; why askest thou Me? ask them who heard Me.' And one of the servants strikes Him on the face, with the words, 'Answerest thou the High-priest so?' Jesus turns with earnestness and dignity to the man, and says, 'If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; but if well, why smitest thou Me?'

This scene excites in all beholders indignation at the insults heaped on Christ; but their wrath is softened by the countenance of Christ, which expresses sadness and pity as He looks down on the misled enraged multitude below. The wisdom of Annas is confounded, and he can now only send Christ with a guard of soldiers to Caiaphas.

SCENE, IX.

I.—TYPE.

The guiltless Naboth is sentenced to death under false accusations, (1 Kings, xxi. 8.) even as the Jews bore false witness against Jesus to put Him to death. Naboth is kneeling, with the people standing round, in act to stone him.

Ah, how sorely bleeds my heart!
Jesus suffering shame and smart
Must sinners' wrath and malice bear,
Betrayed, reviled, wounded with scourge and spear.
First before Annas led in scorn,
To Caiaphas then with insult borne.
Can ye refrain from tears your eyes,
When ye behold their blasphemies?

Naboth is guilty—he shall surely die;
'Gainst God, and thee, O King, he speaketh blasphemy,
Accurst is he from Israel.
So wag their tongues in mockery,
Bound by the wicked Jezebel,
Against the innocent to cry.

Naboth alas to death they lead,
Who yet no crime hath done;
Ahab by that unlawful deed,
The longed-for vineyard won.

A faithful picture of the world;
So fares it oft to-day,
The weak and trembling lamb becomes
To the strong wolf a prey.

Ye mighty rulers, by God's will
High-throned His purpose to fulfil,
In all your acts of sovereignty,
Be mindful of the Judge on high.

To Him are all of equal state,
The poor, the rich, the mean, the great;
To Him is every sentence known,
Vengeance belongs to Him alone.

A second type represents Job, a pitiable object of human misery, declared by his friends a sinner, and mocked by his wife. The Chorus declare the relation of this picture to the Ecce Homo in the following hymn:—

Behold this man, so worn and thin;
Of sorrow tells his scant gray hair,
Cleaves to the bone his withered skin,
His cheek is hollow, pale with care.

Behold him wasted, waxen old,
His flesh with sores is loathsome made,
So thin, his bones may all be told,
Powerless his limbs, his strength decayed.

Behold once happy Job in grief,
Who can behold with tearless eye?
His wife, his friends, bring no relief,
But laugh to scorn his misery.

Behold the Man!
Defaced and spoiled His human form,
Marred more than any man is He,
Robbed of all grace and majesty.

Behold the Man!
And let your eyes with sorrow burn,
Ah, Jesus!—outcast and forlorn,
How art Thou mocked, and put to scorn!

Behold the Man!
Ye tender hearts behold Him weeping,
Ah, Jesus! Son of God most high,
In this Thy bitter agony,
An endless night of sorrow keeping!
Behold the Man!

THE SCENE.

Christ being brought before Caiaphas and the High Council, they begin to torment Him with questions. Witness after witness is brought forward, who make reproaches and accusations, which are never proved; and the conclusion always is, 'He hath spoken blasphemy; He is guilty of death.'

He is then led away into the judgement-hall, where some maids are kindling a fire. John and Peter come in to obtain some information about the fate of their Master. And here it is that Peter is betrayed into the sin of thrice denying his Lord and Master. His fall is terrible; his repentance is as deep and moving.

The men of war set at naught and mock the holy Jesus, blind-folding Him; and then smiting Him, ask Him in mockery, 'Who smote Thee?' Christ conquers all His sufferings by His meekness and patience, which are inexhaustible. The violence of the soldiers is like a black shadow beside the sunshine which seems to stream around the Person of Christ.

Judas, the author of these horrors, comes, driven by his evil conscience, into the house of Caiaphas, to see what will be the end. 'Cursed is the step which I have taken;' with these words the following scene is introduced.

SCENE, X.

THE DESPAIR OF JUDAS.

I.—TYPE.

THE murderer Cain, a fugitive and wanderer, driven on by pangs of conscience, is here represented, alone in the wilderness—alone with the torment of his own heart, a type of the traitor Judas.

'Woe, woe to him who shall betray
My Blood to shame and scorn;
'Twere better for that man,' saith God,
'If he had ne'er been born.'
And this, the Lord's own Word of woe,
Pursues him to his overthrow.

Full to the brim is now the cup of wrath;
Loud cries the guiltless blood betrayed to Heav'n;
Urged by avenging furies on his path,
And by his torment to destruction driv'n,
In fear of men he hurries on,
Seeking rest, and finding none,
Until at last, unblest and unforgiv'n,
Impatient of his heavy load of grief,
He casts it down, to find in death relief.

So fled of old the murderer Cain:
But whither wilt thou go? In vain
Thou turn'st from thine own heart away;
Thou canst not 'scape the wrath of God,
Nor stay th' avenging angel's rod,
Who follows thee by night and day.
The curse of blood is on thee laid,
A mark upon thy brow is made;
And if God spare the sinner now,
Think not His wrath is past;
For heavier sure shall be the blow
That strikes him down at last.

THE SCENE.

Jesus is again scourged, and brought before the High Council. Judas, restless and impatient, comes in, to obtain, if possible, the withdrawal of the sentence against the Innocent; but he is driven out with scorn and contempt. He has done the deed, and now he is dismissed. Twice repulsed, once by Jesus and His disciples, whom he never approached with confidence, and now by the partners of his crime, Judas is left alone with his money and his guilt; and as the sight of the Blood which he has shed terrifies him, so does the reward of that Blood brand his soul. He can bear it no longer; he throws the money at their feet, crying, 'Without Jesus—without money—without hope!' and rushes out. 'And it was night.'

The curtain is now lifted, and discloses, as Sebastian Brunner describes it, an open country in the foreground, and a hill on which is a tree, bearing above a crown of leaves, and spreading its barren branches below. Judas rushes towards it; he holds a long monologue, which is followed closely by the attentive audience. He is a true picture of despair. The poet here evidently seeks to picture the words of the Evangelist: (St. John, xiii. 27.) 'Satan entered into him.' The constant refrain of his raving despair is, 'The burden of my conscience is too heavy for me to bear; my sin has shut me out from His disciples; I am without hope, without pardon, without mercy.'

The looks of madness which he from time to time casts on the tree, can leave no doubt with what purpose he has chosen it. By narrowing circles he ascends the hill, and with a mad leap reaches the trunk. Thick branches spreading out arrest his progress. With the strength of despair he breaks them down, and what follows is heard as well as

seen. Crash, crash, crash! His girdle is tightened into a noose; he throws it on to one of the upper branches—an expression of the deepest despair on his face. At this moment the curtain falls, while the despairing cry of Judas, and the breaking of the boughs, pierce the ears of the spectators.

SCENE, XI.

JESUS BEFORE PILATE.

I.—TYPE.

DANIEL has boldly prayed to the true God, in spite of the king's command; and at the entreaty of the governor of the kingdom, is cast into the den of lions. (Daniel, vi. 4.)

Daniel, condemned in his innocence, is declared by the Chorus to be a type of Christ.

'He speaketh blasphemy!
Of witnesses what further need!
Ha! He must die;
'Tis by our laws decreed.'
So cry the Jews in rage and hate.
Then they arise, and Jesus bring
In scorn to Pilate's judgement-seat,
And there th' accusing words repeat,
Sentence of death from him to wring.
See how 'gainst Daniel of yore,
His enemies false witness bore:
'Judge, O great King, this Daniel;
He doth our honoured gods disdain;
He hath destroyed the mighty Bel,
The Dragon and his priests hath slain.
Indignant at the shameful blow,
All Babylon appears in woe:
Thy people from their wrongs release,
The wrath of our great gods appease;
Their enemy and ours give o'er,
So mayst thou peace and right restore.'

So haste to-day these men of blood
To witness 'gainst the Son of God.
With rage and brutish enmity,
To Pilate now insulting borne,
Loaded with shame and cruel scorn;
And for His death they madly cry.

Oh, Envy! born of hell's own brood,
To feed thy hate, thy thirst of blood,
What wilt thou not essay!
Naught will thy rage and malice spare,
Naught is so holy, naught so fair,
But it must be thy prey.

Ah! woe to them, and bitter curse,
Who in their breast this serpent nurse,
His chains around them binding;

O brethren, guard your souls with care,
Let not base Envy enter there,
Place in your bosom finding.

THE SCENE.

Christ appears once more before the High Council. Caiaphas solemnly asks Him, 'Art Thou the Christ? tell us;' and yet more solemn is the answer, 'Thou sayest it; I am.' The High-priest rends his clothes, and says, 'He hath spoken blasphemy; what further need have we of witnesses?' And all cry, 'He is guilty of death; away with Him to Pilate.'

The Governor receives the passionate and excited people with the coldness of an ancient Roman judge, for he sees at once the innocence of Him Whom they so madly accuse, and the fury of the accusers. He takes Jesus aside, and questions Him privately, and is thereby quite convinced of His innocence. But the accusers urge him on. When Pilate hears that Christ is a Galilean, he uses a diplomatic stratagem, and sends Him to Herod, who is Prince of Galilee. In discontent and rage they lead Him back to Herod.

SCENE, XII.

CHRIST BEFORE HEROD.

I.—TYPE.

HANUN, king of the Ammonites, disgraces the servants of David, who stand before him with shaven beards, and their clothes cut off above the knees. So does Herod mock the Son of God. (1 Chron. xix. 4.)

Chief Priests and Pharisees confounded stand,
For Pilate saith, 'I find no fault in Him;
Ye out of envy Jesus' death demand,
I will chastise Him, and deliver Him.'

But what new scene of woe is here!
How doth my heart for Jesus bleed!
Shuddering, I see the shameless deed,
And backward start in sudden fear.

Behold, as David's servants stand,
By Hanun put to sore disgrace,
And sent back to their master's face,
With beards cut off, and garments shorn:

So Jesus, Just and Holy One,
We see, oh, sad and bitter thought!
By Herod's soldiers set at naught,
And mocked, and scourged, and spitted on.

THE SCENE.

Herod is here, crowned, a voluptuous man, whose life has been spent in carnal pleasures. He rejoices to see Christ, because he expects to derive pleasure from the sight of Him. He puts many questions to Him; Jesus is silent! He asks of Him a sign; Jesus is silent! Herod is put to shame before his courtiers, and humbled to the dust in the Presence of the Godhead standing before him. He endeavours to save his royal dignity from reproach, by causing Jesus to be invested in mockery with the purple robe and the reed, for the diversion of his courtiers. But neither can Herod find anything worthy of death in Him; and he sends Him, without pronouncing further sentence, back to Pilate. The blood-thirsty Jews are extremely angry at this, for they had received a command from the Council that He should die, and that, if possible, before the Feast. With the cry, 'Let Him die, let Him die!' the procession moves back to the judgement-hall of Pilate.

(To be continued.)

HINTS ON READING.

We have so much to notice, that we can give the briefest word to each. Foremost, let us speak of the Bishop of Lincoln's two *Sermons on the Maccabees*, full of awful thought for those who watch the signs of the times.

All, however feeble, that tends to guard the faith, is welcome; and thus we hail with satisfaction the number of sound elementary books that are put out. Among them we would especially mention Miss Sydney's *Catechism on the Book of Common Prayer*, (Partridge,) as likely to be very useful.

Vital Truths from the Prophet Jonah (Partridge) is a set of lessons to a Bible-class, which would be good but for the dangerous prominence given to the doctrine of the inefficiency of good works. How is it possible, in the face of the description of the last Judgement—given, be it remembered, by the Great Judge Himself—to teach young people such a frightful verse as—

> 'Doing is a deadly thing,
> Doing ends in death.'

The Children's Guild (Hayes) is a pretty story, and may have some useful hints in it for mutual aid between rich and poor children.

There is delightful descriptive reading in Mr. Kingsley's *At Last*, (Macmillan,) namely, his visit to Trinidad, with all its wonders of trees and birds and insects, so lovingly and powerfully depicted.

We are sorry that Lady Barker's four novellettes, entitled *Spring Comedies*, (Macmillan,) should not be more worthy of her established fame as an authoress. They seem to us mere love stories, of an undesirable and exciting kind.

Madame Romanoff's *Sketches from Russian History* are translations, true and entertaining.

Le Récit d'une Petite Fille, (Nisbet,) we greatly recommend for its pure and graceful French; though as she merely came to England, it has not the sad and grievous interest of *Lucie's Diary*, kept through the siege of Strasbourg.

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Declined with thanks.—*P. C. H.; L. S. R.; K. G.*

Will not *A.* send her address? We have letters waiting for her that cannot be sent.

We must inform two or three Correspondents that we cannot act as advertisements for articles for sale, or for appeals for subscriptions to entirely local or individual matters.

A. M. A.—The hymn, '*Father, I know that all my life,*' is by Miss S. M. Waring, and is published in a volume of her poems.

E. W. begs for information on the management of a show of home-grown window-plants; whether it is necessary to have their pots registered; and if there is any book on the subject.

K. C. F.—'*Days and moments, quickly flying,*' are not composed by the Rev. J. B. Dykes of Durham; but by Edward Caswall, under the title of *Swiftness of Time*, and will be found amongst his '*Hymns and Meditative Pieces,*' page 220 in *The Masque of Mary.*—E. A.

E. E. begs the Editor of *The Monthly Packet* to recommend for young readers some brief but interesting biographies of Bishops Andrewes, Laud, Ken, and other notable divines of the English Church.

Agnes would be glad if the Editor or any of the Correspondents of *The Monthly Packet* could kindly tell her of a short and easy tract on Holy Communion, for very ignorant girls who have been confirmed; and pointing out their obligations concerning It.

Hyacinth and *Anemone* will feel much obliged if any Correspondent of *The Monthly Packet* will inform them who is the author of the following lines:—

'I know not, I care not,
If guilt's in that heart;
I know that I love thee,
Whatever thou art.'

M. R. will find the lines—

'That bright and fierce and fickle is the south,
But dark and true and tender is the north,'

in Tennyson's *Medley of the Princess*.—E. E. A.

In the April number of *The Monthly Packet* there was mention made of some lines beginning, '*The baby wept.*' They were quoted from memory, and were incorrect. The following is a correct copy:—

'The baby wept;
The mother took it from its nurse's arms,
And sooth'd its grief, and still'd its vain alarms,
And baby slept.

Again it weeps;
And God doth take it from its mother's arms,
From present pain, and future unknown harms,
And baby sleeps.'

The author is the Right Rev. S. Hinds, formerly Bishop of Norwich.—The writer of this would be glad if anyone would furnish her with the rest of the lines entitled *Our Holy Dead*, and the author's name.—E. H.

M. M. begs to know if the verse given in last December's number of *The Monthly Packet*, commencing—

'Sweet-heart, good-bye! the fluttering sail,'

is part of a longer poem, or has this verse alone been found?

E. F. M. would be glad if any of the readers of *The Monthly Packet* can explain the meaning of the word 'Whitsuntide.' *E. F. M.* believes that to speak of '*Whitsun*-Day' and '*Whitsun*-Monday' is more correct than '*Whit*-Sunday' and '*Whit*-Monday,' but would be glad to know why this is so.——Because *Whitsun* is said to answer to *Pfingst*, the German form of Pentecost. The '*Prayer Book Interleaved*' says that the Aneren Riwle, in the early thirteenth century the name is *hwite sune day*, and inclines to the old idea that it is really White Sunday, though it is true that the Roman *Dominica in Albis* is Low Sunday.

In answer to *Fanny's* question, Where are the lines—

'I am wandering down life's shady path,
Slowly, slowly wandering down,
Further from the Cross,
Nearer to the Crown.'

M. R. begs to inform her that the first two lines are from a poem of Dr. Horatius Bonar, called *Wandering Down*.——The second two are from another poem by A. Carey, in the *Lyra Anglicana*, and in the Rev. C. R. Ryle's *Spiritual Songs*. We are sorry we have not room for either hymn, but the verse is—

'Nearer the bound of life,
When we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the Cross,
Nearer gaining the Crown.'

In reply to *Edna*, *A.* encloses the hymn, but does not know the author:—

'O Lord, in all our trials here,
Whate'er those trials be,
Help us without one doubt or fear
To cast our care on Thee.

To look from earth to yon bright sky,
And there by faith behold
The glories hid from mortal eye,
To mortal eye untold.

And if contempt, reproach, or loss,
We suffer for Thy Name,
Teach us to triumph in the Cross,
To glory in the shame. Amen.'

E. S. would be glad to hear of some good tune for the hymn, '*Pilgrims of the Night.*' Those in the Appendix to *Hymns Ancient and Modern* being rather difficult for school-children.

Anonymous Correspondent.—Surely an author is not bound to approve whatever is put into the mouth of the *dramatis personæ*, for the sake of illustration of character.

M. L., who subscribes to *Church Bells*, a weekly newspaper or magazine for Churchmen, would be glad to send them to any Home or Hospital, or to anyone who would appreciate them.

How shall we impress our *first* Notice on would-be contributors? MSS. and letters will get separated; and unless the name and address be written on the MS., it is impossible to undertake for its return. We have three now in hand—*Life's Destiny*, *Stories from the History of the Middle Ages*, and *What to do for the Irish Church*—which we cannot take for want of space, or return for want of an address.

Can the Editor or any reader of *The Monthly Packet* kindly tell *H. C. M.* who is the author of the lines—

'Below the surface stream, shallow and light,
Of what we *say* we feel—below the stream,
As light, of what we *think* we feel—there flows
With noiseless current strong, obscure and deep,
The central stream of what we feel indeed.'

A *Constant Subscriber to The Monthly Packet* is desirous of knowing some lines called *La Crèche*, or upon that subject. She believes they appeared in *The Monthly Packet.*

A Governess will be very much obliged to the Editor of *The Monthly Packet*, if she will be kind enough to tell her of some History of France, similar to the *Kings of England*, suitable for a little girl of eleven.

H. C. T. U. G. asks so absurd a question, that we can only laugh at it as a hoax.

Foxglove.—St. Peter's Mission, Plymouth, is very thankful for garments of the better class, as there are many sufferers there of a rather superior order.

Acknowledged, with thanks, for *The Daisy Chain Cot*, from *F. F. G. H.*, 9*s.*; 10*s.* from A. H.; 2*s.* from H. P.; also 2*s.* for *St. Andrew's Waterside Mission*; and 1*s.* for *The Portsea Mission*.

The Sisters of St. Peter's Mission House, Plymouth, thankfully acknowledge a parcel of clothes sent by *M. L. G.*; a few trifles from *Maude* and *Nina*; and a valuable box of clothes from Torquay, received in March, which the Sisters fear through some mistake has not yet been acknowledged.

The Sisters of the Poor, St. Michael's, Shoreditch, acknowledge with thanks, 10*s.* from *L. L.*

Mr. Samuel Ford Allnutt acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following contributions to *The Nursery of the Good Shepherd, Portsea*:—W. M. Rossetti, Esq., £1; L. and C., 2*s.*

May acknowledges, with many thanks, the receipt of nice rolls of pictures from *F. Y.* and *Muriel*.

Mrs. Shutte, Cumberland Street, Portsea, begs to acknowledge the receipt of 4*s.*, Anonymous, (Leamington); 5*s.* from J. G., (Carlisle); 5*s.* from S., (Woburn); and 3*s.* from 'Curate,'—towards the sewing-machine which is urgently needed for a *Home for the Friendless and Fallen*. A deficiency still remains.

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

SEPTEMBER, 1871.

THE WATCH-WORD NAME.

'The Name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe.'—*Proverbs*, xviii. 10.

GENESIS, XXII. 14.

WHEN early in the Christian's heavenward life
The soul discerns her helplessness and need,
Her want of strength to bear her through the strife,
And daily nourishment that strength to feed;
As true as when on Mount Moriah's height
The child was saved, the destined victim died,
'Jehovah Jireh' is the promise bright
Which meets her need—'Jehovah will provide.'

EXODUS, XVII. 15.

But when the battle rages fierce and long,
And giant foes on every side are found—
When the faint spirit, though erewhile so strong,
'Twixt shame and fear now scarcely holds her ground—
'Jehovah Nissi' is the rallying cry,
Which nerves her arm to strike one steadfast blow;
'The Lord my Banner;' while it floats on high
Not Amalek himself can lay me low.

JUDGES, VI. 24.

In troubled times of danger and distress,
  When wave on wave but rise still high and higher—
When anxious fear and care the soul oppress,
  And even faith seems ready to expire—
Let Gideon's watch-words then be used aright,
  Then answering voices cause alarm to cease;
'The Lord is with thee,' 'go in this thy might,'
  'Jehovah Shalom;' may 'The Lord send peace.'

JEREMIAH, XXXIII. 16.

When musing on the evils that abound,
  The sins and sorrows of the human kind,
The suffering and iniquity around,
  What comfort can avail the feeling mind?
'Jehovah tsidkenu' alone can bless
  With prospect of the end of sin and woe;
He Who is now 'The Lord our Righteousness,'
  His righteous Kingdom in His time shall shew.

EZEKIEL, XLVIII. 35.

And when the close of life on earth draws near,
  And Hope and Fancy peering through the cloud,
Almost in vain endeavour to descry
  The Golden City which those mists enshroud;
Then keen-eyed Faith triumphantly perceives,
  Inscribed on pearly gate in letters fair,
'Jehovah Shammah;' He the soul receives,
  Fear not to enter; for 'The Lord is there.'

Thus do these five great voices duly tell
  One lesson every Christian soul should know;
From Patriarch and Prophet learn it well:
  Jehovah is your All in All below;
In Him supplies for all your need are found;
  He leads the fight; He sends His peace at last;
He conquers sin both in you and around;
  He grants His loving Presence when this life is past.

THE SOWER.

(St. Matthew, xiii.)

A Sower went forth to sow;
He cast the seed from His hand,
When the first red morning glow
Was rising over the land;
And He sowed till the sun was low.

Some on the way-side lay,
Lay—just where it fell,
For the path from day to day
Was trampled and trodden well;
And the wild birds caught it away.

Some of it fell on a soil
That looked deep and mellow and brown;
And without the Sower's toil
The seed sank softly down,
And He looked for a golden spoil.

For the corn sprang up in haste,
As if it were glad to grow;
But the hot sun laid it waste,
As it struck to the rock below,
Where the light loose earth was placed.

And other fell on a field
That had just passed under the plough;
It was rich enough in its yield,
But, bright though its surface now,
It had only been turned, not tilled.

The thorns began to spring,
They choked the green young blade—
They strangled every thing—
And the only fruit that they made
Was a crown of thorns for the King!

Yet still the Sower sowed;
And at last the good seed fell
On land that was deep and good,
Drinking the rains up well,
Bright with the smile of God.

Before the year was old,
The rich ripe corn was there;
The green ears changed to gold;
Some thirty-fold did bear—
Sixty—a hundred-fold!

M. C.

ST. MICHAEL'S MORNING.

It was on Michaelmas Day, on one of those lovely mornings in our second summer, which we call autumn, that I started across the Wiltshire Downs to walk to the neighbouring town of Waston, situated at the foot of those bright breezy slopes which rise like ramparts from the plain below.

Our village service had been at seven, so that it wanted but a few minutes to eight when I reached the edge of the hills, where the road leads down to the lower slopes and to the flat country. It was a beautiful prospect. Before me the fields lay stretched out like a map, with long vistas of trees, and here and there a thicker clump, which marked a village; in the distance a low line of hills, half hid by the mist, which betrayed the winding course of the river; while below me the town of Waston was waking into life, as was evident from the blue smoke rising up from many a chimney, like the smoke of so many prayers ascending from awakening souls, to thank God for the blessings of the night which was past. In the middle of the town the church lay stretched out, with its great massive tower and leaden roof, a very citadel of God, where He might dwell Who keepeth Israel, the God that neither slumbereth nor sleepeth. I sat down and gazed at the town below me, and its church dear to me with a thousand associations, when suddenly, as if to shew that it too was awake, the bells began to ring out for Holy Eucharist; and as the sound came wafted to me on the morning air, my whole soul seemed filled with supernatural light; and I gazed forth upon a vast expanse of space, filled with angels and spirits, some of whom were fanning the morning air, some brightening up the flowers with a dewy freshness, some spreading the sunbeams over the newly-gathered corn-fields, some disappearing into houses, some entering into the town, some enriching with life the birds and insects who sported in the bright sunlight! But what I noticed most was the luminous cloud that hung over the church. The bells rung forth loud and strong; and with every strike of the bell the cloud increased, and then I saw that it was a mass of bright angels, who were gathering fast and thick round the roof, some entering the church, some passing through the windows, but the greater number waiting, like an expectant crowd, around the roof and

tower, where the clang of the bells seemed to call them. Soon two angels detached themselves from the rest, and disappeared into a neighbouring house, from which they soon emerged, guiding between them a priest, who was walking with hurried steps towards the church. They entered; the great bells ceased to ring; the angels hung still around the roof and tower in quiet expectancy; everything seemed hushed and still. I had almost ceased to gaze, when suddenly a blaze of light shot up above the cross which crowned the chancel, and two of the bright spirits flew out, carrying in their hands the alms of the faithful, which I knew had been presented upon the Altar, together with the Holy Oblation; and a pathway of quivering light seemed now to connect the church with the Heaven above—a cross which ever flashed some flame of the Holy Spirit, or up which ascended some prayer, borne on high by the angels. A few minutes more, and the angels had formed themselves in two long lines on each side of the brilliant luminous pathway.

There was a moment of solemn pause; and then I heard ascending from the church, in the clear tones of a boy's lovely voice, 'Blessed is he that cometh in the Name of the Lord! Hosannah in the Highest!' At these words the angels all turned with their faces heavenward, clashing their wings with the sound of a great army presenting arms to their general, and uttering one loud and prolonged Hosannah, which died away with the last notes of the organ; and then all again was quiet, except that in the far-off distance the mist rolled back, and I saw an Altar in Heaven, with a Lamb as it had been slain; around it gathered an innumerable company of saints and martyrs, virgins, prophets, bishops, confessors, in ceaseless prostrate adoration, and their voices came wafted to me as the sound of many waters. But as I gazed, there was a movement in the far-off distance: I could see the ceaseless sway of ten thousand censers, the flashing of myriads of bright wings; and a glorious Form passed along the bright pathway, between prostrate angels and adoring spirits. It entered the church. I could distinctly hear the words, 'Do this, as oft as ye shall drink it, in remembrance of Me;' and then everything became one confused mass of light and splendour. Heaven and earth seemed joined together. The organ mingled its strains with the harps of the angels; the voices of the choir with celestial harmony. I fell forward on my face, and in one glorious strain it swept over me: 'O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world: have mercy upon us!' Then it was repeated, and then all was still again, excepting the great organ in the church, and the choir, whom I now could distinctly follow as they sung the glorious rhythm of St. Thomas—'Thee we adore,' &c. I looked up again. The angels and the bright pathway were still there, only from the chancel of the church there streamed forth a blaze of red quivering light, towards which the angels gazed, with bent knee and veiled face, when a voice in my ears said, 'He prays for the congregation.' And I looked and saw that many angels were floating down through the windows into the church. One bore in his hands a

casket, on which was written 'Consolation;' another carried 'Bravery;' another, 'Victory in Temptation;' another, 'Peace;' another, 'Penitence;' and I knew that all who were partakers of the Holy Altar were being filled with joy and refreshment. The voice then said again, 'He prays for the faithful departed;' and I looked, and saw the angels sweeping down with their bright wings over many a grass-covered grave; and they lingered for some time where two wreaths hung on two crosses, which marked the resting-place of two faithful souls. The sun shone out bright, the grass sparkled fresh and green under their feet, and then they flew away to the cemetery, scattering refreshment, light, and peace, in that sleeping-place of Christian souls, where 'the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof.'

But the angels' missions were not yet over. The voice said again, 'He is praying for his friends—for all who have been connected with him in past years;' and I saw that many angels were flying out into various quarters, each bearing in his hand some precious casket, each with its separate gift.

I followed one with my eyes as he sped far away beyond the fresh breezy downs, to where a black veil of smoke and roads and lanes hedged with houses mark the great city of London; he winged his way over the roofs of houses, past the green parks and the large squares and dwellings of the rich, to a part of the city thick with squalid alleys, poverty, misery, and crime. A stately church arose in the midst of all this sordid district; and into it the angel entered with his precious casket. He made his way straight to the Altar, where a priest was celebrating the Divine mysteries, himself surrounded by angels, but with a look of care and depression, and manifest signs of over-work. The angel laid the casket marked 'Peace' by his side on the Altar, and I noticed how a calm and refreshment came over him; and the angel noticed it too, as he flew back overjoyed to the church from which he had started, to join again the brilliant throng. Still were the angels flying out in all directions, giving life and joy to different centres of work, smoothing down opposition, awakening charity, drawing men together in bonds of love. Here they were consoling widows and bereaved children; here adding joy to innocent pleasure; here protecting, here strengthening, here reproving. Even members of several branches of the distracted Church were being drawn closer together by the instrumentality, as from many a heart came up to God the Divinely taught prayer—'That they all may be one.' And the angel whispered in my ear, 'You see the prayers of the faithful offered in union with the adorable sacrifice of the Altar.' At length the passing to and fro ceased, and all were gathered together once more around the roof of the church. I noticed again the same union between the voices of the choir and the angel host, as the 'Our Father' swelled with its full strain from the church. But I was hardly prepared for the brilliant burst of light and song which caught up the first notes of the 'Gloria.' Angels passed and re-passed in dazzling frequency. Heaven thundered

forth its joyful cry from ten thousand instruments and ten thousand tongues. The tossing of censers, the waving of wings, the adoration of the hosts of Heaven, made the scene almost too dazzling to look upon. The words broke in upon my ear, as with the full harmony of one vast choir: 'For Thou only art Holy; Thou only art the Lord; Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father.' And taking courage to say Amen, I bowed my head and worshipped. When all was silent I looked up, and saw two bright beings sprinkling soft drops of water from their golden vessels; and I knew that the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, and His priceless blessing, was descending on the congregation at the words of the priest—descending as the dew upon the grass, as the soft rain upon the tender heart; and in a few moments the same gorgeous Form passed along the bright pathway once more, followed in long procession by the angels. Slowly and by degrees the bright light vanished; slowly and by degrees the Alleluias died away into Heaven. The church was deserted, the angels gone: and with a keen sense of disappointment that all was over, I turned to go away, when the motion woke me, and I found that I had been asleep on the sunny bank overlooking the town, and had seen a vision!

N.

'THE SON OF PEACE.'

(COMMUNION OF THE SICK POOR.)

'UNTO this house be peace!'
'Twas no unfruitful prayer;
'On it your peace shall rest:
The Son of Peace is there!'

Gently lift up the latch,
Tread soft on the narrow stair;
Let the holy sign be made,
For Jesus has been there!

His Hand hath smoothed the bed,
And made the chamber fair;
Now 'an upper room' indeed,
For Jesus has been there!

What need of earthly choir?
Angels have filled the air,
Soft harpings swelled the hymn,
For Jesus has been there!

A glory lingers yet;
Can Solomon's compare
With this transfigur'd 'house'?
For Jesus has been there!

A mean poor hut no more;
A stately palace where
A mighty King holds court,
For Jesus has been there!

No earthly dwelling this!
A holy 'house of prayer;'
A consecrated spot,
For Jesus has been there!

Once more the Lord of all
Hath left His Throne to share—
To share a poor man's home,
For Jesus has been there!

'Unto this house be peace;'
Now may its inmates bear
Sorrow and pain and loss:
The Son of Peace is there!'

E. W.

SONGS OF OTHER CHURCHES.

BY LOUIS COUTIER BIGGS, M.A.

VIII.

THE LATIN CHURCH. *(concluded.)*—ARMENIAN AND ETHIOPIC HYMNS.

THE later French Breviaries and Breviary writers claim but little notice for their hymns. A few names of authors may be mentioned, as perhaps being among those whose works might have repaid more attention than I have been able to bestow upon them; but their labours enjoyed only a scanty and short-lived popularity, and the inevitable result of their constantly multiplying Breviaries was a gradual recurrence to the Roman use. Just as in England at the Reformation, it was found needful to decree that the whole realm should thenceforth follow but one use, instead of the several uses which had hitherto prevailed; so it was found practically expedient after the Revolution of 1793, that the

French Church should seek unity by means of uniformity, and should return to an order of service which had obtained wide acceptance elsewhere. Analogous to this in some degree is the usual course of political history, wherein a Republic gradually breaks down into anarchy, and anarchy can scarcely be terminated, except by the strong hand of a monarch. The lesson may be useful to England now. Although we are no longer in the confusion which prevailed some twenty years ago, when every man, so to speak, was his own compiler, our royal family of hymn-books is becoming an inconveniently large one. And, whatever power or popularity any hymnal may deserve or possess, whatever authority may enforce its adoption, no long reign will be allowed to it in these days of constant change. Soon it must admit a son, an Appendix, to share its throne; and then one of two evils is almost sure to follow. Either the newly-crowned prince lacks the moderation which had secured his father's sway, and his subjects are alienated from their allegiance,—or else, by a pitiable helpless complaisance, he brings the whole dynasty into contempt.

But to return to the French Breviaries: two of the latest were those of Orleans and Nevers, written, or at least compiled, by the Abbé Jean Baptiste Le Brun Desmarettes, who died in 1791. Contemporary with him were J. D. Danicourt of Noyon, and F. L. Lissoir, Præmonstratensian Abbot of Val-Dieu. The hymns of these three authors are distinguished in the Breviaries by the letters, B., (sometimes Br., to avoid a confusion with the Abbé Besnault,) D., and L. No distinguishing initials occur, however, in the copy of the Orleans Breviary in the British Museum.

A few of the French Breviary hymns are anonymous, and some of these are among the best. The following, one of the very few which Dr. Neale admits to be 'worthy of a better age,' is from the Cadurcensian Breviary:—

HYMN FOR FRIDAY AT NOCTURNS.[1]

Let man, created innocent,
And by his own transgression fallen away,
By CHRIST'S Own Blood redeemed, present
His thanks, and thus with praise his debt repay.

Far banished from the heavenly land,
Tossed on the waters of this world of strife,
Man needs his great Creator's Hand
To guide him to the never-dying Life.

Yet must this mighty Hand of GOD
Lead through dark thorny ways of toil and care;
And steep the path that must be trod,
Ere perfect bliss in our true Home we share.

[1] Homo, creatus innocens.

He, the wise Architect, is skilled
With sculpture deep to grave each soul in love;
Thus with well-fitted stones to build
His everlasting palace-walls above.

The Cross our ladder is, whereby
We may at last to Heaven's high courts attain;
This way alone all they must try,
Who in that city would their portion gain.

O CHRIST our Head, we see Thy Brow
Pierced with a rigid coronet of thorn;
For shame will we Thy members now
The soul-degrading life of pleasure scorn.

O Thou, Who by Thy stripes dost teach,
Grant we in turn may love Thee earnestly,
And with the Spirit's wings may reach
The place where Thou dost reign eternally.

The art of Latin hymn-writing never took any very deep root in England. Some Latin versions of the Psalms in classical metres were made by George Buchanan in the sixteenth, and Arthur Johnston in the eighteenth, century. Dr. Walter Haddon published in 1567 a volume of sacred poems, in which some of the prayers from S. Augustine, given in Queen Elizabeth's 'Preces Privatæ' of 1564, are versified. The Preces Privatæ themselves contain, besides some of the ordinary Breviary hymns, a few Latin hymns, mostly of German origin. Parkhurst, Bishop of Norwich, is the most noticeable English contributor. He wrote a translation of the Ten Commandments in verse, and some other pieces in his 'Ludicra, sive Epigrammata Juvenilia.' George Æmylius, George Fabricius, Adam Siber, Andrew Ellinger, and John Stigel, were all Germans who contributed to the 'Carmina' given in this volume of Devotions. The following is a specimen of the last-named author's hymns:—

A HYMN FOR PEACE.[1]

The sacred boon of joyful peace,
Grant us, O LORD, to share!
Freedom to give our lives to Thee,
Thy service and Thy fear.

By peace the fruitful arts are fed,
Cities and laws wax strong;
And every virtue, every grace,
Its empire doth prolong.

But where war is, there naught is good,
But laws to arms give place;
All that is holy quickly fades,
All piety decays.

[1] Da, DEUS, lætæ bona sancta pacis.

The curious hymn against Pope and Turk, given under the initials R. W. in the supplement to the Old Version, is Robert Wisedome's translation from the Latin original of John Cellarius, which is given in this Latin Prayer Book. The following sample is from the somewhat tame iambics of Antonius Flaminius:—

HYMN FOR A HAPPY DEPARTURE.[1]

Blest Ruler of the Powers above,
Who didst mankind's Salvation love,
So that Thine only Son Thou gavest,
And with His Blood our sins Thou lavest.

Receive Thy servant's breath of prayer,
Who, resting only on Thy care,
To leave this languid frame is sighing,
And seek the joys that are undying.

O FATHER blest! he seeks Thee, far
Beyond the heaven's highest star,
To live in mansions everlasting,
Thy Presence and Thy Glory tasting.

Many of these hymns are meditative, and written in the singular number. John Sauromanus and Nicholas Borbonius have some verses in this Collection.

Within the last few years, renewed attention has been paid to the translation of English hymns into Latin. Examples may be seen in Mr. Pearson's 'Latin Translations of English Hymns,' or in Dr. Kynaston's 'Cantica Coletina,' which contains an especially beautiful rendering of Tennyson's 'Too Late,' beginning—

'Sera nox est, et frigemus,
Sera nox est, sed intremus;
Seriores hic adestis,
Introire non protestis.'

Gidley and Thornton, in their Fasciculus, have several fine renderings of well-known hymns; and some, by eleven different authors, may be seen in my own Annotated Edition of Hymns Ancient and Modern. Perhaps the most recent attempt published is that of R. Bingham.[2] It contains, in a volume somewhat carelessly printed and arranged, though elegantly got up, a hundred English hymns, with Latin versions by the Editor, together with a few by Bishop Ryan and others. The prefaces, with three sets of corrigenda, lists of subscribers, and rather too elaborate explanations of the Latin feet and metres,

[1] Rector beate cœlitum.

[2] *Hymnologia Christiana Latina;* or, a Century of Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs translated into Latin Verse. London: Baillière, Tindall, and Cox.

might well be replaced by additional translations, if a second edition should be printed. And without unkindness it may be said, that the strongly Protestant views of the translator make it somewhat difficult for him successfully to express himself in the language and metres of the mediæval hymn-writers; and his thoughts move in their unwonted dress, not more gracefully or freely than do certain cathedral dignitaries of his school in the involuntary splendours of the cope. One of his best specimens is the following, which is not, however, perfectly regular in its structure:—

Salve, Nomen Potestatis!
JESUS, Nomen Majestatis!
Est Salvator hominum.
Diadema præparetur,
Angelis et coronetur,
JESUS Rector omnium!

Sub Altari vocitantes
Martyres, nunc triumphantes
Adorate DOMINUM.
FILIUS Jessæ honoretur
Atque vobis coronetur
JESUS Rector omnium!

Vobis, semen Israëlis,
Prisca plebs IMMANUELIS,
Debilis gens hominum,
Salvator Ille salutetur,
Et, nam fas est, coronetur
JESUS Rector omnium!

Quod Ille senserit amari
Licet vobis admirari,
Peccatores gentium,
Jubilate! Acclametur!
Et tropæis coronetur
JESUS Rector omnium!

O nunc Angelis superne
Et Cœlicolis æterne,
Cum electis hominum,
Redemptor Ille cantitetur,
Et Salvator coronetur,—
JESUS Rector omnium!

Our readers will recognize the favourite hymn, 'All hail the power of JESU'S Name' in these lines. I am sorry to be unable to make room here for some corrections and suggestions kindly sent me by the translator.

What can have led Mr. Bingham to present us with Latin versions of 'Jerusalem the Golden,' and Dryden's 'Creator SPIRIT,' we do not quite understand.

In the case of the following hymn, both the Latin original and the English translation are here printed for the first time. The Latin is by

the Rev. J. W. Horsley, the English by the Rev. Gerard Moultrie, author of 'Hymns and Lyrics.'[1]

The Spouse in widowed garb arrayed,
Her Bridegroom's Advent long delayed
With voice of mourning doth upbraid;—
O come, O come, IMMANUEL!

The Dove upon the gloomy tide
Still finds not where she may abide;
She seeks the Ark, her Master's Side,—
O come, O come, IMMANUEL!

The ages fade, they pass away;
And Israel, faint at close of day,
With one harmonious voice doth pray,
O come, O come, IMMANUEL!

The voices of the saints arise,
Released from toil, in Paradise;
With us that noble army cries,
O come, O come, IMMANUEL!

Lo! everywhere the Serpent's trail;
With bolder might his hosts assail;
The light of faith doth well-nigh fail:
O come, O come, IMMANUEL!

O cast on us Thy Mercy's ray,
Spouse, Saviour, Judge, and King, we pray;
O hasten Thou Thy Kingdom's Day:
O come, O come, IMMANUEL!

The Latin original of the following may be seen in 'Hymns and Lyrics,' the work by the Rev. Gerard Moultrie, above referred to.

'DESCENDIT AD INFEROS.'

(TRANSLATED BY THE REV. J. W. HORSLEY.)

Girt with shadows, girt with terror,
Came the King to lowest Hell;
Round about His mighty footsteps
Horror of great darkness fell:

---

[1] Morantem Sponsa DOMINUM
Amore tristis increpat,
Et viduata gemuit,
Veni, veni, IMMANUEL!

Arcam Columba Lateris
Nam noctis horror ingruit,
Gementi voce repetit,
Veni, veni, IMMANUEL!

Præteriere sæcula,
Et mundo lassus Israel
Concordi voce supplicat,
Veni, veni, IMMANUEL!

Sanctorum cohors omnium,
Mortali functa tædio,
Nobiscum orat jugiter
Veni, veni, IMMANUEL!

Serpentis stirpes crebruit
Audaciori impetu;
Et lux jam pæne deficit;
Veni, veni, IMMANUEL!

Tu nos clementer respice,
Salvator, Sponsus, Judex, Rex;
Et Regnum Tuum veniat;
Veni, veni, IMMANUEL!

Calvary's deep gloom descending,
Spread below its mystic spell.

GOD'S own sun, GOD'S Blood beholding,
Veiled in fear his blushing head:
Earth, distraught, from inmost caverns
Quaked with conscious awe and dread;
From her teeming womb restoring
Bodies of the sainted dead.

King, about His Brow He weareth
Noble coronal of scorn:
Are they gems, or are they blood-drops,
That His Regal Brow adorn?
Priceless rubies of the Passion
Sparkling on the ensanguined thorn.

Royal vesture, kingly purple,
Will beseem the Monarch well.
Lo! the sceptre-reed is planted
Where the iron portals fell;
And the brazen doors are lifted,
Which had barred the citadel.

Dark and wrathful Hell uprises,
With his thousand tongues he cries—
'He in triumph mounts the ramparts,
He their virgin strength defies:'
In His Might He spoils the spoiler,
Lord of Satan's ancient prize.

Fades and falls Death's chaplet withered,
Smitten by the Righteous sun;
For the brazen gates are ravished,
And captivity is done:
Death at last by Death is vanquished;
Lo! the Victory is won.

I very deeply regret the scantiness of the information which I am able to give as to the hymns of Armenia and Abyssinia. In both cases, enough has been put within our reach to make us long for more; and in both cases, all enquirers are turned back by the fact, that the very few English scholars who are acquainted with those difficult languages are now fully engaged on other subjects.

The Liturgy of the Armenian Church is attributed by Avedichian to S. John Chrysostom; but it must be remembered that the Monophysite heresy, early adopted and still maintained in the Armenian communion, was by Chrysostom emphatically condemned. Armenia is remarkable as being the first country in which Christianity was established as the national religion. The first Christian king, Tiridates III., reigned about the end of the second century. It is possible, however, that the remembrance of this fact, that Christianity had been somewhat violently introduced by royal mandate, tended to give weight to those considerations of political expediency which finally led to an heretical modification of its creed.

The following somewhat long piece is versified in English from a French prose translation of an Armenian Eucharistic hymn, given by Migne in his 'Encyclopèdie Théologique,' vol. viii.

O Church, of Faith true Mother,
Thou sacred wedding-hall!
Hung round thy couch of glory[1]
Eternal fringes fall;
The immortal Bridegroom rests there,
Who decked thee with them all.

Thou art another heaven,
Thy wondrous mansions rise
From glory unto glory:—[2]
Thy washing sanctifies
Thy new-born sons, and makes them
Glow brighter than the skies.

Thou here on us bestowest
Thy purifying Bread;
For drink, the Blood thou givest,
Which for us JESUS shed,
Exalting with the angels
Those who by thee are fed.

Come then, true Sion's children,
Draw nigh with one accord;
In purity and meekness
Approach the SAVIOUR's Board;
O taste and see how gracious,
How mighty is our LORD!

The ancient tabernacle
A figure was of thee,
A symbol of thy glory;
But thine it is, to be
Type of that Tabernacle
Which we in Heaven shall see.

The former tabernacle
Gave joy to Israel,
When portals adamantine
Before its presence fell;
But thou from their foundation
Hast torn the gates of hell.

That tabernacle triumphed,
Where Jordan's waves had run:

---

[1] The reference in the original is clearly to the Altar and its hangings, but the allusion would be marred by too great an elaboration of the idea, beautiful as it is in itself.

[2] *i. e.* From the Font to the Altar, as we learn that there is an ascending scale of glory in Heaven, and even that there are *different* Heavens, (2 Cor. xii. 2.) exceeding each other in glory.

Through hatred's swelling ocean
  Hast thou thy passage won:
That, Joshua led, thee JESUS,
  The FATHER'S only SON.

This Bread is CHRIST'S Own Body,
  This Chalice doth contain
The Blood of His new Covenant
  Who was for sinners slain,
The "Mystery passing wonder"
  Is here to us made plain.

Here GOD is manifested,
  And He, Whose Death sufficed
To cleanse this world's offences,
  The WORD Divine, the CHRIST,
Who sitteth with the FATHER,
  Among us sacrificed.

To FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT,
  One GOD in Persons Three,
All praise and benediction,
  All laud and worship be,
Now and henceforth for ever
  Through all eternity.

There are in the Armenian Liturgy seven different Canticles assigned to the different days of the week. Here is that for Saturday, though it is not easy to give it without paraphrasing the original:—

O LAMB of GOD, before
  The world's foundation slain,
Who art alive for evermore,
  And evermore dost reign;

By the immortal throngs
  Of spirits blest in Heaven,
That glory which to Thee belongs
  To Thee is ever given.

Thou, free from sin and guile,
  For us wast led to die,
Wast sacrificed to reconcile
  Fallen man to GOD most high.

Remember every soul
  That in Thy faith and fear
Hath passed from hence, and to our goal
  In mercy bring us near.

Some account of Æthiopic hymns has been already given in a paper by Mr. Chatterton Dix, in Volume VI. of the New Series of this Magazine; and some additional information by the same writer is contained in No. 8 of The Churchman's Shilling Magazine. But the only practical worker in the field is the Rev. J. M. Rodwell; and Mr. Dix's information and examples are derived from him, as are also my own. He has reprinted two papers which he contributed to The Journal of Sacred Literature and Biblical Record, containing Æthiopic

Liturgies, Prayers, and Selections from the Degua, or Hymnal of Jared. The language in which these hymns are written differs much from the vernacular Amharic, and from the dialects spoken in different parts of Abyssinia. Few of the Abyssinian priests, and scarcely any of the common people, understand the Æthiopic language; yet the Service is invariably said in that tongue. The origin of their Service-books is (according to the Missionary, Dr. Stern) Greek, and the translation was made many centuries ago. But it seems probable that many of these books, though originally perhaps of Greek authorship, were first translated into Coptic, and thence were rendered into the sacred language of Æthiopia. Mr. Rodwell says that there are in Coptic numerous hymns, or rather sequences, mostly addressed to and commemorative of saints; scarcely any of them answering to our idea of a hymn. The late King Theodore of Abyssinia was engaged in collecting a library of sacred and other books, many of which, 'looted' from Magdala by our soldiers, are now in the British Museum, together with others plundered from churches in the neighbourhood, amounting altogether to three hundred volumes. The Abyssinian hymns possess rhyme, but have no traceable metre. Most of them are said to be of small literary merit; but the following lines from the Degua of Jared, versified from Mr. Rodwell's prose translation, might perhaps claim to be considered an exception to this rule:—

HYMN FOR PRIESTS FOR THE THIRD HOUR.

In Jesus repose the souls of the just,
Who follow Him find Him their fortress and trust;
Exalted at last they shall hear from their Lord,
Ye blest of My Father, receive your reward.

These martyrs for Him have their lives sacrificed,
And now is their recompense given them by Christ;
In the heavenly Salem, the city of peace,
They rest from the battle, from labour they cease.

Oh, good was their warfare and glorious their fight,
And for ever they shine as the children of light;
Their souls are a mountain which spices perfume,[1]
Where cinnamon, camphire, and frankincense bloom.

They cared not for gold in their love for their Lord,
Who loved them, and for them His Life-Blood outpoured.
This world they despised in their hope to attain
To the city where Jesus shall over them reign.

Thou, Lord, for our bondage true freedom hast given;
We are shewn by Thy Gospel the pathway to Heaven,
Brought nigh by Thy Cross to the Father, and He
Shall at last with His servants eternally be.

[1] Cant. viii. 14.

Thou hast given each priest who was true to the faith
A portion untroubled by labour or death;
They triumph and joy in that glorious rest,
And in light and in glory they walk ever blest.

(To be continued.)

[NOTE.—One more Ethiopic hymn, sent too late for insertion, must be given in the next article.]

ON AN OLIVE BRANCH

GATHERED AMONG THE RUINS OF HIPPO, AND SENT TO AN ENGLISH BISHOP BY HIS CHAPLAIN.

[The little sprig here mentioned, came by post in an envelope, bearing the stamp of the 'République Française.' The contrast between the peaceful associations of the olive within, and the far different ones without, suggested the following lines, which were written during the captivity of Archbishop Darboy. It will be remembered that St. Augustine died while Hippo was besieged by the Vandals, A.D. 430.]

It came across the midland sea,
That twig of olive grey,
By friendship plucked, in memory
Of great Augustine's day;
And o'er it, like some witch's spell
That winds and waters bound
To speed it onwards, fierce and fell
The French Republic frowned.

O little spray, yet great in price!
Were every leaf of thine
A several tongue, 'twould not suffice
For thoughts that round thee twine.
The oldest and the newest forms
Of Christian life are here;
The peace of heaven, 'mid earthly storms
Still thriving year by year.

Perhaps some ancestor of thine,
All wind-shot silvery green,
Once caught the saintly glance benign,
Far-piercing, steadfast, keen;
So fixed perchance on outward sights,
As thinkers' glances be,
Who all the while are taking flights
Beyond our earth and sea.

Or did he, marking it, straightway
Fly to Colonus' grove,
Where Philomel, 'mid olives grey,
With clear Cephisus strove?
Or for a moment was his dream
Of high Platonic strain,
('Mid olive woods of Academe,)
Thought's many-linkèd chain?

Time was, that complex chain had twined
In windings intricate
Her golden net-works round his mind;
And, if he felt their weight,
'Twas but to glory in the gleams
They flashed where'er he went;
But now—or deem we ill?—he seems
On other musings bent.

His heart is in Gethsemane:
The olive's glaucous sheen
Quivering in moonlight; sleepers three
Are there: and One is seen
(Oh, how majestic in His pain!)
In mortal agony
Kneeling, whilst drops of crimson rain
With dew-tears mingled lie.

What patriot's fire, what poet's art,
What thought, though thrice-refined,
Hath power, like this, to touch the heart,
To linger in the mind?
What bough, that once for herald's sign
Or victor's crown sufficed,
Like those that watched a grief divine—
The Agony of Christ? *

O saintly Father, take to heart
The teaching of that night!
Thou in Christ's suffering must have part—
Wilt need an angel's might

* In speaking of the traditional site of the Garden of Gethsemane, Dean Stanley says that its 'eight aged olive trees . . . will always be regarded as the most affecting of the sacred memorials in or about Jerusalem; the most nearly approaching to the everlasting hills themselves in the force with which they carry us back to the events of the Gospel History.'—*Sinai and Palestine*, p. 455.

To come and strengthen thee to drink
His bitter cup—wilt feel
Thou from that potion mayst not shrink,
That chastens but to heal.

The hunger of an eager mind
Clothed in a languid frame;
The weary flesh, that drags behind
The spirit's course of flame;
False brethren, friends estranged, and foes
That threaten at the gate;—
All this, and more, thy spirit knows,
And *God* knows all its weight.

No Vandal-rage around thy wall,
No sickness and no pain,
Can move thy courage, or appal
A heart where He doth reign:
Still verdant is thine olive-spray;
The Holy Dove doth bear
Sweet Peace from Heaven, till that glad day
When thou mayst seek it there.

Nor will that sacred Dove forget
Our time's still sorer need,
And those sad souls, who cherish yet
A God-confessing creed:
Despite a race, that casting off
All gratitude, all faith,
Finds time, amid her shame, to scoff
Even at her Saviour's death.

O may some branch from Olivet
By those white wings be borne
To him * who, once the highest set,
Now feels the deepest scorn!
A myriad victims' blood is shed,
For frontier towns outpoured;
All glory even to *one* brave head
Endangered for his Lord.

And, O thou gracious Dove of Peace—
If thou canst bear to view
Our miseries, that seem to cease
And then break forth anew—

* The Archbishop of Paris. The allusion in the previous verse is to publications circulated during last Passion Week in that city.

Look down on that divided land,
That knows no Sabbath hours,
Where Madness, Thais-like, her brand
Waves 'gainst its sacred towers!

Where children lisp in words of blood,
And homes lie desolate,
And fierce and frenzied womanhood
Shews manhood how to hate;
And good grey head and dauntless breast
Of sternly-faithful sires
Are bared—O shame above the rest!—
A mark for coward fires!

Descend, O gracious Dove! come down,
And in thy whiteness steal
Through blood-stained street, through raging town,
And all their madness heal;
O let thy tender tones be heard
In every heart's recess,
Till souls, by pride and passion stirred,
Be won to quietness!

Be ours a calmer Pentecost:
The flame's wild leapings bind;
Be lands no more by earthquake tost,
Nor mountains rent by wind;
Bid Eagle Power and Serpent Sin
In death-like slumber nod;
Then let Thy still small Voice within
Recall our hearts to God.

SKETCHES FROM HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'COURAGE AND COWARDS;' 'IVON,' &c.

XVIII.

THE TWO QUEENS.

A. D. 1382 TO A. D. 1387.

LAJOS I.* was called 'the Great,' and deservedly, for he had made himself so; but it would have been better had he made his nation great. He bore the arms of Poland, Naples, Red Russia, Moldavia, Servia,

* Jókai Mór.

Bulgaria, Croatia, and Dalmatia, besides the four bars of Hungary; but it would have been better had he borne only the latter, for the others demanded continual sacrifices of blood and treasure, which Hungary alone paid. Battles and victories may make great kings; but commerce, art, science, and cultivation, make great nations. Louis was perhaps the greatest king Hungary had ever had, but he was not the most fortunate. 'Arpád had bequeathed to his nation a country; Saint István, a constitution; Kálmán, laws; and Béla IV. had recreated the towns from the ashes to which they had been reduced by the Mongols; Louis the Great bequeathed nothing but the glory of his name, and died without leaving a son to inherit even his glory.

Yet he had truly and ardently loved his country, and had acted, as he thought, for her good; and so long as he lived to govern the great empire he had created, it cannot be denied that there was general prosperity, at least in Hungary proper. Louis had destined his daughter Maria and her husband, Sigmund, for the rulers of his vast kingdom, which stretched from the Adriatic to the Baltic; and though he had never asked the consent of the Hungarian Diet to this arrangement, no difficulty was made about crowning Maria at Stuhlweissenburg, immediately after the burial of her father. The Hungarian crown was, as has been frequently mentioned, hereditary only in the male line; but the gratitude and reverence felt for Louis were still too fresh in the minds of all, for any, even the most rigidly constitutional member of the Diet, to care to upset his plans, and the States therefore took the oaths of fidelity to Maria as their 'King.' The regency was to be in the hands of the Queen-mother; and the Queen-mother gave her entire confidence to the Palatine Gara, the most talented and distinguished man in the country, whom Louis had raised from a low station to the highest position in the state. Louis had thought to attach the great nobles for ever to himself and his house, by conferring benefits upon them, and raising them to positions of importance. He had been careful, indeed, not to confer upon them more than one state office at a time, and he had seldom left them in one post for long together; but he flattered himself that he had secured their good-will and friendship for himself and his family. Now, however, that the strong arm which had controlled them was withdrawn, these nobles, who owed everything to the late King, soon became as formidable to his widow and orphans, as the Csáks and Apors of old had been to his father. They all hated the Palatine Gara, of whose high position and great favour with the Queen they were jealous; and Gara did not make many attempts at conciliating them. On the contrary, he seemed to take pleasure in displaying his power by haughtiness and tyranny; and the consequences were soon apparent in Dalmatia, where the nobles conspired to place Charles of Durazzo, their former regent, on the throne. Charles had experienced the greatest kindness and consideration at the hands of Louis; but his subsequent conduct shewed so much ingratitude and heartlessness, that it can hardly

be doing him injustice to suppose that he was in fact the originator of the conspiracy. Louis himself seems latterly to have been distrustful of him, or he would hardly have required from him the oath before mentioned. The town of Zara remained faithful to the young Queen, and warned the Hungarian court of the plots that were being secretly formed against her; but the conspirators were so cunning, as entirely to baffle the plenipotentiary sent to make investigations. There were troubles, moreover, in other quarters, which for the time excited greater attention.

The union of Poland with Hungary, for which Louis and his father had laboured so many years, had, when accomplished, proved to be little more than a source of disquiet and uneasiness. Louis, acting as he thought for the good of his extensive kingdom, had wished it to remain undivided at his death; but the difficulty of fulfilling his wishes soon became apparent. Poland was willing to keep her faith with the late King, so far as to accept one of his daughters as her ruler; but she had experienced the humiliation and discomfort of having a king who resided abroad, and she therefore determined that whichever of the Princesses accepted her throne, should promise, for herself and her husband, that they would reside exclusively in Poland. This was a promise which, of course, could not be given by the future King and Queen of Hungary; and Sigmund, who was thoroughly unpopular with the Poles, was excluded from all chance of becoming King of Poland, by his refusal to accede to this demand. Sorely puzzled was the Queen-mother as to the best course to pursue; and there followed a series of delays, protestations, and threats, which resulted in her finally proposing the young Princess Hedwig for the acceptance of the Poles. With this they were well pleased, for report said that the Princess was clever and beautiful, and above all, of a thoroughly good and amiable disposition; but they stoutly refused to accept her betrothed, Wilhelm of Austria, whom they disliked even more than Sigmund. He would bring no advantage to their country, said they; and as they needed a powerful prince to protect them from their foes, Hedwig must accept the husband they should choose for her. This caused fresh delays, and fresh misunderstandings. The Poles threatened to choose another king; and the Queen-mother retorted by appointing Sigmund stattholder, and sending him to Poland, whence he soon returned discomfited, for the Poles had threatened to receive him as an enemy if he crossed their frontier, and he had not forces sufficient to maintain himself against them. The Queen-mother felt that to exasperate the Poles any further would be dangerous, and would result in the loss of the crown, and she therefore at last determined to send Hedwig to Cracow. With the greatest rejoicings the Princess was received, and at once there was a calm. Wars without and dissensions within all ceased when she made her appearance, and the Poles hailed her as the angel of peace. Devoted as they however were to her, they insisted on her renouncing

her betrothed, and accepting the hand of the Prince of Lithuania, Jagello, who promised to become a Christian, and to unite his province for ever with Poland. The match, however repugnant to the Princess, was highly gratifying to her subjects, inasmuch as it converted their formidable neighbour and rival into a firm friend and ally. Jagello was baptized, and the marriage at once took place, thus finally severing Poland from Hungary, after an uneasy union of little more than sixteen years. (1387.)

And now to return to Dalmatia, the affairs of which were in anything but a satisfactory state. In 1383, the threatened insurrection had burst forth, and the Prior of Vrána had raised the standard of revolt. Wishing to place the affairs of the province in trustworthy hands, the Queen-mother had made the Vajda of Transylvania, Apor István, or Láczfi as he was called, Ban of Dalmatia. She could hardly have made a more unfortunate choice, for Láczfi was a secret enemy of her favourite, the Palatine Gara, whom he hated for having thrust his family from the high position it had formerly occupied. Instead, therefore, of suppressing the insurrection, he secretly fomented it, making common cause with the brothers Horváthy, and the Prior of Vrána. The rumours which reached the court growing daily worse and worse, by the advice of Gara the Queen-mother and the Princesses went in person to Dalmatia, hoping that their presence might have the effect of re-kindling something like loyalty in the breasts of their rebellious subjects; and to all appearance the plan succeeded. The royal family were everywhere received with the greatest marks of honour, and with protestations of fidelity; the Ban easily made his case good, and was left at his post; the Horváthys, who had not hitherto openly joined the rebellion, came and did homage, and cleared themselves from all suspicion; while the Prior of Vrána, who had compromised himself too deeply for either excuse or explanation, fled to Bosnia. Vrána itself at once returned to its obedience; tranquillity was restored, and the insurrection was, to all appearance, extinguished.

Scarcely, however, had the royal family quitted Dalmatia, than signs of discontent and disturbance again began to shew themselves. The suspicions of the Palatine fell, this time, upon Láczfi; and dismissing him from his office, he appointed a new Ban, before Láczfi had time to make any resistance. The new Ban was, however, quite unable to discover any traces of the conspiracy, so closely was the secret kept; and it was not until Láczfi reached Bosnia, and threw off the mask he had worn so long, that the court became aware of the extent or gravity of the mischief. Láczfi and his colleagues issued a proclamation, declaring that Maria had not, at her coronation, confirmed the liberties of the land, adding that she and her mother were quite unfit to govern, as they were entirely under the dominion of a haughty parvenu, whom they allowed to rule in their name. The proclamation found a hearing not only in Dalmatia and the dependencies, but in Hungary itself,

where the dislike of Gara became daily stronger; and though it was met, on the part of the young Queen, by a confirmation of the Golden Bull and the laws of King Louis, the storm, if lulled for a time, was by no means dispersed, and was indeed only waiting to gather fresh strength.

In August, 1385, Horváthy, the Bishop of Agram, set out for Rome on a pilgrimage; but when he had discharged his pilgrim vows, he laid aside his pilgrim character, adopting, in its stead, that of plenipotentiary of the conspirators, and proceeding to Naples, where, in their name, he offered the crown of Hungary to Durazzo, who, since the death of his rival, Louis of Anjou, was in possession of the Neapolitan throne. Durazzo hesitated, and refused; influenced, possibly, by some feeling of gratitude towards his benefactor, (to whom, indeed, he in great measure owed his crown,) or by some remembrance of, and reverence for, the oath which he had so solemnly taken, when he bade farewell to Hungary and her great King. But the wily Bishop reminded him that he had sworn only not to make any attempt upon the Hungarian throne—a very different matter, he argued, from accepting it when offered by the will of the people; and Durazzo hesitated again. This time his ambition awoke, and, added to the persuasions of the Bishop, influenced him far more effectually than did the memory of his oath, or the entreaties of his wife, who was filled with a dim presentiment of evil, and earnestly begged him to be satisfied with his own lovely kingdom.

Under the ban of the Church as he was, (for Urban had excommunicated him, for failing to keep the promises made at his coronation,) and threatened though he was with an attack from the son of his rival, who had been crowned by the Pope, and now called himself Louis II. King of Sicily, he accepted the Bishop's proposal, took some hasty measures for the defence of his kingdom, and then quitted it, never to return.

His first reception was by no means encouraging, for Zara and the other sea-board towns treated him and his pretensions with the utmost contempt; but on reaching Agram, he found that the Bishop had been justified in his representations, for the conspirators at once did homage to him as their king, and sent proclamations throughout Hungary, announcing his arrival. Great was the consternation at the court, for the two Queens were indeed sore beset, being just then threatened by another foe in the person of Sigmund. The latter, having met with a cold reception at Buda, on his return from the fruitless expedition to Poland, had soon after quitted the country and retired to Brandenburg, his marquisate—not however with any intention of relinquishing either his bride or her crown; and great therefore was his indignation, when he learnt that her hand had been offered to Louis of Orleans, brother of the French King,* and by him accepted. He at once pawned Brandenburg, and collected troops to fight for the possession of his

* Charles VI.

unwilling bride; and Maria, threatened on the one side by a bridegroom, and on the other by a rival to her throne, found herself obliged to yield to the former, small as appeared to be the chances of her own happiness, or of the welfare of her people, from a union with one so frivolous as Sigmund had hitherto shewn himself to be. The marriage took place; Sigmund was invested with the title of Tutor of the kingdom, and then at once started for Bohemia, to seek help against the insurgents.

Very soon after his departure, Durazzo, feeling himself strong enough to venture on a decided step, advanced towards Buda, accompanied by the chiefs of the conspiracy and their banderia. And now began a strange game of dissimulation and hypocrisy. The Queen-mother, pretending to have no suspicion of Durazzo's intentions, sent an embassy to meet him, and inquire whether he came as friend or foe; and Durazzo, taking his cue from her, replied that his feeling of gratitude for his benefactor Louis, had prompted him to come and protect the two Queens, to reconcile them with the nation, and to quell the insurrection. The Queens, little as they could believe in these fair promises, were yet too powerless to attempt any resistance, and therefore simulated the fullest confidence, going forth beyond the gates of Buda, to receive and greet the dear friend, who had hastened to their assistance from so distant a land, and insisting on his making his entry into the city, seated with them in the grand state-carriage. The populace—glad, no doubt, of any excuse for a little gaiety and excitement—received the procession with shouts of joy. The royal castle was placed at his disposal; but he, with feigned modesty, declined to occupy it, and preferred to take up his residence in a house belonging to one of the citizens. This modest demeanour did not, however, last long. A few days passed, and then, when the city was filled with his adherents, he was called to be Regent of the kingdom. As such, he had no further scruples about making his abode in the royal castle. At Christmas he held a Diet, attended, of course, by his own party, who were so much more numerous than the few loyalists who happened to be in the city, that Maria was deposed, and he was proclaimed King, almost without opposition. Yielding to necessity, the young Queen renounced the crown, and requested to be sent to her husband in Bohemia. But her mother, better versed in the arts of dissimulation, declared her conviction that women could never succeed in ruling the proud ungovernable Hungarians, and she could therefore but congratulate Durazzo and the nation on the change which had taken place. Durazzo, for his part, swore that he could never forget the benefits he had received from Louis, and would love the two Queens as tenderly as though they were his mother and sister.

And in the midst of all this protestation and speech-making, Durazzo and the Queen-mother were busily plotting one against the other; and in the presence of the deputies from the Diet, Maria with dignity renounced the crown, while Elisabeth, with solemn hypocrisy, placed the sceptre in the hands of the King.

But the haughty ambitious Italian was not satisfied with power. He wished to humble those whom he had conquered, and he therefore requested the Queens to appear at the ceremony of his coronation; partly, perhaps, to gratify his own pride, by the exhibition of his captives, who were thus to be made to contribute to the glory of his triumph; and partly also, maybe, to make the people believe that his acts were sanctioned and approved by them. The coronation was to take place in the Cathedral of Stuhlweissenburg; and here the throne was erected, and covered with its gorgeous crimson hangings. Opposite the throne was a very different object, one which must have struck a cold chill into the heart of the usurper, for it was the black-marble slab which covered the remains of his benefactor, Louis; and close to the tomb, clad in mourning garments, and bearing about them no sign of their rank, sat the two Queens, whose black veils did but betray the grief they were intended to hide. Amid the peals of the organ, the sound of their sobs was plainly to be distinguished; and amid all the splendour of the gorgeous ceremonial, every eye was fixed exclusively upon them. Three years and three months before, a similar ceremony had been performed; and Maria had then been anointed Queen, where now she knelt, in mourning garments, to add, by her presence and by her tears, to the splendour of her victorious rival. The hearts of the spectators began to grow sad; tears even, which they were at no pains to hide, filled their eyes; and when the new King entered the church, with beaming face, and clad in a robe of purple and ermine, many a head was bent down, and many a stolen glance was cast at the two Queens, as they knelt at Louis' tomb, embracing the cold stone, and wetting it with their tears. The King ascended the throne, and the Cardinal-Archbishop anointed his forehead with the holy oil. The eyes of the Queen-mother glared upon him through her veil, and in her own heart she determined that his forehead should, ere long, be touched by something of a very different nature. After the singing, when the Archbishop cried aloud to the assembly, 'Do you desire Károly for your King?' but few voices uttered the affirmative 'igen,' while the rest looked at the two Queens and were silent. Twice, and three times, according to custom, the question was asked; and each time the scattered answers were given less emphatically, as those who had replied in the first instance lost confidence by observing the silence of the rest; and upon the reading of the words, which occurred in the Service of the day—'This is he who is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel'—the people, making their own application of the sacred words, shook their heads and quitted the church. The King received the Holy Communion, but his face paled visibly beneath the crown; and as they gave him the sceptre, his hand trembled—that hand which had slain the Neapolitan Giovanna, which had been raised on high when he took his oath to Louis, and which had now robbed Louis' daughter of her crown.

As he left the Church to mount his horse and ride through the streets of Stuhlweissenburg, the banner of St. István, which was borne before him, caught in the door-way, and broke; and the people looked at one another in consternation. This was the first evil omen, and it was followed by others. On the King's return to Buda, at the beginning of the new year, and in the depth of a severe winter, a fearful thunder-storm broke over his head, and a violent earth-quake rent the walls of the castle. The rooks came down in large numbers from the neighbouring Blocksberg, beat with their wings against the windows of the palace, and at last fell upon and devoured one another. All these things were noted by the people, and even Durazzo himself could not quite shake off a feeling of fear, though, strangely enough, it did not serve to put him on his guard. He must have felt how unpardonable his conduct towards the two Queens had been; he must have known, too, that, in spite of the outward resignation, and even friendliness, of their manner, they could feel anything but friendship for him; he knew Gara's courage and determination; he knew, too, how well versed was the Queen-mother in the arts of cunning and dissimulation; he must have felt that from him, the murderer of Giovanna, they had every reason to expect the worst, and would therefore naturally seek to rid themselves of him; and yet—whether from any yet lingering feeling of gratitude and pity, or from fear of rousing the compassion of the people for his victims should he treat them with greater indignity—he took no measures for restraining the intercourse of the deposed Queens with their friends; he allowed them perfect freedom, and all the outward honour due to their rank; and moreover, he shared with them the royal castle of Buda.

Nothing could be more favourable than these circumstances for the execution of any plan of vengeance; and such a plan was speedily formed, for no one could tell how long this state of things might last, nor how soon the conqueror might take harsher measures. Nine-and-thirty days had elapsed since the coronation, when, on the morning of the 7th February, Gara came to the Castle, attended by a numerous band, for the purpose, as he said, of taking leave of the Queens, before he proceeded to Syrmia, to be present at his daughter's marriage.

The armed troops who were to accompany him, and others whom he had secretly summoned, were stationed, some in the city, some at the gates of the palace; but their presence excited no surprise, for Gara was a great man, and travelled with a proportionately large retinue. Towards evening a message was brought to the King from the Queen-mother, begging him to favour her with his presence, as she had just received important despatches from her son-in-law, Sigmund. Durazzo obeyed the summons, was received with unusual affability, and, as the conversation was to be upon affairs of state, dismissed his Neapolitan guard. Scarcely was he seated, when in came Gara and Forgács, and the discussion was continued in their presence; but suddenly, when for

a moment the King had turned his face, Forgács struck him a violent blow on the head with a battle-axe, which he had kept concealed beneath his dress, and immediately after, rushed out to bring Gara's troops into the castle-yard. The Queen-mother sank down in a real or feigned swoon, and Gara hurried away, to complete the work which had been begun. The King so far recovered from the blow he had received, as to be able to totter back to his apartments; but the Italian guard, which had been driven from the castle, fled to Croatia that same night, together with all the rest of his adherents. In the morning, heralds were heard in the streets of Buda, proclaiming the death of the King, the restoration to the throne of the lawful Queen, and the promise of a free pardon to all concerned in the late conspiracy; and the populace, which had so lately hailed the arrival of Durazzo, now poured through the streets, cheering the Queen and plundering the Italian merchants. The Queen's word was kept: none of those implicated in the conspiracy were punished; and as for the chief rebels, they were wise enough to keep out of the way. The late King was conveyed to Visegrád by night, and there soon died, some say by strangling, others by poison; but the latter was not a Hungarian method of despatching an enemy, and such a blow as he had received, would seem to be quite enough to account for Durazzo's death. Because he had died under the ban of the Church, he was left unburied in his dungeon till 1390, when, by order of Boniface IX., his remains were interred in a monastery close by. Thus ended Charles of Durazzo, in the fortieth year of his age. Like others of his race, he was ambitious and talented, but possessed of little generosity or nobility of character. In his own country he had gained popularity and fame, by his good generalship, his government, and the pleasure he took in the society of the learned. In Hungary too, his easy affability, as well as the talent he shewed, had won him many friends, who expected him to prove a real blessing to their country; and perhaps, considering, as Fessler observes, that the welfare of a state depends more upon the intellectual qualities of its regent than upon his goodness of heart, we may consider that, in spite of his faults, it would have been a happy thing for Hungary had Charles II. remained her ruler. She stood now upon the eve of her long struggle with the Turks, when his vigorous and politic government might have spared her the disastrous insurrections, miserable scenes of blood, and ruinous defeats, which were brought upon her by Sigmund's light-mindedness, obstinacy, and incapacity.

While the Queens were kept prisoners in their own royal castle by Durazzo, Sigmund, having already pawned his own estates, and having no means of raising troops, took upon himself to pawn the district of Hungary lying between the Vág and the Danube. But before he had struck a blow in their service, the two Queens were at liberty; their dislike to him had revived, and the nation was indignant at the step he had taken; for the money raised by pawning the before-mentioned district had been squandered as lightly as it had been obtained.

Evidently he was no fit guardian of the empire, and he was therefore deprived of his lately conferred title. In disgust he retired to Bohemia, where his brother, King Wenzel, unwilling to see him deprived of the crown of Hungary as well as of that of Poland, supplied him with troops; and war was thus formally declared between the husband and wife.

But Hungary, powerful as she had been but a few years before, now felt herself unequal to maintaining a war against Bohemia, and she therefore willingly agreed to the accommodation proposed by Wenzel. A meeting took place in the Bohemian camp, pitched near Raab, and a reconciliation was, outwardly at least, effected between Sigmund and Maria, in which the former of course got the best of the bargain. His debts were to be paid by the nation, and Maria was to ransom, from his cousins,* the district he had pawned; at the same time, he was to be put in possession of the counties formerly held by Stephen, the brother of Louis the Great. But, by a special clause, the Queens were bound not to allow Sigmund to be crowned King of Hungary, without the consent of his brother Wenzel, who was already suspicious and jealous of him.

This peace brought about no real reconciliation, and no better understanding between the husband and wife; and Sigmund, perhaps annoyed at obtaining neither the title nor the influence he desired, at once returned to Bohemia.

Meanwhile Gara had been hindered, first by the declaration of war, and then by the pacifications, from following up the leaders of the late conspiracy, who had taken refuge with the King of Bosnia, by whom they were supported, and enabled to make constant harassing attacks upon Croatia and the sea-coast. Gara at last determined to raise an army in Syrmia, and go in pursuit of them; but, having before experienced the good effects resulting from the presence of the royal family, he thought it politic to induce the two Queens to accompany him on his expedition. They accordingly started from Gran in July, accompanied by a small guard, and travelled leisurely southwards, stopping here and there on the way, so that it was September before they reached the town of Kapronca, where they were met by very unpleasant tidings. The insurgents had gained ground, and were in possession of some of the towns on the coast; it was said that they were even threatening Kapronca, and that it would not be safe for the Queens to remain there, protected by so small a guard as that which attended them. So soon, therefore, as Gara had appointed a new and more efficient Ban, and had despatched a message to Venice, begging for the assistance of a fleet, without which it was impossible to attack the rebels with effect, the whole party quitted Kapronca, and proceeded towards Castle Gara, now called by the Serbs, Gorjan. They had only

* Jost and Prokop, Margraves of Moravia. Their father was Johann, brother of the Emperor Karl IV.

an hour's journey before them, when they were suddenly surprised by a party of the insurgents, headed by Horváthy János, brother of the Bishop of Agram. The guard made a desperate resistance, but were soon overpowered by the superior numbers; Gara, Forgács, and several others, were slain; and then the two Queens, trembling with terror, were dragged from their carriage and brought before Horváthy, who accused them of the murder of Durazzo, and threatened them with the direst vengeance. In her dread of what might be coming, the Queen-mother forgot herself, and thought only of securing the safety of her daughter. Falling on her knees before Horváthy, she assured him that Maria was entirely innocent of the murder, and that she herself alone was to blame. But vengeance was satisfied, for the time, by the execution of Gara and Forgács, and the Queens' lives were spared. They were sent prisoners to Gomnech, and the heads of the two nobles were sent to the widowed Queen of Naples, with a message, entreating her to send her son Ladislaus to Hungary, that he might be crowned in his father's stead. The Queen, however, did not comply with this request, for it was almost more than she could do to maintain herself on the Neapolitan throne; but she thirsted for vengeance upon the murderers of her husband, and therefore asked that the two Hungarian Queens might be sent to her alive. The rebels seem to have been not indisposed to grant her request, for the unhappy prisoners were conveyed to the coast, but here they were stopped from proceeding further, by the presence of the Venetian fleet. Venice had never reconciled herself to the loss of the Dalmatian sea-board, and was now active in her interference, in the hope of regaining it. Meanwhile, Hungary had been thrown into a state of horror and consternation, by the news of the capture of her Queen. All was confusion, and there was no one to take the lead.

But even Sigmund had adherents, and by their exertions he was appointed Chief-Captain of the kingdom, though, as had been before experienced, no title had the power to confer wisdom upon him, or to inspire the nation with confidence. It was January before he reached Kapronca, and his arrival there only induced the rebels to strangle the Queen-mother before her daughter's eyes, lest she should after all escape their vengeance. In Kapronca Sigmund received an embassy from Venice, promising that she would do all in her power to effect the deliverance of the Queen, and advising, above all things, that Sigmund should return to Hungary, and be elected King. This advice exactly coincided with Sigmund's wishes; and leaving it to the Venetians to continue the attack upon the rebels, he returned to Buda, called a Diet, which was chiefly attended by his own party, and was elected. The many stipulations made, and promises extorted, on this occasion, shew plainly enough that Sigmund was mistrusted even by his own party, and that it was only the distracted state of the country, and the crying need for a head of some sort, that procured his election.

While his Queen was languishing in prison—while, indeed, it was uncertain whether she was dead or alive—Sigmund was crowned at Stuhlweissenburg, on the Palm-Sunday of 1387, by the Bishop of Veszprém, for the see of Gran was vacant, and apparently the Archbishop of Kalócsa was not of the number of his adherents.

(To be continued.)

THE PILLARS OF THE HOUSE;

OR,

UNDER WODE, UNDER RODE.

CHAPTER XXI.

A KETTLE OF FISH.

'Our Pursuivant at arms will shew
Both why we came and when we go.'

Scott.

THE place of the pic-nic was a good way off, being the point of the promontory that shut in the mouth of the river, a great crag, with a long reef of rocks running out into the sea, playfully called the Kitten's Tail; though the antiquarians always deposed that the head had nothing to do with cats or kits, but with the disposition to erect chapels to St. Christopher on the points of land where they might first greet the mariners' eyes. Beneath this crag, sheltered by the first and larger joints of the Kitten's Tail, was a delightful sandy nook, where appeared a multitude of smart hats, male and female, a great many strangers even to Captain Audley, who would fain have recognized none of them. In a strong access of his almost morbid silence, he devoted himself to Felix, and kept aloof from almost everyone. Even at the dinner, spread on a very sloping bit of beach, pic-nic exigencies enabled him to be nearly *tête-à-tête* with Felix, who found himself almost back to back to a lady in a brilliant foreign pheasant's plume, with glass dew-drops at the points.

In a pause of their own conversation, they heard the inquiry, 'Do you know who that boy is—that fair delicate-looking lad just opposite, with the white muslin round his hat?'

'Oh—that!' answered the pheasant lady; 'that is young Lord Somerville, son to the Marquess of Liddesdale. He and his brother, Lord Francis, have been out yachting with Captain Audley.'

The Captain smiled as he looked at the boys. 'Ay,' he observed, with a flash of his bright dark eyes, 'he has the advantage over Sum.'

For Lance had resumed his lark-like air, and it was perhaps the more

striking from the fragility and transparency that remained about his looks; and he was full of animation, as he, with a reinforcement of boys, clustered round a merry sunny-faced girl, full of joyous drollery.

'Very queer and eccentric—quite a bear,' was the next thing they heard; whereat Captain Audley nodded and smiled to Felix. After the general turmoil caused by the change of courses had subsided, that penetrating voice was heard again. 'Yes, we came home sooner than we had intended. The fact was, we found that old Mr. Underwood was being beset by some of those relations. You remember? Oh yes; they have sunk very low—got into trade, absolutely got into trade! One of them a mere common singing-boy. Mr. Underwood is getting aged—quite past—and we did not know what advantage might be taken of him.'

"'Your turn now,' murmured Captain Audley, with a look of diversion calculated to allay the wounded flush on his neighbour's cheek.

'Do you mean Mr. Edward Underwood's sons?' said a voice on the other side. 'I always understood them to be very respectable and well-conducted.'

'Oh, very likely! Only I do happen to know that one of them has been a great trouble and vexation to Tom Underwood; and we didn't want the same over again with the poor old Squire.'

'Did I understand you that any of them were here?' added the other voice; 'for I had just been struck by the likeness of that boy opposite, talking to my sister, to poor Mr. Edward Underwood, as I remember him.'

'Oh no, Mrs. Rivers; I assure you that's young Lord Somerville!'

Captain Audley made an effort, rather difficult in his Turkish position, to crane his head beyond the interposing figures, recognized and bowed to the speaker, who greeted him by name, and thus diminished the flow of Mrs. Fulbert Underwood's conversation by her awe of the high and mighty bear whom she scarcely knew by sight. He had no taste for scenes, and did not put either her or Felix to pain by mentioning his name; but when the last act of the meal was over, and people began to move, he made his way in the direction of the inquiring voice. 'Mrs. Rivers, let me introduce Mr. Felix Underwood.'

'I am very happy—' and there was a cordial smile and a hand held out. 'Are you here for long? My father would be so much pleased to see you.'

It was a rather worn pale face; but the ease and sweetness of manner, and the perfect fitness of the dress, made a whole that gave Felix a sense of the most perfect lady he had met with, except his mother and Sister Constance.

'I am at Ewmouth, with one of my brothers who has been ill.'

'Lord Somerville?' and all three burst out laughing. 'My sister has found him out, I see. She and your little boy are old friends, Captain Audley.'

'Yes, you have been very kind to him. But I am as much surprised to see you here as you can be to see my friend. Are you from home?'

'We go back this evening. We slept at the Crewes' last night. My husband had business there; and when they asked us to this pic-nic, it was a good opportunity for Gertrude to learn the beauties of her county.'

'Which she seems to be doing under full escort,' laughed Captain Audley, as the young lady and the young boy flock were seen descending to the rocks.

'She has a strong taste for little boys,' said the elder sister. 'You have the Somerville boys here, haven't you, though?'

'Yes; there had been scarletina or something or other in their school, and their mother was afraid of them among their sisters, till I had purified them by a sea voyage.'

Probably Mrs. Fulbert never found out her mistake; for Lord Somerville reported that he had never been so pitched into in his life as by an old girl in a 'stunning tile,' who found him washing out an empty pie-dish for the benefit of some maritime monsters that he wanted to carry home to his sisters; but that when Lance came up, she was as meek as a mouse. Certainly, the two boys were little sturdy fellows, burnt lobster-like up to the roots of their bleached and rough hair; and their costumes were more adapted to the deck of the Kittiwake in all weathers, than to genteel society. Their sisters were in an aquarium fever, and their sport all through their expedition had been researches for what they had learnt in Scotland to call 'beasts;' and now the collection was to be completed from the mouth of the Ewe, and the scrambling and tumbling it involved were enchanting.

Kate Staples, who usually considered Lance her charge, was not sorry to see a croquet player disposed of among his own congeners; for the game seemed such a necessary of life, that it was actually prepared for on the sands, to the extreme contempt of the anemone hunters. 'Play at croquet, forsooth, when rocks aren't to be had to scramble on every day!'

And scramble ecstatically they did, up and over slippery stone and rock festooned with olive weed, peeping into pools of crystal clearness, and admiring rosy fans of weed, and jewel-like actinias embellished by the magic beauty of intense clear brightness. The boys took off shoes and stockings, turned up trousers, and scrambled and paddled like creatures to the manner born.

'Oh dear! I wish I might!' sighed the young lady.

'Why don't you?' said Charlie Audley. 'Kate and Em and Annie always do—don't they, Frank?'

'Of course they do, or how would they ever get on!'

'Come along then, Miss Gertrude,' said Charlie. 'You can't think how jolly it is!'

And soon another pair of little white feet were dancing on the rocks. 'Oh dear! what a blunder of civilization it is to wear shoes at all! How delicious a hold one gets!'

'I can't think why people do wear them! They never are anything but a bother,' said Lance.

'To play at foot-ball with,' suggested Somerville, from the top of a rock.

'But women don't,' said Gertrude.

'*I* think women do it, and make us, that they may have something to worrit about,' said Frank. 'Damp stockings are the bother of creation till one goes to school; and then, isn't it jolly!'

'Except the chilblains,' called out Charlie.

'I believe,' said Lance, 'chilblains come of shoes.'

'No, they can't,' argued Charlie, 'for one has them on one's hands.'

'Well,' said Gertrude, 'let's form ourselves into a society for the suppression of shoes and stockings!'

'Hurrah!' cried Lance. 'I know one person at least that it would be a blessing to.'

The question was, how the five bold reformers were to begin. Frank suggested drowning all the present stock, and pretended to be about to begin, but was of course prevented by a scream.

'Public opinion must be prepared first,' said Lance.

'And that,' said Gertrude, 'we'd better do by a great example! Here, we'll shew what can be done. Why shouldn't we get out to the end of the Kitten's Tail?'

'One can't to the end,' said Charlie; 'there's a place big enough for the gig to go through, half way out.'

'And about the tide?' said Lance.

'Tide,' said Charlie, looking at his watch—'tide wouldn't think of playing us such a dirty trick as turning for an hour and a half.'

'And the jolliest beasts of all always live in places like that,' added Somerville. 'Come on, President of the Society for the Suppression of Shoeses—to the front!'

On moved the august Society, now scrambling to a dry flat, now threading a *mauvais pas*, clinging to festoons of sea-weed; the three little boys climbed like monkeys or sailors; but Lance, agile as he was, had not had the same amount of training, and felt besides that it was requisite to be ready to give a helping hand to Miss Gertrude. She got on very well, being full of lightness and springiness, only she was a little inclined to be adventurous, and to chatter at critical moments.

'We must have got out a quarter of a mile.'

'Oh no, not that!'

'No? I'm sure it is! How small they look on the beach! I wonder if they can see us! Hark! they're singing—'

'"Drink to me only with thine eyes;" that's Felix's crack glee,' said Lance; 'what fun for him!'

'This is much better fun!' cried the general voice. 'They'll never see us if we wave now!'

'No, no; don't let's wave now! Wait till we get to the farthest point.'

'And there we'll plant our ensign!'

'What shall we do for a flag? We haven't got the Britisher here!'

'No; it must be the flag of the SSSS's.'

'That ought to be a bit of bare skin.'

'No, no—a pair of feet—motto, "Off, vile lendings!"'

'I say, I don't think you can get any further,' interposed Somerville. 'I've been on four rocks further, and I'm sure you will never get back again if you go on.'

'Oh, that's base! I'm sure this one isn't so hard.'

She was creeping along a ledge, holding the sea-weed with one hand, and Lance by the other.

'I really don't think it passable,' he said; 'there's scarcely the width of one's foot beyond.'

'Hurrah!' shouted Frank. 'Here's the father of all the Daisianas!'

'Oh! oh! he's my cousin. I must see him!' cried Gertrude, with a scramble and a laugh, which ended in a sudden slip—luckily, not into the open sea, but into a very steep-sided bath-like pool; and Lance, whom of course she gripped hard, was pulled after her, both over head and ears; and though they scrambled on their feet in a moment, there they stood up to their shoulders in water.

'Get the Daisiana now you are there!' shouted Frank.

'How are we ever to get out?' said Gertrude, looking up the walls, six feet at least on the lowest side.

'If we had a rope,' said Charlie.

'Make signals—call,' said Somerville, all suiting the action to the word. 'No, they don't hear! they are all singing away. You, Franky, you're too little to be any good, make the best of your way to call somebody.'

'The tide will come in!' said Frank. 'Mamma and Aunt Emmie were once shut in by the tide, and Uncle Edwin. And there was a fellow who was quite drowned—dead—and that was why I was named Francis.'

'That's what you may call a cheering reminiscence at a happy moment,' said Lance, recollecting that he was far more nearly a man than anyone present, and instinctively feeling the need of brightening all into cheerful activity, for the girl looked thoroughly frightened. 'Yes, Lord Frank, the best thing you can do is to go for somebody; but we'll be out long first. Can't we make a rope? Have you a sash or anything, Miss Gertrude? Don't fear, we'll soon be out.'

Happily, she had both a sash and a broad ribbon round her hat; and Lance tore off his puggery.

'I can do it best,' called Charlie. 'I know all the sailors' knots.'

'It will never bear,' said Gertrude.

'Oh yes, it will. You'll not trust your whole weight to it. Is it done?'

'Besides, how can they draw me up?'

'We'd best get behind that rock, Sum,' suggested Charlie, 'then she won't pull us in.'

Charlie's sailor experience was very useful; and he shouted advice to Lance, who was tying the extemporary rope round Gertrude, not very easily, owing to the material, and to its being done under water.

'Now, then, you do your best at climbing—here,' he said. 'They'll pull you; and look! There, first my knee—yes—now my shoulder—now—' And standing for a moment on his shoulder, Gertrude was really able with a desperate grapple to surmount the wall of her prison, and scramble out beside the two cousins, whose pulls had been very helpful.

Lance's clambering was a harder matter, for he did not venture to trust much to the rope, though the girl's strength was added to that of the two boys; and it was a severe climb up the scarcely indented, slippery, moist, slimy rock, where his hands and feet could hardly find any hold; and when at length he reached the top, he was so panting and dizzy, that Somerville at first held him to hinder his slipping backward into the sea. No one could get at King or Queen Daisiana, so it was left in its glory; while the young people struggled back over rocks that seemed much steeper, and pools far deeper, than in their advance; Lance still trying to be helpful, but with a mazed sense of the same sort of desperate effort with which he had run back with Bill's verses; for not only had his small strength been overtaxed, but the immersion in water was affecting his head.

Lord Francis had made much quicker progress; and boy as he was, shewed his breeding by not rushing open-mouthed on the party with his intelligence, but seeking the Captain, who was smoking the pipe of solitude upon a rock apart. He at once sent Frank to the servants, who were enjoying the relics of the feast, to fetch some wine, and tell the boat's crew to make ready at once, and then went off himself to seek Mrs. Rivers. Felix, who had spied the little messenger speeding up to the Captain, was already on his way to the rocks, and reached the party in good time; for draggled, drenched, and with clinging garments, they were so slow in getting on, that it was no delusion that the water was higher and the rocks lower; and even Gertrude had neither breath nor spirits to gabble when that grave anxious face met her, and a strong careful hand lifted and helped, first her, then Lance, up and down every difficulty; and when she perceived how the new-comer avoided point-blank looking at the bare ancles that had sometimes to make long stretches, a burning red came up into her face, half of shame, half of indignation at being made ashamed. And after all, when the place where her hose and shoon had been left was reached, the niched shelf in the rock turned out to have been surrounded by the tide, so that they were quite unattainable either by herself or the little boys; and Felix, putting the arm by which Lance had held by him over Somerville's shoulder, told them to go on before, and himself made

two long strides and a scramble before he could reach the boots and stockings, and give them to the young lady, unable to help looking nearly as grave and vexed as if it had been Angela herself; indeed, he was vexed, for he had an ideal of the young ladyhood of his mother's old native region, and did not like it to be disturbed. He moved away far enough for her to think he had left her to her fate, till she was on her feet and coming on, and then there he was again, in a moment the attentive squire. Revived by her short rest, and on less perilous ground, she glanced at his face in readiness to disperse her discomfort with something saucy, but somehow it would not do; and she was tamely conducted to terra firma, where her sister saluted her with 'O Daisy! what a child you are to have charge of!'

That restored her enough to answer, 'I'm quite delighted something should have happened under your keeping! No harm done. Salt water never gives cold.'

'I don't mind it for you,' said the elder sister; 'you have not been ill. —But indeed, Mr. Underwood, I am very sorry,' she added. 'What will be best for your brother?'

'Here!' said Captain Audley, taking from Frank a flask of sherry, and over-ruling the objection made by the brothers that stimulants were forbidden. He further insisted on taking Lance at once to his own berth on board the yacht, while Mrs. Rivers meant to conduct her sister to the preventive house.

'So,' said Lance, rather ruefully, as he shook hands, 'there ends the SSSS.'

'Not at all! Its use is proved. We should have been cooked by this time in the Daisiana cauldron, if we had had great cumbrous boots on.'

It was a valiant effort, and she cast a glance out of the corner of her eye at the elder brother, but it had not relaxed a muscle of his grave anxious face, which was in truth chiefly bent on watching Lance's involuntary shiverings; and she again turned crimson, perhaps from her share of the chill, and was dragged off, muttering, 'What intolerable folks guardian brothers are! Henry Ward was a mild specimen compared with this one!'

About noon on the following day, Mrs. Pettigrew's little girl abruptly opened the parlour door, and with 'Please, ye're wanted,' turned in a tall, thin, grey-haired, spectacled gentleman, who, as Lance started up from the sofa, exclaimed, 'Don't disturb yourself; I came to thank you, and inquire after you after the adventure my mad-cap daughter led you into.'

'I hope she is all right,' said Lance solicitously.

'As right as Daisiana himself; more so than I fear you are. Let me see you comfortable. Lie down again, pray.'

'Oh, I don't care about lying down, thank you, Sir; I only sleep for want of something to do;' but though he did not put his feet up, he was

feeling far too languid not to relax his bolt-upright attitude, and lean back on his pillows.

'That will do. Bad head-ache?'

'It is nearly gone off now, thank you, Sir; it was bad all night, but it is much better since I have been asleep.'

'Let me see,' laying his left hand on the wrist that hung over the edge of the sofa. 'Ay, I hope that wicked little siren has done no great damage. Pulled you below, true mermaid fashion—eh?'

'I meant to have pulled her out.'

'Instead of which she made a lad into a ladder to climb out on.' Which bad pun served the purpose of making the boy laugh enough to be at his ease. 'She is much indebted, and so am I. I like to meet an old friend's son. Are you alone?'

'My brother is only gone to the post-office. He will be in before long; but it saves a post to take the letters before twelve, and he ought to be out as much as he can.'

'Is he here on his own account, or yours?'

'He came down first, before I was ill. It was bother and over-work and a cough. Everything always does come to worry him, whenever he ought to have rest or pleasure.' And Lance, who was thoroughly weary and dispirited, was nearly ready to cry.

'Even when he goes out for a pic-nic, young ladies must needs drown themselves!'

This made Lance smile; but he added, with a quivering lip, 'He would not go to bed till I could go to sleep last night, and that was not till past two, and he looks quite done up this morning.'

'Is anyone attending you?'

'Dr. Manby did at Minsterham—nobody here.'

'What's been amiss with you—fever?'

'Plenty of fever, but it was from sun-stroke.'

'Ah! you boys have thinner skulls than we used to have! How long ago?'

'Seven weeks yesterday,' said Lance wearily.

'And you are sadly weary of weakness?'

'I don't mind that so much;' and the kindness of face, voice, and gesture, made the poor boy's eyes overflow; 'but I'm no good, and I can't tell whether I ever shall be again!'

'It is a great deal too soon to trouble yourself about that.'

'That's what they all tell me!' cried Lance impatiently, and the tears rushed forth again. 'Manby only laughs, and tells me I shall be a Solon yet if I don't vex myself; and how can I tell whether he means it?'

'Well, dear boy, have it all out; I promise to mean whatever I say.'

'You are a doctor then, Sir?'

'What! the boy doesn't know me, as sure as my name's Dick May!'

'Oh!' cried Lance, 'that was what I heard Felix saying to Captain Audley—that he did so wish Dr. May could look at me!'

'That's all right, then. Come, then, what is weighing on you—weakness?'

'Just not weakness,' said Lance. 'I didn't care so much when I could scarcely get about; but now I can walk any distance, and still I have not a bit more sense!'

'Is your memory gone?'

'I don't think so; only, if I fix my mind to recollect, and it doesn't come by chance, I'm all abroad, and perfectly senseless and idiotic!'

'And it brings on pain?'

'Yes, if I try five minutes together.'

'You don't try to read or write?'

'I can't—and—' then came the tears again—'music is just like red-hot hammers to me.' There was a great fight with sobs, rather puzzling to one who did not know what music was to the chorister. 'And what is to be the end of it?'

'That rest and patience will make you as well as ever.'

'Do you really think so? But, Sir, I have a little brother seven and a half years old, with no understanding at all—not able to speak; and if there were two of us on Felix's hands like *that!* If I could only be put away somewhere, so that Felix should not have the burthen of me!'

'My poor little fellow! Is this what is preying on you all this time?'

'Not always—only when I am doing nothing, and that is most times,' he said dejectedly; but the Doctor smiled.

'Then you may take the very anxiety as a proof that your brain is recovering. You cannot expect to shake off the effects quickly; but if you are only patient with yourself, you will do perfectly well. Are you a son of the clergy?'

'No, I am a chorister at Minsterham. I have another year there, when I can go back, if ever—'

'Don't say *if* ever! You will, if you only will keep from fretting and hurrying, and will accept that beautiful motto of the Underwoods.'

Lance smiled responsively, and said more cheerfully, 'You are quite sure, Sir?'

'As sure as any man can be, that there is no reason to anticipate what you dread. It is quite possible that you may be more or less liable to bad head-aches, and find it needful to avoid exposure to summer sunshine; but I should think you as likely to do your work in the world as anyone I ever saw.'

The light on Lance's face did not wholly spring from this reply. With 'There's Felix!' he had bounded out of the room the next moment, and his incautious voice could be heard through the window—'Fee, Fee, here's her father! that brick of a Miss Gertrude's, I mean. He's as jolly as he ought to be, and knew all our people. But just—I say—how's Cherry?'

'All well; here's a note from the dear little thing herself,' said Felix;

and in another moment, with his bag strapped over his shoulder, he had brought the bright sedateness of his face into the little parlour. 'Dr. May! how very kind in you!'

'Not kindness, but common propriety, to come and see how much mischief my naughty child had done.'

'I don't think there's any real mischief,' said the elder brother, looking at the much refreshed face.

'I think not, and so am free to be glad of the catastrophe that has brought me in the way of an old friend. Yes, I may say so, for I must have known you!'

'Yes,' said Felix, 'we used to watch for you when you came to my uncle. You always had some fun with us.'

'I remember a pair of twins, who were an irresistible attraction. I hope they have grown up accordingly. You look as if you ought to have pretty sisters.'

Felix laughed, and said the twins were reckoned as very pretty.

'How many of you are there—was not it thirteen? Did not those boys get the clergy-orphan?'

'One did, thank you. He is on a farm in Australia now, and I am thinking whether to try for little Bernard; but I am afraid his case would be a stale one, being of seven years standing.'

'If you want it done, my daughter, Mrs. Rivers, is a dragon of diplomacy in canvassing; but why not send him to Stoneborough? Cheviot takes a selection of cleric's sons at £30, and we would have an eye to him.'

'Thank you, if we can only manage it; but I must see what my sister says—our financier.'

'One of those little apple-blossom twins? Let me look at you.—Do you mean to tell me that this fellow has been the whole stand-by of that long family these seven years?' he added, turning to Lance.

'To be sure he has!' cried Lance eagerly.

'Lance!' said Felix, rather indignantly. 'You forget Wilmet! And Thomas Underwood entirely educated two of us.'

'And,' said the Doctor, looking oddly but searchingly from one to the other, 'you've been the bundle of sticks in the fable. Never gone together by the ears? Ah!' as both brothers burst out laughing at the question, 'I'd not have asked if I had not seen how you could answer. I've seen what makes me so afraid of brothers in authority, that it does me good to look at you two.'

Felix looked up. The Stoneborough murder case was about two years old, and of course he had to study and condense the details, and had come on the names of Dr. May and his son in the evidence.

The further words met his sudden conjecture. 'Ay, boys, you little know what you may be spared by home peace and confidence! Well, and what may you be doing, Felix? Your bag looks as if you had turned postman to the district.'

'There's my chief business, Sir, coupled with book-selling and stationery,' said Felix, as he pushed across a copy of the Pursuivant that lay on the table. 'I have been well paid from the first, and am in partnership now, so we have got along very well.'

'Ay, ay! Very good trade, I should think? You must send me your paper, Felix; I want one I can trust to lie about the house.'

'You will find it very stupid and local, Sir.'

It was curious how what from Mr. Staples was answered with an effort, seemed from Dr. May to draw out confidence. One point was, that Mr. Staples never seemed sure how to treat him, and often betrayed a fear of hurting his feelings; while with Dr. May he was himself and nothing else. The Doctor stayed to share their dinner, such as it was in consideration of their being lodgers as didn't give trouble—*i.e.* some plain boiled fish, fresh indeed, but of queer name and quality, and without sauce, and some steaks not distantly related to an old shoe; but both seemed to think so little about it, that the Doctor, who was always mourning over the daintiness of the present day, approved them all the more.

Just as they had finished, Captain Audley came in with his boys, on their way to start off the Somervilles by the train, and it was agreed that when he took his son back to school at Stoneborough, Felix and Lance should come with him and spend the day.

And a pleasant day it was, as pleasant as the unsettled wanderings of a long day in a strange place could be, and memorable for one curious fact—namely, that for the first time in her life Gertrude May was shy!

Not with Lance. She had a good deal of pastime with him in the cool garden, while Felix was being walked over the school-yards in the sun; and they were excellent friends, though Ethel certainly had a certain repugnance to the discovery of how big a boy it was with whom Gertrude had danced bare-footed on the rocks. Of course Ethel was the kindly mistress of the house as usual, but she was worn and strained in spirits just then, and disinclined to exert herself beyond the needful welcome to her father's guests. So she let them all go out, and went on with her own occupations, thinking that it was well that Daisy should take her part in entertaining guests, since 'that boy' was evidently a thorough little gentleman; and then shrinking a little as she heard their voices over Aubrey's museum, including the Coombe Hole curiosities.

No, it was not towards Lance that Daisy was shy; but when all sat round the dinner-table, she was unusually silent, and listened to the conversation far more than was her wont, though it was chiefly political. When Felix spoke to her, she absolutely coloured rosy red and faltered, unable to conquer the shamefacedness that their encounter had left her; and when the party had taken leave, and she was standing in the twilight, Ethel, to her great surprise, found the child quietly crying.

'Nothing!' she said, angry at being detected.

'It can't be nothing.'

'Yes, it is. Only I do so hate—hate myself for being a tom-boy!'

'One often does go on with that a little too long; and then comes the horrible feel.'

'And that it should have happened with him of all people in the world!'

'Ah, Daisy, I wish I had come out with you!'

'Fudge, Ethel! Not to-day. Do you think I care about that boy? I should think not! But—but—I wanted to think him a nasty prig, but I can't!'

'Who?'

'Why, that eldest brother. When he found me scrambling about with my stockings off, he didn't speak, but he looked, as Richard might, surprised and sorry. I thought it was impertinent—at least I wanted to, but— And now he'll always think me—nasty!'

'My dear, if one must have a lesson of that kind, it is as well it should be from someone that one is never likely to see or hear of again.'

'Oh! but not from the very best and noblest of people one ever will hear of. Yes, Ethel, I'm not gone mad! That boy has been telling me all about his brother; and indeed I never did hear or know about anyone who was such a real hero in a quiet way! No; whenever I hear of a hero, I shall think of Mr. Underwood. And, oh dear, that I should have made such a goose of myself!'

It was quite unaffected—a spark of real reverence had lighted at last on Gertrude's mind. 'To turn tradesman for the sake of one's brothers and sisters, that I do call heroic!' she said; and she maintained his cause, even to putting down F. U. as her 'favourite hero,' in lists of likes and dislikes.

But there was no great chance of Gertrude again encountering her hero; for the morning after their day at Stoneborough, Lance was beginning to experiment on his powers by skimming newspapers, especially the Pursuivant, because he knew it before, all but the last local items, that could only be added at the moment of going to press. Suddenly he broke out, 'Holloa! you never told me this! Mowbray Smith *has* put his foot in it this time.'

'What?' said Felix, pausing in the act of opening an envelope from Mr. Froggatt.

'Pocketing the coal and school money—ay, and the alms.'

'Eh? Impossible! Let me look.'

'There. A letter signed "Scrutator." There's a great deal more than I can read, all about under-paid curates and sycophants. My Lady is catching it, I should say! It must be true, or Froggy would not have put it in.'

'He never admitted that!' said Felix, tearing open his letter. 'He is in utter dismay, asks whether I could have seen the thing, tells me to telegraph yes or no, that he may know whether to speak to Redstone. What's this about tribute to my father?'

'Here! "Once it was deemed well that the ecclesiastical staff should be by birth and character, if not by pecuniary fortune, above suspicion; but the universal application of the general screw system has warned off all who had a predilection for an unfettered tongue, and we all know what hands accompany one in chains."'

'Libellous!' cried Felix, running his eye over the article. 'It looks as if it had strayed out of the Dearport Hermes. I'd not have had this happen for ten thousand pounds! Clap-trap about fat rectors and starved curates! Jackman's writing, I'd lay any wager!'

'You don't think he did it?'

'Smith? Muddled his accounts! Nothing more likely; charges like this are not got up without some grounds of some sort; but as to intentional fraud, that's utter nonsense. Well, I'm off to the station, and I hope in half an hour's time Master Redstone will be quaking.'

Ten days of the holiday still remained; and Captain Audley, with boat and yacht, greatly added to its pleasures, which both brothers were able thoroughly to enjoy, living almost entirely out of doors, and valuing each hour as they became fewer.

This matter, however, made Felix very uneasy. He wrote to the curate, offering all the amends in his power, and undertaking that if Mr. Smith would send him an explanatory letter, he would back it up with a strong leading-article; and he waited anxiously for further intelligence.

Mr. Froggatt's letter came first. Redstone, fond of dabbling in editorship, had taken reproof in great dudgeon, affecting great surprise at being blamed for inserting a letter from a respectable gentleman without submitting it to Mr. Froggatt, who had entirely dropped the editorship, or delaying it to another issue by sending it to Ewmouth. The respectable gentleman was young Jackman, who was no doubt delighted to have such a firebrand to cast. It was a great grief and annoyance to Mr. Froggatt, who had always steered clear of personalities, and been inoffensive if sometimes dull; and both assault and defence were distressing to him—*i.e.* if defence were possible, for he seemed doubtful whether silence would not lead to the least scandal. Even Wilmet wrote: 'Everyone seems to think Mr. Smith is to blame; and he is so huffy, that it looks only too much as if he were afraid of inquiry.'

This was too true a character of his replies. That intended for the paper had not a line of real defence, but was a mere tirade on the dignity of his office, and the impudence of the charges. Felix dashed it away, enraged at its useless folly; nor was the private one more satisfactory. It was but a half acceptance of Felix's total disclaimer; and the resentful wording made it difficult to discern whether the imputation were *bonâ-fide*, regarded as not worth refuting, or whether indignation were made an excuse for denial instead of proof. A separate sheet seemed to have been added. 'The whole is to be subjected to the scrutiny of a parish meeting on Tuesday, when, though the minute accuracy of a professional

accountant is not to be expected of one whose province is not to serve tables, it will be evident that only malignity to the Church could have devised the attack to which your paper has given currency.'

'Well,' broke out Lance, as Felix with a voice of ineffable disgust read the final sentence, 'if that is not being a knave, it is very like a long-eared animal!'

'I'll tell you what, Lance, they'll take him between their teeth, and worry him till there's not an inch left whole of him. Jackman and his pack will tear him down; and even Bruce and Jones, and our own good old Froggy, will give him up when they see his books won't balance.'

'Serve him right!' cried Lance. 'What fun to see his airs taken down, when he's served with the sauce he's so fond of for other people! I only wish they'd got my Lady too!'

'I must go home, that's all,' said Felix. 'If I got there on Wednesday, I might see if I could not get his accounts into presentable order.'

'What?'

'If I don't, I am afraid no one else will.'

'He will not let you.'

'I think I can make him.'

'But such a cur as he has always been to you!'

'I don't think he will object now. I know he can't do the thing himself; and if little Bisset could, depend upon it his mother would not let him stir a finger for fear of being implicated. Now I do know the ways of those accounts. I've done them with my father and with Mr. Audley. Any way, I must be at home for the meeting. Imagine Redstone reporting it! But you can stay out the week, and come home in the yacht.'

For Captain Audley had promised to take the brothers round to Dearport; but Lance could not bear to be left behind; and it ended in their walking up to the Tudor cottage to make their excuses, when the good-natured captain declared that he could put to sea that very night, and land them at Dearport in good time.

So, after a hurried grateful farewell to the Staples family, the holiday closed with a voyage that both were able to enjoy to the utmost before they sailed into the harbour at Dearport, and walked up to St. Faith's. Captain Audley, who had not seen Sister Constance since her husband's death, had an access of shyness, and would not 'encounter the Lady Abbess,' as he called her; but his last words to Felix were a promise that if Bernard went to Stoneborough, he would have him out now and then for a holiday with his own boy.

There had been time to send notice to Geraldine, and her brothers had hoped to have taken her home with them; but though she looked clear and bright, she was not out of the doctor's hands, and was under orders to stay another week. The sight of her brothers made her very home-sick, in spite of being the spoilt child of the Sisterhood, in the pleasant matted room, with its sea view, its prints, and photographs; but then she

wanted to have her way prepared with Wilmet. Her vision had been to walk in imposingly, and take them all by surprise; but that notion had vanished as the time drew nearer, and she found that her new art required practice, while the dread of making a sensation grew upon her. She was ashamed of having even thought of compensating for Wilmet's absence, and entreated Felix to communicate the fact, without a word of the presumption that had nerved her courage.

The three looked over one another, as if each had undergone much since the last meeting; but the sight of Felix greatly relieved Cherry. He was sunburnt and vigorous, and his voice had resumed its depth of quiet content, instead of having that unconsciously weary sound of patience and exertion that had often gone to her heart. Lance, whom she had not seen since Easter, had assumed a look of rapid growth; his features had lost their childish form, and were disproportionate; and his complexion still had the fitful colouring of convalescence; but his eyes were dancing, and his talk ecstatic as to Vale Leston and the Kittiwake, where he was ready, at that moment, to become a cabin-boy.

'O Cherry! Cherry! you never dreamt of anything so delicious as that night's fishing!'

'That, I will answer for, she never did,' said Felix. 'When I saw the exquisite delight it afforded, not only to this Lance, but to Captain Audley, to fill the boat with slimy, flapping, uncomfortable, dying fishes, I felt that I was never made for a gentleman.'

'Do you mean that you didn't like it?' exclaimed Lance, turning round aghast.

'I should have been much happier balancing the books.'

'And he wasn't even sick!' said Lance, holding up his hands.

'He hadn't that excuse,' laughed Cherry. 'However, mid-night fishing is not indispensable! I should like to have seen how he looked at Vale Leston.'

Lance was in great hopes that Felix would betray the possibilities, and possibly, but for his presence, prudence might have evaporated beneath the warm breath of Cherry's sympathy; but the answer was only a discreet laugh and reply, 'Like a man who wanted his sister! I wish I could just fill your eyes with the loveliness of it, Cherry;' and in the midst of his description, in came Sister Constance, bringing with her Sister Emmeline, (sister in blood as well as religion,) wanting to hear about the nephews, and the Kitten's Tail adventure, and amused to find Lance a little shy about it—certainly not disposed to dwell on it with his usual unceremonious drollery of narrative. They would not let Felix go without an inspection by Dr. Lee, which was perfectly satisfactory as to the rally of the constitution from the depression that had threatened disease, though it was impressed both on him and on Cherry that he must be careful next winter, and never neglect a cold; and with this promise the brothers took the train, and in half an hour were at home—rather an empty home, for the schools were all in operation

again, and Wilmet was not at liberty for some little time after their arrival.

When she did come in, she was disappointed not to find Geraldine, and that Felix had become so absorbed in the business that had brought him home, that he only sent in word that he was obliged to go into the town, and tea must not wait for him. Lance remained, but the burthen of two secrets rendered him uncommunicative, when Wilmet tried to understand the cause of Cherry's delay at St. Faith's; and Alda was curious about Vale Leston and Mrs. Fulbert, whom she had seen at Kensington Palace Gardens. It did not take much acumen to exclaim, 'Still no children! Then there must be a chance for us!'

'That is not likely,' said Wilmet: 'it must be all in their own power; and the Vicar must be quite a young man. Is he not, Lance?'

'How should I know?'

'Didn't you see him?'

'I saw his wife, and that was enough.'

'About five-and-thirty,' said Alda. 'Of course it will all go to Uncle Tom. Money always goes to money.'

'How flushed you are, Lance!' said Wilmet. 'Are you tired?'

'Rather. I am going out into the garden.'

There, however, he was pursued by Bernard with a war-whoop, and by Theodore with his concertina; and Stella presently reported that he was gone up to bed.

'And I am afraid his room is very hot and noisy,' sighed Wilmet.

'He is only tired and cross after his two nights at sea,' said Alda.

'Lance cross!'

'My dear Wilmet, it is very bad taste in families always to maintain each other's impeccability!'

Alda was still the only person capable of defeating Wilmet, and she managed to render her very uncomfortable before the end of the evening, when hours passed and still Felix did not come in; and Alda suggested, in the intervals of yawning, that Wilmet would soon learn how green it was to sit up, now that Felix had got out of leading-strings, and set up bachelor habits.

At first, Wilmet was highly indignant; but when Alda persisted that she was rather glad to see Felix like other young men, and that Wilmet would know better when she was married, and then yawned herself off to bed, there was a sense of great discomfort to accompany the solitary vigil, which not only involved fancies of possible accidents, but was harassed by this assault on faith in the virtue and sincerity of man. Could it really be the part of a wise woman to wink at being deceived as an inferior creature, with impossible expectations of truth and purity? Yet Alda knew the world!

How much heart-sickness was darned into Lance's impossible heel before the clock chimed two! A step, and not a policeman's, came along

the pavement, and paused at the door, as, while the bell was cautiously pulled, down she flew!

'My dear Mettie, I am so sorry, so ashamed, of not having sent home to tell you; but if I had made the least move, it might have upset everything!'

'What *have* you been about?'

'Going over Mowbray Smith's accounts.'

'Oh!'

'I am very sorry! How tired you must be! I was vexed not to be able to give you notice; but you know what poor Smith is.'

'I don't know why you had to do it all, and at this time of night,' said Wilmet, still a little hurt.

'It is the only chance for him to-morrow at the meeting to have his accounts clear; so I called under the plea of seeing about the letter in Pur, and with much ado got him to realize a little more of his position, and let me look at the books. That was at five.'

'And you have been at it ever since? O Felix!' as he stretched his arms and gave a vast yawn.

'Ay! If I had shewn any consciousness of the time, he would have shut up at once; and he would not let me take them home to do to-morrow morning.'

'It *is* to-morrow morning!'

'So it is! I must make haste, for I must try to see Mr. Ryder and Jones before the meeting. Good-night, dear old W. W. I meant to have had other talk.'

'But oh! you must have some supper!'

'I've had it—sumptuous! Stilton cheese!'

So Wilmet's faith in masculine nature rebounded as high as Alda had striven to sink it!

Patience was a good deal needed the next day; for Felix had to rush away from breakfast, and never appeared at all at dinner. He had to be present at the very stormy meeting, though only to take notes, and thus had the annoyance of seeing Mr. Smith destroying his own cause by his incapacity to understand the statement so carefully drawn up, until Mr. Ryder (on whom the enemy had reckoned as a champion) took the papers out of the helpless hand, comprehended Felix's figures at a glance, and set them lucidly forth, such as they were; but even then there were blots that there were plenty to hit. The truth was, that between Lady Price's economies, and the unwillingness to call vestry-meetings, moneys intended for one purpose had been used for another, and articles not within the denomination of charities had been charged on funds raised for that exclusive object.

The assembly comprised the usual variety: the malicious foes of religion, headed by Jackman; the more numerous enemies, not of what they supposed of religion, but of the Church; the adversaries, not of the Church, but of the Curate; and the few loyally unwilling to condemn a

clergyman, but disgusted at the affair, and staggered by his management. Perhaps the rabid and ribald violence of the hostile party did Mr. Smith good with the respectable; and there were many, too, whose dictum was—'Felix Underwood says it is all right!' At any rate, though the Bishop was memorialized, it was in a much better spirit than had been likely at first; and it was not to be done without notice to the Rector. And when this was over, everyone, as usual, went to their rendezvous at 'Froggatt's,' either to discuss or to inquire; and the release of both partners on that summer evening was later than ever it had been before.

But then what a welcome up-stairs! what a clamour of happy tongues! what an ecstatic humming of The Hardy Norseman! what a clinging to and climbing on him! If he had the cares, he had much of the joys, of the goodman of the house! But presently he missed the voice usually blithest of all, and asked for Lance.

'He was here a little while ago,' said Wilmet, 'drinking his tea. He must have gone up to bed.'

'No,' said Bernard; 'I've just been up to the barrack, and he isn't there.'

'You've not let him sleep in the attic!' exclaimed Felix. 'Why, under the leads it is like an oven!'

'I am very sorry,' said Wilmet, 'but I could not see how to help it. Your room is worse, with the glare of the setting sun; and so is Cherry's at this time in the evening.'

'Then he must have Mr. Froggatt's.'

'I thought,' said Alda, 'that you never took liberties with Mr. Froggatt?'

'Nonsense!' said Felix. 'There are only two bed-rooms in this house fit for that boy in his present state—yours and Mr. Froggatt's. Which shall we have, Wilmet?'

'Mr. Froggatt's,' she answered at once. 'If you will not have another cup, I'll get it ready for him at once.'

'I've just done. I'll come and help you. But where can the boy be? In the garden?'

'No,' said Wilmet, taking a survey from the window.

'I have hardly seen him all day,' added Alda. 'I suppose he has pursuits of his own.'

'Pursuits!' said Felix, looking really anxious; 'poor little chap, he can't do without constant care and quiet!'

Wilmet made no answer, but rose and left the room; Alda muttered something about his looking quite well, which Felix did not stay to hear, following his sister out with a word about looking for him. At the same moment a little soft hand was thrust into his, and Stella, as soon as the door was shut, said, 'Please, I know where Lance is, but it's a secret.'

'Not from me, I hope?' said Felix, catching her up in his arms.

'I *think* not,' said Stella meditatively. 'He only told me not to let

Bear and Tedo know, because they make a row. He is only up over the back warehouse, where he used to play the fiddle to us last Easter.'

'The only cool quiet place he could find!' said Felix, with more of a look of reproach than he had ever given Wilmet.

It went to her heart. 'I did not know what to do,' she said meekly. 'I wanted very much to go into the barrack ourselves, but Alda said it would kill her; and you know it has always been a sore subject that we would not let her have Mr. Froggatt's room. I ought not to have given way.'

'Alda's selfishness is a great power,' muttered Felix; and Wilmet was too much ashamed to contradict him, except by 'She is vexed because she has not heard from Ferdinand,' as they hastily made their way to the warehouse, which, being on the north side of higher buildings, never did get scorched through.

Felix went up a step-ladder, Wilmet following; and there, sure enough, was Lance, lying in a nest of paper shavings, with head on his air-pillow. 'Oh, you've unearthed me, have you? I wish you'd let me stay here all night!' he said, with some weary fretfulness; but the next moment burst into a peal of laughter, as Wilmet's head appeared above the floor. 'Pallas Athene ascends! Oh! what a place it would be to act a play—only then all the fry would find it out! I hope they haven't! I told the Star not to tell!'

'My poor dear Lance, is this the only quiet place you could find? and you let us all neglect you, and never complained!' exclaimed Wilmet, kissing his hot forehead.

'Why, it's only my stupidity,' said Lance, wearily but gratefully; 'and you can't make places quiet or cool! If you would just let me sleep here!'

'No; but you shall have Mr. Froggatt's room. He will not want it now. Come along, Lance, we'll bring your things down. The barrack is a great deal too hot for you to go into!'

He did not make any resistance; but as they landed from the ladder, threw his arm round Wilmet, and leant against her with a sort of lazy mischievous tenderness, as he said, 'Isn't the Froggery wanted for—somebody else?' and tried to look up in her face.

'Ferdinand always goes to the Fortinbras Arms,' answered Wilmet, with admirable composure.

'Oh! that's a precedent,' said Lance, ostentatiously winking at Felix, who was very glad the ice was broken. 'When is he coming, Mettie?'

'I think Alda hoped he might have run down to-night, on hearing of your return.'

There they paused while entering the house and going up-stairs; but no sooner were they in the barrack, which was certainly insufferably hot, than Lance returned to the charge.

'But when is *he* coming? Not Fernan—he's an old story!'

'Yes,' said Felix, walking up to Wilmet to fold together the corners of the sheets they were stripping from Lance's bed, and looking into her eyes so archly as to bring up an incarnadine blush, 'I want particularly to improve my acquaintance, if you don't.—What shall we do, Lance?'

'Advertise in Pur,' suggested Lance. 'The editor returned! Young men may apply!'

'Don't, boys!' exclaimed Wilmet, in tones belonging to by-gone days, when neither she or Felix had been too serious to teaze or be teazed. 'He is much better than you,' she added, with a pretty confused petulance, when Felix put on a pleading inquisitive face. 'When he found he didn't like it, he went away to visit his uncle.'

'Better than we! There, Lance!' said Felix, in a gratified provoking tone of discovery.

'In one sense,' said Wilmet, walking down before him.

'I am very glad you have found it out,' added Felix, as they entered Mr. Froggatt's cool well-blinded bed-room, the only well-furnished one in the house.

'It is no laughing matter,' said Wilmet seriously.

'That's well,' was the dry answer.

But there Felix perceived that she was on the verge of tears, and he kindly and quietly helped her to despatch her arrangements for Lance before any more was said; only as they turned to bid the tired boy good-night, he said, 'Where does the uncle live? I shall telegraph to-morrow, you cruel person!'

'Hush! silly boy—good-night,' said Wilmet, with a quivering voice; then, as she shut the door, 'Please don't go on this way, Felix—I wouldn't have had it happen for any consideration.'

'I suppose not,' said Felix, as they returned to the twilight garden; but as it has— Why, my Mettie, dear!' as she pressed close to him, and hid her face on his shoulder, with a strong craving for the help and sympathy from which the motherless girl had hitherto been debarred.

'O Felix! I wish he would not be so good and kind! I wish you would not try to make me give in!'

'My dear dear girl!' said Felix, with his arm round her. 'You know I would not if I did not see that you had given in!'

'No, I haven't!' she cried. 'Why should you want to persuade me? Isn't it very cruel and hard to let him give all himself to one that can't come to him? He will have to go out and live all dreary and lonely for years and years, and come home to find nothing but a stupid old worn-out drudge, with all these pretty looks gone off! Felix, be reasonable, *please!* Can't you see that I ought not to let things go that way?'

'Do you mean,' said Felix, 'that you would be quite content to put an

end to all this—let Harewood go away believing you indifferent, and never see him again?'

'Felix, why do you—?' with tears in her eyes.

'Because I am quite sure that the consideration you want to shew him would be no kindness. The pain of having his affection thrown over' (he spoke with a spasm in the throat) 'would be greater than you would *like* to inflict, if you were forced by truth to own you did not care for him; and if he be what I think, the carrying away security of your feeling for him will be gladness enough. And as for the looks, I have a better opinion of yours than to think they won't wear! Any way, dearest, it seems to me that you have won the heart of a good man, and that if you like him, it is your duty to give him the comfort of knowing it without thinking about to-morrows.'

'But I know so much more would come if I did just allow that much! And I might get to wish to leave you all,' she said, in an appalled voice. 'And there seems to me not the slightest chance. You see Alda and Cherry never will get on together; and Cherry seems glad of an excuse to stay from home. I thought she would have cared to come back when you did.'

'Poor Cherry!' said Felix, hesitating, with a little of her own nervous awe of broaching the subject.

'You don't mean that there is anything seriously amiss?' she cried, startled.

'Wilmet, do you remember what Rugg said would be the very best thing for that poor child?'

She stood still, dismayed and angered. 'They aren't tormenting the poor little thing about that?'

'It is not their doing.'

'It can't have become necessary! Sister Constance would have told me! Felix, say she is not worse!'

'No, much better. But, Wilmet, what we could not bear to think of, she thought of for herself, and begged to have it done.'

'Then I must go to her.'

'There is no occasion. She knew you could not be spared. It was done on the 10th, and she will soon walk better than she has done all these years.'

'Done! without our knowledge?'

'She wished to spare us all, but that was not allowed. I was written to, and told that her strong desire was such a favourable condition, that I had better consent, so as not to protract the strain of spirits. She made a point of no one else knowing except Clement.'

'Ah!' Wilmet spoke as if under a weight, 'that was the day Clement went down to Dearport, and came home so late! How could Sister Constance consent not to tell me?'

'You must forgive her, for it was the little one's desire. Of course we should have been fetched if anything had gone wrong; but she has

done perfectly well; and there she is, very happy, and so full of fun, that the Sisters say she keeps them all alive.'

'Done? I cannot fancy it!' said Wilmet. 'Do you know, I believe it has been my bug-bear for years past to think I might have to persuade her to this?'

'To tell you the truth, so it has to me.'

'Little nervous timid thing, I can't even understand her thinking of it!'

'She wanted me not to tell you, but I would not promise. She could not rest without trying not to be an obstacle to—'

Wilmet interrupted with a cry of pain.

'Isn't it a noble little thing?'

'But it is so silly!' broke out Wilmet, not choosing her words amid her tears.

'So she thinks now, poor child: she is quite ashamed of the presumptuous notion that *did* brace and carry her through.'

'I don't like her to be disappointed,' said Wilmet; 'but it is quite ridiculous.'

'Only comfort her a little, Mettie dear, for she is very much afraid you will think she has taken a great liberty with your property.'

'I only wish I could kiss her this moment!'

'Well, run down by the train to-morrow. They would all be delighted.'

'No, no, Felix, impossible. Think of the cost!'

'Half-a-crown! Sinful waste!' said Felix, in a tone of alarming levity.

'Felix, if you only knew what the house-keeping mounted up in that unhappy month that I was away! I did not like to tell you before, but—'

'Well!' at the dreadful pause.

'I had to get fifteen pounds from Mr. Froggatt's; and Alda finds after all that she cannot advance the money for Lance's journey.'

'So you are pinching it out by pence, my poor W. W.!'

'Nothing extra must be done till this is made up.'

'Yet it seems needful that Bernard should go to school. I wrote about—'

'No,' she resolutely interrupted. 'Bernard must wait over this year. Thirty pounds! Utterly out of the question!'

Her tone gave Felix an unusual sense of chill penury, and brought Vale Leston before his eyes. He laughed rather bitterly, saying, 'Perhaps some day neither thirty pence nor thirty pounds may have so direful a sound!'

'I never mean to learn to waste.'

'You may have to learn to spend.'

'That's enough to set me against it!' she exclaimed, with a good deal of pain; and he found how nearly he had broken his resolution, and

how her application of his words to herself had saved him. He followed the lead.

'Nay; you were glad of Alda's prosperity?'

'Oh yes; but poor Alda has been hindered from being like one of us,' she said. 'We have fought it out together. And I should not mind so much if *he* were poor, like us, and had to wait on his own account.'

'I appreciate that,' said Felix; 'but at least you will let the poor fellow come and judge for himself?'

'If—if only, Felix, you will promise not to try to tempt me into deserting you all, when I know it would be wrong.'

'If I will promise you not to cut my own throat, eh? Come, W. W., putting out of your head "what it may lead to," confess that you are afraid of getting connected with such a mad harum-scarum set!'

'It isn't,' broke out Wilmet. 'I never saw anyone so thoughtful and considerate. They are all so kind and warm-hearted, that I grew quite ashamed of my own fidgettiness; and he—he always knew the right thing at the right time. You can't think how his look seemed to hold me up, when poor Lance was moaning and talking nonsense!'

Having thus let herself out as she had never dared, nor indeed been tempted to do, since the first dawn of the courtship, Wilmet at last relieved herself of some of the vast sense of emotion that she had been forcing back for the last month. Hitherto the mistress of the house had seemed older than the master; but now the elder brother took the place of both parents—ay, and of sister—as, all her fencing over, she poured out her heart, and let him sympathize, cheer, soothe, and encourage, more by kind tones than actual words. The harvest-moon shone over the house-tops, as a month before she had shone by the river side; and the Pillars of the House walked up and down till Alda grew desperate, and sallied out to tell them that it was past eleven.

It was only such snatches of time that Felix could give to home affairs, for his hands were full of arrears of business, and the excitement respecting Mr. Smith necessarily occupied him. Pending the arrival of letters from the Rector, every tongue was in commotion, and the reading-room was a focus of debate and centre of intelligence. So many letters, either in assault or defence, were addressed to the editor of the Pursuivant, that only a supplement as big as the *Times* could have contained them. Every poor person who had not had every demand supplied from the charities, was running about, adding to the grievance at every encounter with tender-hearted lady or justice-loving gentleman, whose blood boiled over into a letter for the Pursuivant, which, when sifted and refused, was transferred to the Dearport Hermes, or Erms, as most of its supporters termed it.

(To be continued.)

DOMINIE FREYLINGHAUSEN.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

CHAPTER IX.

THE Gronows' barn presented a different aspect when Franzje entered it this evening with Madame Cuyler, from that which it had borne on the night of the dance. There were no busy martins skimming about now, no friendly heifers in stalls near the door—all vestiges of the real purposes of the building had disappeared, and rows of benches extended from the orchestra to the very entrance; while the open loft above was draped with gay-coloured flags and festoons of white and scarlet cloth. Lights abounded, crowds of people both young and old were gradually filling the benches, the bandsmen were tuning their instruments for an opening piece, and altogether the scene was so lively and so unlike anything to which the good townsfolk were accustomed, that it was not wonderful if an unusual feeling of excitement took possession of them. There was a little sensation when Madame Cuyler and her bevy of young people appeared; the mayor's wife was felt to be rather a distinguished personage; and when Franzje Ryckman, with her graceful figure drawn up to its full height, and her cheeks glowing like bright carnations, was seen to be of the party, there was a little buzz of surprise and comment, not unmingled with admiration. Seen where she was not expected, and with her beauty heightened by animation, she made an unwonted impression even on those who had known her all her life, and were not accustomed to think of her as anything out of the common.

But after a short overture the curtain drew up, and then all eyes were turned towards the stage, and all minds were occupied with the problem of what 'The Beaux' Stratagem' might prove to be.

There was not much that was poetical in the first scene, which represented the parlour of an inn; but the portly landlord reminded Franzje of Falstaff, and she was very much interested and puzzled by his coquettish little daughter, Cherry, with her frilled muslin apron, and her smart little cap trimmed with flowers. Somehow, though she had seen in the play-bill that there were female parts in the play, she had never realized till now that those who acted them would be women, or dressed to look like women. She could not think where Cherry had sprung from, and could almost have fancied her to be Anna Gronow in disguise, if Anna had not been sitting a little way from her among the spectators. Presently a gentleman and his servant came upon the stage, and then the real excitement of the play began for Franzje, for in the gentleman she recognized Mr. Vyvian.

He was booted and spurred as if just off a journey, and his blue coat, yellow waistcoat, and drab pantaloons, made him look very different from

what he usually did; but spite of this and some artificial changes in his complexion and hair, Franzje could not mistake him. Those dark eyes, and the sudden bright glance which—forgetful of his part for one instant—he allowed to fall on her, were unmistakeable. She did not at once recognize Colonel Trelawny in the smart saucy footman, but she took an objection to that character from the very first, and even when he turned out to be a gentleman, and came on in the later scenes looking like his own splendid self in scarlet uniform and cocked hat and feathers, she felt no sort of admiration for him. When in his rôle of footman, he bantered wittily but not very delicately with the landlord's pretty daughter, she scarcely even listened, but was wondering all the time when his master would reappear. The master was supposed to be gone to church, and though it had been plain from his conversation with his servant that he was going only to see the belles of Lichfield, and try to captivate one of them, Franzje's thoughts *would* follow him admiringly; and certainly he had looked the very prince of élégants as he set out, in his full-dress blue coat and white waistcoat and silk stockings, with a sort of confident killing air about him, which belonged to his own natural self as well as to his part. She was not surprised when it appeared that he had bewitched the Lady Bountiful's fair daughter, Dorinda, a blooming young lady in white muslin with very short sleeves, though who Dorinda could be was a sore perplexity to her; but when in the next scene he avowed himself to be madly in love with this susceptible young creature, a strange childish jealousy took possession of her, of which she was herself ashamed.

Henceforth the play became to her a sort of bewildering dream, in which Mr. Vyvian moved about, and looked at and spoke to another woman something as he had looked at and spoken to her—Franzje, only more unrestrainedly. Aimwell and Dorinda engrossed her whole thoughts; and when they were not upon the stage her attention was listless. The coarse bickering of Dorinda's half-brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Sullen; the jovial improper talk of the sham French priest, Foigard; the plotting of the highwaymen—reached her ears indeed, and aroused a certain sentiment of disappointment and dislike; but for her the whole interest of the play centred in the hero and the heroine, and except that she was amused by the kind fussiness of Lady Bountiful and her wonderful remedies, she could scarcely be said to take heed of anyone but them. The extraordinary arrangement at the end of the piece, by which Mrs. Sullen was given as a bride to the pretended footman, Archer, who had just rescued her from the robbers, while Mr. Sullen calmly sat down to drink, after merely stipulating that he should be allowed to retain his wife's marriage portion, only made Franzje open her great blue eyes in astonishment and mystification. She did not comprehend it in the least. All she understood and cared about was that (by a lucky chance) Aimwell turned out to be really a viscount, and not merely a usurper of his brother's title—that Dorinda was going to marry him, and that he was so disinterested as to be willing to give up

all her fortune to his dissipated ex-footman. He looked so gloriously handsome, so noble, so triumphant, as he stood holding Dorinda's hand and gazing at her with proud loving eyes, that poor little Franzje wondered how anybody could care to hear or see any more of the play after that, and wished the curtain would fall and leave those two standing there together in their beautiful happiness.

Other people who were not dazzled and engrossed by a special regard for one of the actors, had looked at the performance with very different eyes, and listened with different ears. Some of the worthy townsfolk had sat through the whole with a bewildered stare upon their faces, and had neither laughed at the jokes, nor frowned at the oaths, but seen and heard everything in one unbroken maze of surprise, while others had been partly amused and partly scandalized, and others again wholly the one and wholly the other, according to their age, disposition, and principles.

The young people had mostly enjoyed it, and, like Franzje, had scarcely taken in the worst points; it was all very new and very odd, and it had made them laugh—that was the general result of their impressions. They had felt nothing of the fascination, half pleasure, half pain, with which Franzje had followed every word and movement of Aimwell and Dorinda, but they had been entertained by the fat landlord, and Lady Bountiful's funny old servant, Scrub, in his faded livery; and fashionable Mrs. Sullen, in her white satin, had set the girls' fancies going, while Captain Gibbet, the merry highwayman, had rather reigned over the imagination of the boys, till he proved himself such an arrant coward when Archer's pistol was at his ear. One or two of the elder people, among whom was Madame Cuyler, had shewn signs of disapprobation as the play went on, and had looked specially disgusted at Dorinda with her short sleeves, and marvelled to each other what girl could have been got to appear 'with so little clothing,' even though she had the protection of long fair ringlets to take off the unclothed effect. Madame Gronow had had some secret to impart, apparently with regard to Dorinda and Mrs. Sullen, for when they appeared she had whispered something to one or two of her neighbours, which had made them first draw back with an incredulous air, and then nod and laugh, and ejaculate, 'Is it possible?' 'Well, I never could have thought it!' and so on. Whatever the secret was, it had not reached Madame Cuyler or Franzje, they were both equally mystified as to who were taking the female parts, and Madame Gronow knew better than to enlighten them. When she looked round now and then, and caught a glimpse of gentle Madame Cuyler's shocked face, she was half afraid that even as it was the mayor's wife would get up and depart; and she was more distressed than surprised when at Archer's sudden appearance from a cupboard in Mrs. Sullen's room, Madame Cuyler with nervous haste turned and sat with her back to the stage—rather to the discomfort of the people behind her—desiring her daughters to do the same. They did not obey, but only turned their heads and whispered petitions and remonstrances to their mother, without

passing on the order to Franzje, who sat between Evert and Cornelius Cuyler, and was too engrossed in watching for Aimwell's reappearance either to be aware of what was passing round her, or to care for anything that was said and done by Archer. When the curtain fell, and she looked round, she was surprised to see her kind chaperon's position, and felt a sudden embarrassed consciousness that there must have been something reprehensible in what had passed, to call forth this demonstration.

'I am sorry to have brought you here, Franzje,' said Madame Cuyler in a distressed voice, when the girl left her place and came to her; 'we will go home at once.'

But here Madame Gronow interfered. 'There was supper laid out in the house; she had actually had a wall taken down, and thrown parlour and hall into one, at Colonel Trelawny's suggestion, to make a supper-room worthy of the occasion; she should never forgive herself if Madame Cuyler'—the first lady in the place in the absence of the Padroon's wife—'were to go away supperless; M. Gronow would make a point of himself conducting her to the humble banquet.'

She was so pressing, that Madame Cuyler could not have persisted in her intention without the greatest unfriendliness, and the young people were not sorry for it. They had got over the sleepiness which had attacked them a little at their usual bed-time, and were all alive, and ready for anything that offered itself in the shape of enjoyment.

Such a supper as Madame Gronow's had never been seen in Albany before. Not that the ampleness of the provision was in itself anything remarkable; but the number of guests provided for, the long range of loaded tables, the choice delicacies that had been procured from New York for the occasion, the display of plate and crockery, all marked it as something quite out of the common way, and excited loudly-expressed wonder and admiration. There was a row of seats all round the walls as well as round the tables; and while Madame Cuyler was conducted to a place of honour at the principal table, Franzje and her younger companions were invited to sit on one of the side-benches, and there, with their plates in their lap, made their supper as best they could, talking and laughing over it all the more because of the slight inconveniences which followed upon this arrangement.

But though Franzje's attention was partly at the service of her friends, it must be owned that she answered a little absently, and that her gaze wandered frequently in search of the actors, none of whom had as yet appeared upon the scene. Some few of the officers who had not taken part in the performance might be seen at the supper-table, but the meal was almost ended before the majority of them appeared. Then in they flocked, in uniform, looking quite like their usual selves, except that they were manifestly somewhat excited, and came in laughing together in a noisy reckless way, which made everybody turn round and look at them, and brought an expression of alarm on the faces of the Albanian matrons. Franzje's eyes singled out Mr. Vyvian at once; but her

anxiety was not so much whether he would discover her, as what he had done with Dorinda. That lovely lady, with the white dress and the long curling hair, was nowhere to be seen. What had Mr. Vyvian done with her? Franzje marvelled; and could he really care so very much for her, if he left her alone and supperless while he came to take his share in the general festivity? What was very strange—Franzje thought—was, that *none* of the ladies who had appeared on the stage accompanied the officers into the supper-room. What had become of them all? Other girls besides Franzje longed to know.

Her suspense at any rate seemed likely to end soon, for Mr. Vyvian no sooner caught sight of her than he came up and spoke to her; but when, after making some shy inarticulate answer to his eager thanks to her for keeping her promise, she ventured to say, 'Are not the ladies coming to take any supper, Sir?' he first asked in surprise, 'What ladies?' and then, when she had explained, laughed to himself in a provoking way, and declared they had vanished, and left their costumes behind them. 'Did you want to make their acquaintance?' he asked half mockingly.

'I should like to have seen Miss Dorinda closer, Sir; she was very beautiful,' said Franzje frankly, yet with half-grudging admiration.

'She will be much flattered to hear that you thought so,' said Mr. Vyvian, looking round as he spoke, as if somehow Dorinda were in the room after all.

'Are the young English ladies all like that, Sir?' continued Franzje timidly; 'and have they all white dresses and curls?'

'Well, as to that—yes, I think most of them have; but I can't say they are all like Dorinda,' he answered, smothering a laugh. 'How could one expect them to be?' he added; 'isn't she "the peerless Dorinda"! I called her peerless in the play, didn't I?'

'I don't remember, but I thought you thought she was very beautiful,' said Franzje, in a puzzled tone.

'That shews that I acted my part with due fervour: you don't suppose it was more than acting, do you?'

'I don't know, Sir,' said Franzje rather stiffly.

He laughed with an air of most enjoyable amusement; and why such fun and malice should dance in his dark eyes, Franzje could not at all understand. Had she betrayed the little sore jealous feeling that lingered at her heart? and was he laughing at it?

She drew up her graceful neck with a sudden haughtiness which made her look really superb; and all at once Mr. Vyvian left off laughing, and said in a low silvery whisper, 'To my thinking, the belle of the evening was off the stage, not on it, and her unconsciousness made her charms the greater. It was so evident that she came to see and not to be seen. *She* is the one peerless pearl, in my estimation.'

He was looking at her much as he had looked at Dorinda; and was this true passion while the other was feigned, or was it all acting alike?

Franzje could not decide, and was silent; but the proud expression died away in a soft womanly blush, and the rich firm lips parted in a sort of sweet confusion, as if from *him* she half liked compliments, though they made her shy.

At this moment Madame Cuyler rose, and began to collect her little flock previous to departure. She was not comforted by the good supper which she had been induced to make against her will, and it was in rather a grave voice that she said, 'Now, Franzje, I am going,' as she swept past with quiet dignity towards the door.

'I am afraid we have scandalized your estimable chaperon,' said Mr. Vyvian laughingly to Franzje, as she rose to follow. 'You may expect to hear a great outcry against us to-morrow; indignant virtue will be running all about the place in a few hours time, but I rely upon your generosity to defend us.'

She made no promise, but the curtsey with which she took leave of him was as gracious as it was stately, and the trusting innocent look of the blue eyes lingered with him, and kept him from joining in the too boisterous conviviality which was indulged in by some of his brother-officers during the small hours of the morning. More than once a speech addressed by Archer to Cherry in the play, 'You have a pair of delicate eyes, but you don't know how to use them,' had come into his head while he was talking to Franzje; but after all, no coquettish glances could have gone to his heart as did that clear star-like gaze. There dawned on him even a faint perception that the evening's entertainment had *not* been worthy of her presence, though he did not believe that it would harm her. 'Nothing could,' he said to himself.

It was in a strange whirl of excitement, disappointment, and pleasure, all mingled together, that Franzje, wrapped in her great fur mantle, walked home with her brother over the crisp firm snow. She had not found what she had expected in the play, it had not been in the least like Shakespeare—the higher, nobler, more poetical part of her nature remained unsatisfied; but there had been keen interest of a certain sort, and the girl's head was a little bewildered for the moment, so that she was incapable of framing a dispassionate judgement on all that she had heard and seen. The house-door was sure to be closed ere this, though not barred or bolted, for such precautions were seldom taken in Albany; and Franzje had forgotten to ask any of the servants to sit up for them, but Evert's knock was answered so rapidly that it was evident someone had been on the watch.

Maaike, in a sort of *deshabille*, opened the door in a cautious and mysterious manner, and laying her black hand on Franzje's arm, said in a tragic whisper, 'Don't go in parlour, Mamselle; Baas dere! Madame she very bad, and send for Dominie; den Baas he come home. Everybody angry. Jettje, she send me to bed, but I not go to sleep, watch for you. Come straight away up-stairs, deary; everyone be better in morning.'

'Mother worse, and Father come home!' said Franzje, quite sobered by the unexpected news. 'Don't hold me, Maaike, I must go and speak to Father.'

'Dominie been talking to him,' persisted Maria, with a gesture of awe.

Franzje gave a little sad proud smile, and went on all the same.

She ran straight to her father; and at any other time the good elder would have clasped the bright, beautiful, blooming creature to him in a hearty embrace; but now when Franzje would have kissed him he repulsed her, and turned away his head. 'Don't come and kiss me, child,' he said; 'and you, Sir,' to Evert, who was following his sister slowly, 'don't pretend you're glad to see me back. You have been taking advantage of my absence to play your own pranks, and here have you left your poor mother as ill as she can be, and gone off to see a parcel of madcap officers make fools and knaves of themselves! I am ashamed of you both, I am ashamed that you belong to me. Go to your rooms, and stay there: you will force me to turn the key upon you, I suppose, before I've done.'

It was a strange humiliating reception for the belle of Albany, but Franzje was too fond of her father and too anxious about her mother to resent it. 'Is Mother really so ill?' she asked, tremblingly. 'She said she was much better to-day, and only wanted to be quiet.'

'Ah! and a fine way, truly, to keep her quiet, to go off to the play without her knowledge!' said M. Ryckman indignantly.

'She knew; she gave me leave,' pleaded Franzje, in surprise.

But M. Ryckman turned on her with a sudden sternness of wrath. 'Have they taught you to tell lies, girl?' he said fiercely.

A scarlet flame sprang into Franzje's cheek. Never in all her life had such an accusation been brought against her; she was even more astonished than hurt.

'Madame Cuyler came for me, and Evert asked Mother's leave for me to go with her,' she said, in as calm a voice as she could command. She looked round for Evert to corroborate the assertion, but he had made off and left her to defend herself. It was rather a cowardly proceeding, but he glossed it over in his own mind, by saying that 'Franzje would be sure to manage Father when she had him alone.'

She could have done so on an ordinary occasion, but M. Ryckman had been worked up by what had passed between him and his wife and the Dominie before the young people returned, and was really angry now with the sharp short-lived anger of a naturally good-tempered person.

'I won't hear a word,' he rejoined; 'you are only trying to deceive me. I could not have believed it of you, Franzje. Go to your bed, and do not come near me again till I send for you. A day or two in your own room will give you time to think, and you will be just as useful there as gadding about over the town. Go at once,' he added, still more angrily, as Franzje stood hesitating, not feeling as if she could bear to go and leave him so displeased with her. 'I told the Dominie I would

find some means of punishing you. As for Evert, I shall send him to your uncle at New York; a little drudgery in a merchant's office will keep him out of mischief, perhaps.'

Franzje's heart gave a proud rebellious throb at the sound of punishment. She—a woman, as she now felt—to be treated like a naughty child!

Nevertheless, she saw that words were useless, and turned to go, only pausing at the door to ask, 'May I not see how Mother is? I will go in very softly.'

'No, no, I won't have her disturbed; do as I bid you, and go straight to bed; you ought to have been there hours ago.'

The Dutch clock in the hall struck twelve as she went up the stairs; and though she was too excited to feel weary, there did indeed seem something unnatural and dissipated in keeping such hours for the first time in her life.

Evert came out of his room as she passed it. 'Have you made it right with Father, Franz?' he asked. 'Jan says there has been a terrible to-do. Perhaps I brought you in for it rather, but never mind; you have had your treat, and Father won't be angry for long. It's only that tiresome old Dominie that makes him so particular.'

'I suppose it was he who wished me to be punished,' thought Franzje to herself, and her heart swelled so that she could not speak.

'I wish we could get rid of him and his preachings, that I do,' continued Evert vehemently, but Franzje started as if the idea were treason, and with a shocked 'O Evert!' disappeared within her own room.

It was a troubled wakeful night that succeeded this eventful evening; and it was followed by a long dull solitary day, unlike anything in Franzje's previous experience. There was nothing to break the loneliness but the appearance of old Jettje bringing her breakfast and dinner; and to feel that her mother was ill close at hand, and that she might not go to her, was very painful to the tender-hearted girl. She had plenty of time to think, as her father had said; but her head ached after her sleepless night, and her thoughts would not come clearly or collectedly. Mr. Vyvian's gallant compliments and her father's angry reproaches rang in her ears by turns, and her puzzled endeavours to find out how far she had been wrong were mingled with surmises as to who Dorinda could be, and wonderings whether she should ever see her again.

Late in the afternoon Jettje popped her head in suddenly.

'Dominie want you, Mamselle, you to go to him in Madame's room.'

Franzje dashed away some idle tears that had begun to fall, and rose up, half trembling, half defiant. With the old childish instinct of making herself tidy before entering the Dominie's presence, she bathed her face and smoothed her hair and settled her apron, and then took her way to her mother's room.

The negress had vanished, and Madame Ryckman's door was shut, so Franzje gave a gentle tap and waited permission to enter. None came; and as she heard the Dominie talking with her mother, she

thought her soft knock might have passed unnoticed, and tapped again.

This time there was a slight pause in the voices, and she was sure it must have been heard, but no one opened the door, nor said 'Come in.' The nursery door, which was just opposite, was open, and the room was empty, for the children were running riot in the kitchen, so she sat down on the step and waited, at first with an anxious beating heart, then with a sort of hardening of indifference, till finally weariness overpowered her and she dropped asleep.

How long she slept she did not know—not more than a few minutes really—but she was roused by the soft touch of a hand on her head. So soft, so caressing it seemed, that she woke with a smile on her face like the waking smile of a little child that has felt its slumbers watched by loving eyes. And a strange confusion, part surprise, part shame, part hope, took possession of her when she looked up and saw that it was the Dominie who stood before her. Had she gone back in sleep to the old days when she was, as Killian had said, like the Dominie's own child? and had all the intervening time passed away like a feverish dream?

The illusion only lasted for a minute, the first sound of the Dominie's voice dispelled it, and yet he spoke more gently than Franzje had any cause to expect.

'Poor child!' he said, in a pitying tone, 'you are weary after your last night's pleasuring, and there is nothing like disappointment for producing this lassitude both of body and mind; when we find we have sinned for nought, we begin to feel weary of everything, and of ourselves most of all.'

She rose up while he was speaking, and it was indeed rather a languid face which she raised to his, but she did not give the answer that seemed to be expected from her.

'I was very happy till I found Father was angry, Sir,' she said.

'Come in here,' said the Dominie, beckoning her into the empty nursery, not into the room he had just left.

She followed him in, gave him a chair, and then stood in front of him to hear what he had to say. How like and yet unlike it seemed to the day when she had stood before him to repeat her lesson, and he had told her that the regiment was coming, and cautioned her about her behaviour! Then all had been sunshine round her, and there had been sunshine in her heart too; now there were shadows creeping about the large bare room, and some shadows within her as well, though not enough to put out the light.

'You have disobeyed me, and pained and surprised me,' said the Dominie, 'and have been persistently blind to the dangers of the course you have entered on; but I will not wrong you, my child, by supposing that last night's doings have not opened your eyes. No Christian maiden could be present at such a spectacle, and not feel deeply ashamed of herself and of those who had brought it before her.'

Franzje was silent; she had been disappointed, it was true, and at moments even disgusted; but she had not felt that amount of horror and virtuous indignation which the Dominie seemed to take for granted.

'You could not see Christian men—Christian in *name* at least—acting the part of fools and knaves, strutting about with painted faces, and uttering line after line of contemptible jargon, without blushing for them, I am sure,' continued the pastor. 'Still less could you see men in women's garb without turning away your head and wishing with all your heart that you had never come.'

'Oh! was Dorinda a man?' asked Franzje, with a sudden start.

He did not reply; the eagerness of the tone puzzled him, as well it might, and for the first moment, too, he thought her innocence assumed; but there was unmistakeable truth in the accents of her voice, as she went on. 'They were not the officers, were they, Sir? those ladies on the stage?' and he was obliged to believe that of this portion of the iniquity she had really not been cognizant.

'The ensigns of the regiment and one captain undertook the female parts, I am informed,' he answered, with grave distinctness.

'Oh,' said the girl softly. There was great surprise, not untinged with disapproval, in the tone in which she breathed this 'oh,' but yet there was a sound of relief in it too, which did not escape the Dominie's ear.

'Who was this Dorinda that you mentioned just now?' he asked sternly.

'She was the young lady that Mr. Vyv— that Aimwell married, Sir,' returned Franzje simply, but with rising colour.

'Am I to understand that there was the mockery of a wedding?'

'Oh no, Sir! but I mean, he asked her to marry him, and she said she would.'

'And you thought her a very happy young lady,' said the Dominie, with a smile in which there was even more pathos than satire. 'Oh, child! child! what can I say that will open your eyes before it be quite too late?'

'I am sorry that I went to the play when Mother was ill, Sir,' said Franzje, finding courage and humility enough to own what did really appear to herself as a fault.

'And is that the extent of your sorrow?' questioned the Dominie gravely. 'Have you no other pardon to ask than your mother's?'

Her colour went and came, but she said nothing; and it was in a sterner tone that the pastor continued, 'Have you no sorrow to express for all that has come and gone since we last talked together alone?—in the little chesnut wood, do you remember it as you ought?—nothing to say about all the self-will and the going after vanities, no contrition to tell me of, no counsel to ask? Are you stifling the voice of conscience, or is it really dead within you?'

A slight tremor passed over the girl's frame, and her hands clasped

and unclasped themselves together nervously. She was not unmoved—oh! far from it; but yet she did not speak.

He gave her a little time, but when still there came no word, not so much as a sob to break the silence, he rose and walked to the door. On the threshold he turned and said, in a deep still voice, 'I leave you for the present, Franzje; when you awake to a better mind, and find you have awoke too late, then remember that the least expression of penitence would have been accepted had it been offered now.'

Again he waited a moment, but surprise and perplexity and a sort of awe chained the girl's tongue, and in another minute he was on his way down-stairs, hiding his sadness under a mask of additional sternness, and bestowing on Evert, whom he found in the parlour, the sharp rebuke which Franzje had expected, and which in her case, for some reason or other, he had forborne to give.

When she was left alone she stood a little while with her hands clasped in a sort of painful reverie; then she ran to her mother, and found some relief to one of her anxieties in seeing her look rather better than she had expected. Madame Ryckman could not help looking glad at the sight of her, and giving her one motherly hug; but after that she seemed to remember Franzje's misdemeanours, and to try to be distant and repressive. What appeared to vex her most was, that her husband had found no one to welcome him after his long cold journey, or to see to his wants, but Jan; and she would scarcely listen to Franzje's real regret; but after saying what she had to say, closed her eyes wearily, and desired to be left alone.

'Am I to go back to my room, Mother?' asked the girl, not unsubmissively, though with a little proud lifting of her queenly head.

'Not unless your father sends you. I would rather you saw to him and the house and the children and your Uncle Jan. Go and tell your uncle I am better, and sit with him a little bit till your father comes in.'

Franzje was not at all sorry to have this command given her; she wanted counsel, sympathy, someone to tell her how and why she had been wrong, someone who would be satisfied with something short of unconditional submission, someone who would not wound her by implying harsh things of Mr. Vyvian; and her heart turned yearningly towards her old uncle, as more likely than anyone else to afford her what she needed. When she entered his room, however, he was leaning back in his chair with his arms folded, and seemed engaged in placid meditation, so that after watching him for a little while, all that she had meant to say died away upon her lips, and she told herself that it would be cruel to trouble his peace. She did not turn away though, but went softly forward, knelt down beside him, and laid her head upon his knee.

He did not say a word, nor even stretch out his hand, but neither did he repulse her, so at least the flaxen head had found a rest, and the young heart a haven of stillness where it might soothe itself into calm.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF MRS. DOROTHY.

(AS RELATED BY HERSELF.)

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

DURING the absence of the lord and lady of the manor, the small-pox broke out at Much Allington. Whether it was really brought (as was supposed) by a party of gipsies, who for a short season pitched their tents in the outskirts of the village, may perhaps be doubtful; but it spread fast, and raged with great violence. When the news came that our Vicar's wife and his three children were all dying of the dread disease, Mrs. Miller took alarm, and, unknown to me, wrote off to Sir Ambrose to inform him of the risk I ran. Hardly had she posted her letter, however, before I received a few hurried lines from Lady Holderness, stating that she and my father were on the eve of starting for Bath, whither they had been recommended to take Tommy for the sake of the hot springs. The worthy house-keeper, when she heard this, was mightily vexed, for she had hoped that my parents would send for me to join them; and to have me conveyed across the country as far as Bath would, she knew, be almost impossible. They on their part (when after long delay they received her letter) were very uneasy about me, though they contented themselves with sending back word that I was never on any account to go beyond the park gates, or have any play-mates to see me. These restrictions seemed to me not a little hard, especially as I did not understand the cause of them; for my guardians scarce let me know anything about the small-pox, believing that the fear of catching it would render me more likely to take the infection.

One morning I went for a stroll in the avenue of stately lime trees that formed the approach to my father's mansion. My waiting-maid, Kitty, was with me; but she, taking advantage of my mother's absence, was amusing herself as she walked with reading one of the numbers of the 'Guardian,' a publication which in those days was thought of very highly. I cared little for Mrs. Kitty's talk, but did not like the neglect with which I was treated; and leaving her at last very abruptly, I wandered away in quest of amusement. A little foot-path branched off from the avenue, leading, by a short cut across the grass, to some kitchen offices at the back of the house. It was seldom used except by the servants, but it was not exactly a private way; and a meanly dressed woman—a beggar apparently—was now trudging along it, with a bundle in her arms. All at once she stopped, laid down her burthen on the soft grass, looked at it for a moment, and then hurried onwards, still going towards the house. Having nothing better to do, I sauntered after her, taking, in my present mood, which was by no means amiable, a

certain pleasure in trampling down the ferns and long feathery grasses that grew beside the pathway.

The morning was singularly dull and sultry, and I walked very slowly, so that by the time I reached her bundle, the woman herself had disappeared in the distance. That bundle I now discovered to be nothing less than a little girl of about a year old, who was wrapped up very warmly in an old cloak of grey duffle. Oppressed by heat, or frightened perhaps at her unusual position, she was crying very pitifully; and after a moment's hesitation, I knelt down and put aside the greasy cloak, touching it daintily with the tips of my fingers. The poor child was by no means pretty, for her blue eyes were very dim, and her face and arms covered with red spots; but I had a love for babies that might almost be called a passion, and I felt such a pity for the little helpless creature, that I threw myself on the grass beside her, and took her upon my lap, seeking to soothe her. But the child, not being used to me, began to scream so violently that I grew quite frightened. I laid her down again upon the grass, I bent over her, I stroked her little cheek with my hand, but I could not succeed in quieting her; so at last I lifted her up in my arms, and, almost staggering beneath her weight, carried her to the avenue of lime trees which I had quitted a little while before.

Kitty, who did not seem to have noticed my absence, was still standing in the spot where I had left her. She was no longer reading, however, but was playing with her own false flaxen locks, and listening rather disdainfully to a care-worn looking man with a pack on his back, who—on his way to the house apparently—had stopped to ask her some question. His appearance struck me as somewhat singular, for he wore no peruke, and his thread-bare clothes were not of an English cut. The lines about his face were deep, and the hair that curled around his rusty black hat was turning grey; so that I set him down at the first glance as an 'old man.' He was a total stranger to me, and for a moment I drew back shyly, seeking to hide myself from view; but the child, who for a short space had ceased crying, now began to scream again, causing Kitty to turn her head.

'My stars! what's that?' she exclaimed. 'Why, is it you, Mrs. Dorothy? And what have you there?'

'A baby,' I panted out, 'a baby that I found on the grass, left—' I stopped with a blush, disconcerted by a look the stranger cast upon me—it was such an eager searching look, that I could not meet it, and my eyes immediately sought the ground.

'Mrs. Dorothy!' cried Kitty, running to me, and snatching the child from me, 'how could you think of picking up a beggar brat like that? Mercy! (and she shrieked aloud,) it has got the small-pox, I do declare!'

'Has it? poor little creature!' said I; and I was stepping forward to look at the child, when the stranger laid his hand upon my shoulder to hold me back.

'You mustn't go near it,' he said; 'you must not indeed.'

I shook off his hand very angrily; for what was he, this meanly dressed 'old' man, that he should dare to touch the daughter of Sir Ambrose Holderness? Turning my back upon him, I said to Kitty, 'Are you sure the poor baby has the small-pox?'

'Sure and certain,' she answered; 'so you mustn't come near it. Keep off—I say, keep off! Oh dear! we're all undone!'

'Shall I take the baby from you?' said the stranger; 'perhaps, though,' he added, glancing at my waiting-maid's face, which was scarred and pitted with the small-pox, 'you are not yourself afraid of the infection?'

Kitty tossed her head rather pertly. 'It is not your affair whether I am or not!' she said. 'I am not used to carrying a dirty little brat, I can tell you! I wonder whom it belongs to?'

'To a poor woman who went along that path up towards the kitchens to beg,' I said; 'she laid the poor baby down on the grass, and it cried, and I took it up and could not quiet it, so I brought it here.'

'You carried it, then, for some distance?' said the stranger. 'How perilous!'

I looked up at him, amazed at the warmth of his tone. His dark eyes were fixed full upon me, and his face was so pale as to be almost ghastly: I now perceived, however, that he was not what I even then thought an 'old' man—not much older, perhaps, than my stately portly father. I did not dislike his countenance, and yet there was something about him that made me feel uncomfortable. I tried to escape from him by following Kitty, who, with the child in her arms, was now moving rapidly towards the house; but instead of leaving me, the strange man had the presumption to walk by my side, as though he had been my equal!

'Sir Ambrose is from home, I understand?' he said.

I did not speak; and he repeated his question, adding, 'Do you not hear me?'

'I do not know who you are,' I answered, drawing myself up.

Again he looked at me, and there was an expression in his countenance which made it impossible for me to continue pert to him; so with a rising blush, I said, 'I have been bid never to talk to those I do not know.'

'Right, quite right to do as you are bid; but I—I know more of you than you perhaps suppose, though you do not know me.'

'Do you know my Papa?' I asked quickly.

'Your Papa—whom do you mean?'

'My father—Sir Ambrose Holderness. I call him Papa very often: he does not mind it at all.'

I said this, because I thought that the word 'Papa,' which was not as yet in very common use, had possibly perplexed the stranger, who might not be familiar with it. He seemed, however, as if he were scarcely attending to me; and when he next spoke, it was to ask me whether my name were not Dorothy.

'Yes, it is,' I said; 'but people generally call me Mrs. Dorothea;—I mean strangers do—Papa likes it best.'

He smiled a little, saying, 'And Sir Ambrose, you say, is your Papa?'

'Yes; and I have one brother nearly nine years younger than myself; but no sister at all. I wish I had! Oh, look, look! there she is—that's the woman!'.

'What woman do you mean?'

'Why, the woman who belongs to the child. She is coming up that pathway, on her way back from the kitchens; and see how she is running! She does not observe us, and is frightened because she cannot find her baby.—Kitty, stop!'

My waiting-maid stopped very gladly; and the stranger, ordering me somewhat imperatively to keep aloof, took the child from her, and carried it back to its mother. Kitty followed him, to give the beggar-woman a good round scolding. I could not hear all that she said, but caught a few words which much dismayed me.

'What ails you, my little maid?' said my new acquaintance, suddenly rejoining me.

I tried at first to answer, 'Only nothing, nothing!' but soon my lips began to quiver, and I said, half sobbing, 'Am I like to die—oh, am I?'

'Nay, what has put such a thought in your head?' he asked.

'Why, I heard Kitty say, that if I died it would be the woman's fault, for bringing her baby into the park. Oh dear! shall I die? shall I have the small-pox?'

'We cannot say you will not have it,' he replied; 'but we may be sure of one thing—sure that no real harm will happen to you, my child, because we know Who it is that numbereth the very hairs of our head.'

I had not expected words like these; but though awed, I felt not a little comforted.

'Does that woman come from Stillingford?' I said presently.

'Yes; how do you know?'

'I heard her saying so, just before you turned away from her and came to me. Why did she leave the poor baby on the grass?'

'Because, as you supposed, she went up to the back of your house to beg, and she dared not take the child with her lest the sight of it should affright the servants. She did wrong, but seems to be in sore need, and this must be her excuse.'

'Oh dear! I am sure I am not angry with her at all. She never meant to harm me, you know; and I wish Kitty would not go on scolding her so, she is making her cry. There, she is going away now; I dare not run after her myself, but I should like someone to tell her I was not angry; I wish someone would!'

The stranger smiled at me very approvingly, but did not take my hint,

or even turn his head to look after the woman, which I thought was hardly kind.

'There! I have frightened her well, I do hope,' said Kitty, returning to me, and taking hold of my hand; 'she deserved it richly, for I am sure she has frightened me enough! It drives me almost wild to think on't! No sooner had I taken my eyes off of you, Mrs. Dorothy, than you must needs run into danger! Why, the woman says that she buried her husband only last Saturday! They are strangers here, and had just come to settle in our village, when he caught the small-pox, which carried him off in three days.'

'It seems to be raging much hereabouts,' said the stranger. 'But this is not the reason, I suppose, that Sir Ambrose and Lady Holderness are gone away?'

'No, 'tis not,' said Kitty shortly; 'but they are away nevertheless: so 'tis of no use your going up to the house—you will not find them there.'

'When will they be home, can you tell me? I am greatly desirous to know.'

'I cannot say; 'twill not be yet awhile, I reckon. They are hundred of miles away—quite t'other side of the country, I believe.—Come, Mrs. Dorothy, you must come into the house now; I cannot have you falling into any more mischief.'

'Twas rare indeed that I heeded Kitty when she treated me thus; but my morning's adventure had subdued me, and I followed her meekly as a lamb.

'Will you not say good-day?' said the stranger, in a voice that sounded not a little sad. His words were addressed to me, but Kitty answered them for me.

'Good-day,' said she, looking scornfully at his rusty clothes; 'I am sorry we can do nothing for you, for I suppose you are seeking for work? I hope you are not afeard yourself of the small-pox?'

'Not at all, thank you. Take good care of your young lady: let her have fresh air and cooling drinks in abundance.'

'Oh, we can send for our own doctor if need be; so we want none of your advice,' said Kitty: adding in a lower tone, 'Well, to be sure, folks can be impertinent if they try! I wonder who on earth the fellow is?'

I did not quite like to have my new acquaintance called a 'fellow;' and every now and then as we passed up the avenue on our way to the house, I turned my head to look back at him. 'Twas ill manners, I knew; and I at last was chid for it very properly by my attendant, who declared that I was making that meanly dressed man stare after me, and that if ever he had the presumption to speak to me again, she would get one of the lacqueys to send him about his business!

Concerning the next few days I have nothing noteworthy to relate; so I will fill up the blank by inserting a letter, which at this period I wrote,

bit by bit, to my mother. When completed, it was thought a rather wonderful performance, for I had taken especial pains with the spelling, and had been careful to begin every noun with a capital letter. I know not how it happened, but by some chance or other this childish epistle of mine was preserved, and after Lady Holderness's death it was found among her papers. It is now in my own possession, and the following is an exact copy of it. I have kept it, I may say, not on account of any merit of its own, but because circumstances have rendered some portions of it rather curious.

The Manor House,
Much Allington,
July 14th, 1723.

Honoured Madam,

Pray excuse my Paper not being finer. I have none other by me, and you was pleased to bid me write. I hope my honoured Father and yourself are in good Health, and I beg that you will accept my respectful Duty, and will believe I have a great Desire to see you. The Small-pox, of which Mrs. Miller has writ to you, is still very bad. There is a new Doctor come to the Village; he lodges at the King's Head, and goes much about among the Common People. They say he has cured many without bleeding; but Giles says he should not like to take his Physick, since he is sure he is nothing but a Quack. He weares green Spectacles, which he did not do at first: Mrs. Miller thinks it must be because he has a Mind to make himself look wondrous Wise. I have forgot his Name, but it begins with an A; and 'tis thought that he comes from somewhere beyond the Sea. I fell in with him once in the Avenue; but the story is too long to be put down upon Paper, so I will tell you about it when you return Home—*if you will deign to listen to it.* [This last sentence is written in at the top.] Lightfoot is very well. I ride out sometimes in the Park, but have not been into the Village since you forbade me. The Gardeners are clipping the Box Tree that stands on the South Lawn. It looks very shapely now, being in the Form of a Hay-Stack, with a Peacock at the Top. I think you will be greatly charmed with it. Mrs. Miller bids me say I have done my Tapestry Work every Day. I have finished the Shepherdess at last, and have begun the Lamb that lyes at her feet. The Squirrel on the Tree looks amazing well; and the Leopard has been much admired, but I have no Silk for working in his Spots. Mrs. Hannen dyed last Tuesday se'nnight; and Dr. Hannen, 'tis said, feels his Lady's Death so sorely that he has fallen Sick, and can see Nobody. He has not been to hear me Say my Catechism for the last three Weeks, but I repeat it every Sunday Afternoon to Mrs. Miller, likewise the Hymn Pappa was pleased to sett me. I am glad little Brother Tommy is better, and should think The Bath must be a very pleasant Place, specially the High Hills surrounding it; I should like to climb them with Pappa, and to see the Sunset. We had a beautiful Sunset Yesterday, and afterwards the Evening Star came out of the sky, and shone like the Diamond of your Hoop Ring. I do not suppose that you could see it at The Bath. That is so farr off, that the Stars, I dare say, are not the same. Please excuse Mistakes. I have wrote the Last Part very ill, but that is because I have a bad Head-ache, which makes my Eyes swim so that I can scarce see.

I am, Honoured Madam,
Your Dutifull Daughter,
DOROTHEA HOLDERNESS.

P. S.—Mrs. Kitty wishes me to tell you that she counts Nothing of my Head-ache, the Day being so hot. I am going to take the Air, which they say will do me good.

Ah me! my head-ache! I wonder not that my attendants desired to make light of it, but it proved of more moment than they were willing to believe. At the time I finished this letter I was beginning to droop and sicken; and by the evening of the following day the news spread abroad in Much Allington that little Mrs. Dorothy Holderness had taken the small-pox.

(*To be continued.*)

A SERGEANT OF ZOUAVES.

BY THE EDITOR OF 'OUR CURATE'S BUDGET.'

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

It sounds strange to English ears to hear of one and the same man being a Marquis of France, wealthy and honoured, a sergeant of Zouaves, and an earnest devout Christian; strange as it may sound, it is nevertheless true. There are many things that they do differently in France, as well as some things that they do better. Among ourselves, with the rarest of exceptions, neither nobleman nor gentleman, unless he has forfeited his claim to the title, or under the pressure of extreme poverty, would dream of serving in the ranks. But among the French and other continental nations, to serve in the ranks brings no discredit upon the noblest and wealthiest, and rarely excites surprise. The private soldier, obedient to the word of command when on duty, is at another hour the friend and companion of his commander. If we may ever wonder, it is in this instance. Yet still more wonderful is the Christian glory, which shines out in the whole character of the young soldier who died before Sebastopol at the age of twenty-nine. 'His youth' (so writes his biographer, Count Anatole de Ségur) 'was that of a saint; his death that of a hero and a martyr.'

And this strong language scarcely appears extravagant as his life is unfolded before us. Inheriting a name illustrious in the annals of France so long ago as the wars of St. Louis, he possessed a far greater blessing in the pious mother who guided his infant steps; and as a child he gave early indications not only of piety—the outward expression of which may be forced and unreal—but of a strength of character, which, when rightly directed, contains the germ of true greatness.

When the boy was about four years old he had a narrow escape from drowning. Ere long, at the child's request, a little cross was erected at the so nearly fatal spot; the *Curé* was invited to give it his benediction, and daily the little pilgrimage was made thither for prayer and thanksgiving. And in his own home a sort of oratory was fitted up for him, where his mother, seeking him, would often find her son upon his knees,

unwilling to be disturbed. Our colder minds, too distrustful perhaps, look upon such behaviour with suspicion. No doubt it is more consistent with the French idea of what a child's religion should be than with ours; and no doubt it gave unmixed satisfaction to his mother. But, if we may believe his biographer, he had no idea of display in what he did, no anxiety for praise. All was natural and simple, and with these early flowers there were deep roots struck. The mature fruits were to be brought forth in due season.

One day, when he had not completed his tenth year, a door closed violently upon his hand. Without a cry he turned the lock and released himself. The blood upon his glove shewed that the hurt was severe; in fact, the first joint of the fore-finger was completely crushed. The brave child's first thought, as he entered his mother's room, was to assure her that his sister, who had fainted at the sight, was in no way to blame. The effects of the accident were long and painful, but scarce a word of complaint passed his lips. The great examples of the Lord and of the saints had already become familiar and dear to his heart, and in his journal he could write:—

'This morning I was nearly crying while my hand was dressed. But in offering our pain to God we lose half of it, and we ought to be ashamed of complaining when we think what the saints endured.'

So it was with him in a tedious and dangerous illness; with his eyes turned to the cross, and his heart full of his Lord's bitter Passion, he displayed the same courage and resignation. Already he was making, according to his age, self-denial and endurance the law of his life, refusing on days of abstinence those little indulgences so grateful to a child's palate, every morning and evening on his knees in the house of God.

And together with this tender piety—this, we might almost call it, childish heroism—he cherished the best of all childish virtues, unbounded love for his parents. His mother seems to have been his guiding star from first to last. At twelve years old he writes to her, with his congratulations on her birth-day:—

'To-day is my greatest, my only real *fête*, my beloved Mother; for it is the day on which all my happiness came into the world.

'You wish to know my idea of happiness. Well, I think my greatest happiness would be to be able to say that by God's grace, in which I place all my hopes, I shall never leave you or my father.'

And night by night, when his mother came to give him the last kiss, he would insist on her praying that he might die the first. Till she had done this he would not sleep.

He made his first Communion on his tenth birth-day, before the ordinary period; and Confirmation and first Communion were to him indeed the fuller outpouring of the Divine Spirit, the strengthening and

refreshing of his soul. He was old enough now to be of use to others in his little way, and never was he so happy as when permitted to go among the poor and the afflicted. Of silver and gold he had little to give, but such as he had he gave—kind words, sympathy in joy and sorrow, and those gentle offices which, rather in the grace of giving than in the value of the thing given, win upon the stricken heart.

With all this he was no weak delicate boy, no parents' darling pampered and caressed, forced unnaturally into these ways of prayer and self-denial and ministration upon others, the pet of women and priests. Mind and body were full of vigorous life, of robust health and boyish energy. Heat and cold, pain and fatigue, were nothing to him. His was no life of the boudoir or the study, the church and the sick-room only. The love of danger was already a ruling passion. At the first sound of the fire-bell, the first cry of alarm, he was on the alert. Nothing stopped him. He would hurry to the scene of action, and organize assistance, sparing himself neither toil nor danger, often the first to arrive and the last to depart. Frequently, after a night thus spent in severe exertion and in the thickest of the danger, he would return home at daylight, reeking with the smoke, blackened by the fire, his face beaming as the soldier's returning from his first victory. Such were his earliest battle-fields; such, from his boyish days, the ardour and devotion of his noble instincts.

In 1845, at the age of eighteen, he went to Paris to pursue his studies, declining a brilliant opening offered him in the Austrian service, in order that he might devote himself to France. His biographer describes with enthusiasm their first meeting, and the impression produced upon his mind by the face of this young man, radiant with the happiness, the frankness, the purity, of a noble nature. We can well imagine what the temptations of the French capital must be to young men, and Hélion de Villeneuve, by his rank and fortune, and no less by his amiable disposition, must have been peculiarly assailable. Yet in that gay, luxurious, sinful city, with few indeed of his own age even professing to observe the outward ordinances of religion, he was daily at Mass, frequent in private prayer before the altar of God, regular in Confession and Communion, not ashamed to confess Christ before men amid a sinful generation.

Soon there came a time of excitement, national excitement, into which he plunged with all the ardour of his impassioned nature. The Revolution of February, 1848, opened to him a new life. No sooner had he donned the dress of the National Guard, which was for several months nothing less than a soldier's uniform, no sooner had he answered the summons of the drum, musket in hand, and tasted, in those fiery days of February and June, the excitement of a soldier's life, than his true vocation asserted itself:—'I was born for a soldier!' His mind was made up. The drill, the nights on guard, the patrols, the uproar of the *émeute*, the street transformed into a camp and only waiting to

become a battle-field—all this intoxicated him with delight; and he brought to his new duties not only the good citizen's spirit of devotion and sacrifice, but the spirit of gaiety and enthusiasm, which the good soldier enamoured of his profession alone can feel.

Days and nights flew by, a season of alarm and disquiet, and found Hélion de Villeneuve always at his post, with a joy which almost lost sight of the shame and sorrow of his country. In that delight and ardour, in the whole man indeed, his true vocation was more and more apparent. A soldier he must be; and from the first his letters expressed the wish, the determination, the *necessity* of following this profession. At the first election of officers he was unanimously chosen sub-lieutenant, and in that rank he took part in all the engagements which desolated Paris during the months of May and June, 1848.

His parents were naturally anxious to withdraw him from these scenes of danger. Still, knowing his tastes and his character, they were reluctant to demand his retirement. But as soon as he understood their anxiety, which was threatening his mother's health, he volunteered to quit Paris.

'I have no care for the future. It is in the hands of God. He will do what He pleases, and what He pleases is always good, if we, for our part, do our duty. Life is so short, that we must employ it well; and wherever we are, if we do our duty we may be happy, with faith in God. The Curé of —— understands me, for he has told you just what I have told you myself, that I shall always be ready to do all you wish, even to the sacrifice of my convictions. Besides, I am quite sure you would never wish me to play the coward. You love me *too well* not to know that in my eyes *no happiness is possible to the man who acts dishonourably*. Nevertheless, if your affection prevents you from seeing things exactly as I do, I assure you I would not give you one moment's pain. My sole desire is to make you happy, and I will do my utmost to this end.'

His parents replied to this appeal by yielding to his wishes; and he writes again:—

'If I am glad to be in Paris, it is because there are so many opportunities of usefulness. I have always told you how I grieved over the inaction in which so many young men are forced to live, myself among the number. This inaction is the parent of aimless wishes, consequent upon the difficulty of living as one ought, and the conviction that one is of no use. This question no longer troubles us. I have invariably told you that in case of war I cannot hold back. At this moment we are as in camp, never knowing what may occur to-morrow. If there be an outbreak, the National Guard will bear the brunt of it. You may imagine how happy I am in it all, especially now that I am an officer.'

But the excitement in the capital died away. Order was restored. No foreign war threatened. The National Guard made way for the regular troops, and Hélion de Villeneuve returned to more peaceful occupations.

In 1849 he entered the Foreign Office, and then for a time a dark shadow came over his life. For a time. Conscience never ceased to

speak and to be heard. The Divine Spirit still strove for him and within him. The Divine Hand still held him that he should not, failing in some points, therefore utterly fall away. And his father's death in the following year awoke him from his sinful slumber, and brought him to himself and to his Father in Heaven.

He was occupied as bearer of despatches for the Foreign Office when the Russian War broke out—a war which enlisted his sympathies the more, as being, in his eyes, undertaken in behalf of the One Faith, and the true Church. But his widowed mother?—what was his duty, as an only son, to her? He struggled against the earnest wishes of his heart, but day by day the struggle became more painful. The news of skirmishes, of the landing in the Crimea, and the victory of the Alma, filled him with regrets and shame—regrets that he had no part in these glorious deeds, shame as if he were a deserter and a coward. At the declaration of hostilities, he had broached the subject to his mother; but her grief was so terrible, that he gave up the idea, resolving never to speak of it again. She understood the depth of his sacrifice. She saw his health and spirits failing, and needed not to ask the cause. Still he kept silence; and at last, in the full sense of the word, she sacrificed herself to her son.

'I would rather see you go, and die, if need be, in the East, than remaining here for my sake, in defiance of your conscience and your vocation. If you believe that duty calls you to be a soldier, and that nothing less than the Will of God demands it, go and meet the foe. But remember always that I have never had but one hope, one prayer, before Heaven for you—and that was, for your soul's salvation. If I resign myself to-day to a sacrifice surpassing mere human endurance, it is out of love for your soul. If I, freely and unsolicited, consent to your departure, it is on condition that you care for your precious soul, for the salvation of which I resign my happiness, and that you never forget the tears which it costs me.'

It was the spring of 1855. Reinforcements were despatched almost daily for the Crimea, and Hélion de Villeneuve, anxious only for active service, enlisted as a private in the regiment of *Guides* which was under immediate orders. From the first he was a favourite with all ranks, and when off duty was admitted to the friendship and society of his superior officers, who were touched with admiration at his resolution. But his example found few followers. The young men of his own position deemed him romantic and Quixotic, perhaps a little crazy. He, for his part, felt no regrets, as is shewn by his letters to his mother.

'There can be no true enjoyment of the present to those oppressed by the conviction that their life is a failure, and that they never have been, and never will be, good for anything. Some people, I know, ridicule this sentiment, or rather know nothing of it, and are quite contented if they can eat and drink without working. I am not one of those. And you may rest assured, dearest Mother, that you make me perfectly happy by letting me try what I am worth.'

Then follow reassuring words of touching filial affection to the loving

desolate mother, suggesting that the campaign would be finished before the winter, and that after his little jaunt he would return with the Cross of the Legion of Honour, never to leave her again.

The departure of the *Guides* was countermanded; and the young soldier, determined not to be thwarted, exchanged at once into the *Chasseurs d'Afrique*, who were already in the field. Before leaving France he made his will, which deserves to stand in his own words.

'At the moment of starting on an expedition from which I may never return, I look upon myself as in danger of death, and I therefore make my will.

'I die as a Christian, as I have always tried to live. I thank my beloved mother for the kindness she has ever shewn me, and ask her forgiveness of the grief which I may have caused her. I leave everything I possess to her, begging her to give my sisters some remembrances of me.'

After a few legacies to his most intimate friends, he adds:

'I beg my beloved mother to give to the poor the money which Monsieur S—— has of mine, half at Nancy, half at Bargemont, asking their prayers on my behalf.

'In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.'

The parting of mother and son need not be, indeed could not be, described. In his letters, he refers most touchingly to the last moments they spent together, assuring her that she may depend upon his attending to all her injunctions. But soon his spirits recovered their buoyancy, and we have vivid pictures of his soldier life.

'June 7. Here we are at Messina, dear Mother, with glorious weather, and the finest possible passage. I have not had one moment's illness, so you may fancy how jolly I am, I who love the sea so. We have on board twenty Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, and a good Lazarist Father, all bound for Constantinople. There are no end of soldiers. It is really touching to see how well the Sisters get on with them. Every night they chant their prayers on deck. I do better than ever. All the officers are most kind; everything is perfection; and if I only knew you were not anxious, I should be thoroughly happy.'

He wrote again from Constantinople in the same spirits, and, on June 17th, from the Crimea:—

'At last, dear Mother, I have reached the height of my ambition, and you would be delighted to see how happy I am. Everything is so beautiful, and so interesting. With the exception of a battle, which I do not expect to see, for we are too far from the scene of action—at least ten miles from Sebastopol—I have seen everything, and been everywhere. I landed yesterday, and then my troubles began. I took my baggage on my back, and walked to my camp, some fifteen miles from Kamiesch. It was very hot, and I confess I found the way long, when just before the end of my journey I met the artillery officer, for whom, you know, I had some money. He was all that was kind, took me into his tent, and gave me some onion soup, which I shall remember for ever so long: I think I never ate anything so good in my life. Then he lent me a horse, on which I made a triumphal entry into camp.

'My letters of introduction have served me well. The Colonel found me arms and horse at once, and put me in the third squadron. My life passes very happily. General Forêt has invited me to dinner; to-day I dine with a commandant; to-morrow with anyone who is kind enough to ask me.

'I am in a little tent, which can only be entered on all fours; nevertheless, I sleep superbly between my two comrades. They have handsome faces, both of them!—not the sort you would like to meet of a dark night. But they are capital fellows, and pleased enough at my arrival, which brings an improvement in their fare.

'We do our own cooking, and at the cantine we can buy whatever we want. Only writing is excessively inconvenient. Here am I, flat on my stomach, which is slightly awkward.

'Our situation is charming. This part of the Crimea is wooded, and very picturesque. We are on the banks of the Tchernaya, in which I washed my shirt yesterday.

'I have already made acquaintance with the Chaplain of the Navy. He knew ——, who is employed among the soldiers. So you may be quite happy about me.'

'June 22. How happy your letters make me, my beloved Mother. I thank you for them with my whole heart. Distance, and the life which I lead, render them more precious than ever to me; therefore write by every mail.

'I have now been here a week, and this strange life does not displease me. Only we have nothing to do beyond the tiresome duties of our profession, fatigue parties of every kind, cooking, grooming our horses and taking them to water—but not the very tiniest semblance of a fight.

'Apart from this I am very well. The country is superb. Perhaps the sun is a little hot, but I get used to it—all except my nose, which is as red as my trousers; for where our camp is now we have not an inch of shade. The whole world is kind to me, and I get many an invitation to dinner. I admit it is the attention of which I am most sensible; for the cookery of the soldiers is not much to boast of, and this open-air life gives one a ferocious appetite. The one vexation is, I have no chance of promotion. No one can do anything, with all the good will in the world. There are no vacancies.

'This is our daily life. We wake at three o'clock, and get up—a very simple operation, for we have only to stand upright. At four we take the horses to water, and dress them. Then we have our coffee. After that we bask in the sun till three in the afternoon; the horses are taken to drink; then comes dinner; and at night everybody goes to bed. One day is exactly like another.

'Without having much to do, I find very little leisure; and I can tell you it is not so pleasant writing on the ground, in the full sunshine, and literally devoured by the flies. On Sundays Mass is said in camp at eleven o'clock. It is very striking. The priest celebrates under a little tent, and a *cuirassier* acts as choir-boy.'

Impatient of inaction, Hélion de Villeneuve obtained an exchange into a regiment in the front, and by the 2nd of July held rank as corporal in the Third Zouaves. Let him describe the change:—

'Here I am then, dressed as a Turk, with two beautiful red stripes. You would never recognize me, with my shaven head and turban.

* * * * * * * *

'Since my last letter I have gone up in the world: I work with the quartermaster. This accounts for my writing at a table to-day, which table, to tell you the truth, I made myself, to the great astonishment of my officers, who gave me credit for nothing beyond diplomatic talents. I mess with the non-

commissioned officers. It is incredible what gourmands we become. There are times when I could commit crimes for the sake of a few potatoes. Our food consists chiefly of beans and rice. I am in better health than ever. You would never recognize me. Only I shall never be able to go to bed again. I am positive that when I return home I shall feel compelled to sleep upon the ground, by the side of *Pampan*. I have made the acquaintance of a new animal, an honest camel, taken from the Russians. He wanders about the camp all day, and is very well-behaved. The reverse of the picture is, that we have no fighting, and no reason to expect any. However, it is no fault of mine, and I must be resigned.

'I know nothing of the progress of the siege. In our little corner we are perfectly calm. At nine o'clock in the evening everybody is snoring, but then at four in the morning everybody has breakfasted. I think you will never scold me again for getting up late, or for reading in bed at night.

'My great happiness is in your letters, which I read over and over again. They are always with me; and every now and then I get away by myself, and have another look at them.'

About the middle of July he obtained promotion as adjutant of the trenches, which brought him into a position of responsibility and danger. Continually in the trenches, he was from that day unceasingly exposed to the Russian fire. He was always in the front, at the post he so ambitiously coveted, the most dangerous of all; and now his warlike spirit shone out in all its fullest energy. In the midst of balls and grape, his brow flushed, his heart was flooded with joy. 'How lucky I am to be in the trenches!' he said to the General, who had procured his exchange into the Zouaves. 'There is not a single gun fired but I am there to see.'

Generals, as well as privates, gave him public proofs of their regard. All were astonished to find in this brilliant young man of the world, who had lived for eight-and-twenty years in the enjoyment of every luxury, such a complete forgetfulness of all material comforts, such a readiness to endure the hardest burdens, the most painful life, and, so to say, such a love of danger, for which the world had never given him credit, though it had ever been his ruling passion. All were liberal with marks of their affection, and predicted for him a rapid and glorious career.

No wonder, too, that he was beloved as well as respected and admired. One day a soldier, having imprudently advanced to an unprotected position, fell mortally wounded under the Russian fire. In the agony of death he turned to his comrades with the exceeding bitter cry of loneliness, 'Will no one come and give me one parting grasp of the hand, before I die!' Villeneuve heard him, and without a moment's hesitation, ran forward through the storm of grape to press the hand of his poor comrade, who died consoled by this parting grasp. It was a needless exposure of his own life, no doubt. But it was a sublime charity, a saintly heroism.

On the day before his mother's birth-day, he made his preparation for keeping it with the same religious reverence in the camp as he had been used to do at home. From his interview with the Chaplain he went to his post in the trenches. The enemy had concentrated their fire on

that part of the works; an aide-de-camp was despatched to bring up reinforcements, and Villeneuve took his place by the side of the general in command. Another and more terrible discharge of grape swept through them, a very hurricane of fire, answered by the shrieks of the wounded and the dying; one more piercing than the rest seemed to come from the sufferer's inmost heart—'Ah! my mother!' It was the cry of Hélion de Villeneuve.

His face was terribly torn, the jaw shattered. He was carried to the rear, and after the first dressing, the surgeons pronounced the wound not to be dangerous, and sent him down to the hospital, five miles away. There he underwent a prolonged and torturing operation, but not a cry, not a groan, escaped him. The Chaplain, whom he had summoned, arrived before it was concluded. As soon as the surgeons had completed their task, the Priest commenced his. But there was not much needed now. The wounded man had but that very day told his sorrow for sins past, and been assured of his Father's forgiveness. And as the wound, though severe and painful, did not threaten a fatal termination, the last Sacraments were not administered.

Villeneuve asked for writing materials, and with trembling hand but undaunted spirit penned this last letter to his mother, the seeming gaiety of which declares his heroism and his filial devotion.

'Dearest Mother,

'I have had the best luck in the world; just a scratch with a ball in the cheek, the result of which will be that after a month in hospital I shall make haste home. So much the better!

'Dampierre will write for me next time. I have received all your affectionate letters. *I am in a state of grace.*'

'I embrace you with all my heart. To our early meeting.

HELION.'

The words '*I am in a state of grace*' are underlined. He knew what his mother's great anxiety would be. The hand-writing was clear, but grew more and more unsteady towards the end; his signature, written for the last time, was formed in the uncertain and straggling way of a child. It took him some time to write even these few lines, but when the Priest tried to dissuade him from the exertion, he replied, 'Monsieur l'Abbé, it never tires a man to write to his mother.'

It was then five o'clock in the evening. Before morning Hélion de Villeneuve had ceased to breathe. The ball which had shattered the jaw, had cut its way through the passages of the throat, and was found embedded in the lungs.

His body was interred in the cemetery of the Second Division with exceptional honours, and in the following October removed to the family burying-place in France. M. l'Abbé Laine, one of the Emperor's chaplains, was charged with the task of identifying the grave, and bringing the mortal remains of this young Christian warrior to his ancestral home.

His mother went down to Marseilles to receive the corpse. Three days she waited in her hotel, a prey to an agitation too deep for description, until the messenger from the harbour should announce the arrival of the vessel. Early in the morning of the 23rd of October she was informed that it was coming in, and she hurried down to the quay, only to be told that the coffin could not be landed before two o'clock in the afternoon. In patient expectation she took her seat on the wooden bridge which passed from the quay to the ship. And there she remained, silent, weeping and praying, in her deep grief, the unregarding object of universal pity and respect.

The vessel had brought home sick and wounded of many regiments, many uniforms, many varieties of sickness and wounds. And when the disembarcation began, the poor mother roused herself, to speak words of comfort to those whose sufferings made hers break out afresh, to ask if any of them had known her son, and to repay by help and thanks their sympathizing words. The poor fellows were deeply touched at the sight of this 'mother of sorrows,' and paid her such attention and respect as soldiers could.

At the hour named the captain came to tell her that the coffin was at last to be put on shore. Scarcely able to breathe, she watched it raised from the hold, and then gently lowered at her feet. She knelt and kissed with pious affection the chest which contained the inanimate remains of her son. One would have thought it a terrible moment for the widowed sonless mother; but it brought her, on the contrary, overflowing comfort and support. She herself was surprised that the hours thus spent over her son's bier were the happiest she had known since the blow had fallen on her. But so it was. She accounted for it by the thought, so dear to a mother's heart, that he, for whom she was weeping, was praying for her in that better world, and had obtained this mercy and strength for her at the throne of grace.

The poor mother's waiting was destined to be prolonged. The carriage provided for the removal of the corpse was too small, and more than three hours elapsed before one suitable was found—three hours spent by her on her knees in tears and prayers, in the midst of a wondering but respectful and sympathizing crowd.

The following day the cortège arrived at the family seat at Bargemont, and the last funeral honours were paid to the young sergeant of Zouaves.

Among the various marks of affection and regret which followed him to the tomb, this one may be cited, as having given his mother especial satisfaction. The staff of the National Guard of Paris, to which he had belonged—after attending as a body and in full uniform, with General de Lawæstine at their head, the funeral service said for him at the Church of St. Thomas d'Aquin—obtained his mother's permission to have the ball which caused his death mounted in a reliquary. This reliquary was most exquisitely designed. It has the form of a little chapel, and bears, besides the inscription of presentation, a few words in reference to the

young soldier whom his old comrades so much loved, and so deeply regretted:—

'He remembered the deeds of his fathers; he has given his life for that which is right; he shall receive from the Lord great glory, and an everlasting name.

Like his ancestors, he died as a Christian for his country, and for glory—Sebastopol, 24th July, 1855, aged twenty-nine years.'

It is a French story, not an English one, that is told here. We may not find it easy to imagine such a character. Not that we dare to find fault, or ever so little demur to the praise given by those who knew Hélion de Villeneuve intimately, and speak of him as a hero and a saint. If we venture to express surprise at anything, it is that with all his earnest personal piety he made no efforts for the spiritual advantage of those with whom he was connected. In this he contrasts strongly with Hedley Vicars, and others who have been put forward as types of the God-fearing English soldier. They were from the first as anxious for the salvation of others' souls as for their own. Still, the more we look into his character, the more perfect it appears—the boyish spirits, the dashing courage, the enthusiasm for action in his country's cause, the tender love for his mother, the pure conscience, the fortitude under suffering, the love for Christ. May France and England have many such soldiers, ready to fight side by side, if duty so call them, in the earthly fight against oppression and wrong; some day to be united—we pray God hasten the good time!—in the spiritual fight against evil, in the worship of the One God, before the same Altar, in the unbroken ranks of Christ's One undivided Catholic and Apostolic Church.

W. M.

ENGLISH LINKS OF FOREIGN FORGING;

OR,

'THE LADY WITH THE LONG NOSE.'

(A TALE OF CONTINENTAL TRAVEL.)

BY A. F. FRERE,

AUTHOR OF 'WONDER-CASTLE;' 'THE THREE SONS-IN-LAW,' ETC.

CHAPTER VII. (*continued.*)

Ida laughed to herself, remembering the extreme candour of Edwin and Eva, and rejoicing that Grandmamma had not been by to hear all the details of their morning's adventure. Circumstances had been as favourable as possible; the ice had been broken, and at the usual rate of

progress with companions of travel, it would be speedy sailing into something like intimacy. Her anticipations were a little checked, when, at the early *table d'hôte*, Mrs. Langton did not appear, and some inquiry made by Mrs. Fulham, for the purpose of learning at what time she wished to start, caused a waiter to explain, that 'la dame Anglaise en grand deuil' generally dined separately in the *salle*, an hour later.

'Very exclusive that lady seems,' observed a talkative neighbour of Ida's. 'Something decidedly aristocratic about her, but keeps very much to herself—now *I* don't think it's good to mope in that way—but whether it's from grief, or finery, of course one can't tell.'

Ida took the flippant comment with some grains of salt; but it chilled her a little, and no immediate opportunity occurred to remove the impression.

Mrs. Langton came down, perfectly kind, at the hour fixed for going to Menaggio; but, as Tofts was of necessity included in the party, and the small boat held only three besides the rower, there was no opening for the others to be invited to join.

'Just as well,' Hugh said, when Ida looked her disappointment; 'we don't want *all* to jump down her throat in a moment.'

'No, certainly; and I don't believe she *can* be fine or exclusive,' said Ida hesitatingly. 'I could not make it agree at all with what we had heard of her.'

'My dear child, do you expect to construct a character out of your very small shreds of knowledge? Wait and see. At any rate, she has shewn herself the reverse of "exclusive" as regards you and Mrs. Fulham—not to mention Mrs. Colvin, or the man of the Gemmi.'

'I cannot quite,' said Mabel, who had just joined the others, 'get over my astonishment at seeing "Granny" start on an expedition with a lady she never saw till this morning! Mrs. Langton must have a talisman about her.'

'Well, since they are gone on their quest, suppose we take boat and do something on our own account,' suggested Hugh. 'There are some capacious red-cushioned floating family-coaches lying there, which would hold us, children and all, if the Colonel likes; and no possibility of rowing oneself, which, I confess, to-day suits my *far niente* propensities.—Now, Miss West, where do you wish to go?' as a few minutes later, the proposal being agreed to, they embarked in the boat above-mentioned.

'Nowhere in particular, *I* should say, only to float about and feel we are on the Lake of Como,' said Mabel; 'that is enough for *me* for the first time.'

'But you were on it first yesterday,' observed the matter-of-fact Colonel.

'My dear Marston, you have not yet eaten of the lotos that grows on

these shores,' rejoined Hugh. '*We* have all forgotten that day, and that day's woe.'

'And if not quite, one would soon dream it away in this boat,' said Ida; 'the way these Italians row rocks one like being in a cradle.'

So they floated on, all of them rather silent, (for Edwin and Eva were deep in some delightful fairy-tales lent by Mrs. Langton, and soon became perfectly unconscious of present realities,) under the shady western banks, by villas with dipping willows, or terraced gardens of aloes and oleanders, till the shadow of a great mountain fell across the water, veiling with soft gliding purple the slender wooded promontory and village of Bellagio, which here parts the lake into its two southern branches. Behind this dark tongue of land, a long range of peaked or serrated heights were still burning in the intense glow of sunset light; and as the radiance grew mellow, earth, water, and sky seemed to lose all boundary lines, except that one central streak of dim shadow, and the boat glided on through liquid fire and a golden atmosphere that turned the brown faces of the *barcajuoli* into shining copper.

The other party had reached the hotel first, and Mrs. Fulham was waiting for her tea, much pleased, but a good deal tired by the angular stones of the crooked streets of Menaggio, over which she had toiled in pursuit of what, after such unpromising approach, had proved 'quite a respectable draper's shop.'

'But you cannot think,' she continued, 'what a wonderful manager Mrs. Langton is; she got the people to bring out the thing we wanted, after they had declared, over and over again, with no end of sighs and despairing gestures, that they had nothing at all of the kind. I understood some of what they said, but of course I could never have talked on as she did, so good-humoured, and yet so determined on getting the right thing—oh, I assure you it made me quite giddy, for when they had produced it at last, there came another long talking about the price, which they wanted to make something ridiculous, and it was just like a play to see Mrs. Langton put down the twill, and shake her head and walk out, and I and Tofts after her, thinking all was over, when lo! out comes the draper with the piece cut off all ready, and the whites of his eyes turned up, declaring it was absolute ruin, and so forth, till I was half ashamed of my stinginess; but Mrs. Langton only laughed, and then the draper and his wife both laughed too, and looked as happy as possible, only dreadfully puzzled at having to make out an account for me; it took them, and another woman whom they called in to help, at least five or six minutes, though it was only the lining and some buttons and thread: and where do you think they wrote it after all? on the coarse grey paper the parcel was wrapped in! So we came away excellent friends, and I managed a "Buona sera." But I am running on at a terrible rate of twaddle, my good friends; these things are not so new or odd to you as to me.'

'Honest new impressions always are worth hearing,' said Hugh; 'it is only the preconceived ones that are intolerable—the fine sentiments which some travellers carry ready made-up and labelled for use, or the systematic quizzing habits which others bring to bear on everything that lies beyond their small ken.'

'I dare say,' said Mabel, 'it is a good thing for all of us now and then to be thrown among people whose point of view is entirely different from our own. In seeing how the same common things strike both, one ought to learn to be tolerant, and slow to judge.'

Mrs. Langton had meantime entered the *salle*, and had her tea placed at the same long table with the Fulham party. Ida, partly in reference to her, partly in reply to the last speaker, observed that there were few English able to divest themselves of a sense of moral superiority, sufficiently to make them endure patiently through a *séance* of Italian shopping. 'They really think *im*patience is a virtue, and a laudable protest against such shocking waste of time!—*You* are not one of those,' she said, turning to Mrs. Langton; who laughingly replied, that something might depend on what else you would do with your time, if saved. Tourists' time, generally, had an elastic character, and would be as profitably spent in gossip over a counter with the people of a new country, as in scouring its highways and byways, or taking liberties with its grand features in sketching or word-painting.

'But you don't mean,' said Ida, 'that all those things are worthless?'

'I hope not, indeed!' replied Mrs. Langton, 'for *I* care very much for all of them. Only I think they are all part of the rather idle, relax-your-muscles kind of benefit most English people want to get out of foreign travel, and that one has no right to be as severe upon "waste of time," as if one's own were parcelled out with true British accuracy for daily tasks.'

'Still,' said Mrs. Fulham, 'I think it *is* vexatious, and ought to be so to people bred up in habits of diligence, to see real business done in such very loose and languid style.'

'Well, in truth,' observed Hugh, 'it *is* rather difficult to convince oneself, when one is among Italians, that *they* are doing the business, and we the pleasure. But I don't care to be too moralizing; my muscles, as Mrs. Langton suggests, need relaxing; and there is a fascinating side to that picture of dawdling, gossipping, sun-basking life, which makes it a decidedly agreeable one to hang up beside one's desk in the stern-duty atmosphere of a London banking-house.'

'You speak,' said Mrs. Langton, 'as if that last was not the atmosphere you had always breathed.'

'No more it is. I was three years a settler in Australia—a sort of life wild and breezy enough to make English office work, with all its eligibilities, a *leetle* oppressive at times.'

'I can well imagine that. I have lived in Australia,' said Mrs.

Langton; and Hugh (who, as Ida always declared, was slightly insane on the charms of colonial life,) kindled into greater interest, and would have asked many questions; but Mrs. Langton did not seem disposed to pursue the subject, though ready to chat very sociably upon others, which were soon started.

As they were quitting the table, Ida ventured to ask if there would be any music, and if as many as chose might be there to listen.

'It is a case of equal rights, in a public *salon*,' said Mrs. Langton, smiling; but I can't promise till I see if the room is clear of the newspaper-reading world who don't like "noise," or the talking world who like to make it all for themselves. Otherwise, a good pianoforte is much too strong a magnet for me to keep away from it long.'

'Like a sympathizing friend,' said Ida.

'Yes—I have sometimes thought what a singular treasury of latent powers a fine musical instrument is; its capabilities lying utterly dormant, perhaps for years, till some congenial touch wakes them into voice. And then it gives, perhaps, more than it takes—suggesting so much that the player's mind would never have conceived without it!'

'A kind of artistic marriage,' said Hugh. 'Which is the wife?'

'Oh! certainly the one played upon,' said Ida, 'and who *more than* responds—is much cleverer in fact, but always waits humbly to be told to speak.'

'Not a bad young-lady definition,' returned her brother, laughing, as they entered the *salon*, which was happily vacant. 'May we hear that delicious water-music again?'

Mrs. Langton played, as delightfully as before; and then Ida sang some little national airs in her pretty bird-like voice; scared away at last by the appearance of a ponderous German baron, standing in the twilight at the open window, and twirling his moustache *en cadence* with an evident enjoyment which it was perhaps cruel to destroy. Just then, however, Mabel and the Colonel, who had stepped out on the terrace, summoned their friends to look at some bright coloured rockets which were sprinkling the sky and water with flowers of blue and rosy light. These proceeded, said the fair-haired Milanese landlady, who, like most of her guests, lingered outside her door in the *fresco* of the evening, from the pleasure-boats of the Duca Melzi, or some of the Italian families now *in villeggiatura;* this was the gay season on the Lake, when all the noble proprietors entertained their friends, and there was plenty of mirth and sociality to make up for their long absences.

'I wonder,' said Ida, as they strolled on, 'whether it is at all like our country-house life.'

'Very little, I should say,' answered Mrs. Langton. 'Late hours are—or were a few years ago, when I knew the Lake well—an utter preventive to what we should call country enjoyment; and then the gregarious, talking nature of Italians generally compels them to swarm into little sets everywhere; it is their idea of cheerfulness, to give

breakfasts and suppers as long as they have the means, and when the purse is growing low, send away the Milan *chef*, eat their meals at a neighbouring *café*, and make their *società* or club of its threshold.'

'Ladies and all?' asked Mabel, astonished.

'Yes, unnatural as it seems to us. Of course there are exceptions, families whose domestic life is refined, rational, and full of kindly affectionate feeling. But in general they seem to ignore what a *home* means.'

'The thing *we* most prize,' said Hugh, 'especially when we have lost it.'

'Yes—especially when we have lost it,' repeated Mrs. Langton, in an undertone of much sadness.

Ida now asked—hoping not to jar upon any of the painful memories which she guessed to lie deep in her new friend's mind—whether she had ever lived in Italy, since her acquaintance with its habits and language seemed so intimate.

'No, my knowledge was picked up only in tolerably long visits. At one time we travelled a great deal, and I grew so enamoured of Swiss mountain climbing, that it always remained a longing in my mind to return to it.'

'Which you have now done?'

'Only a little, just enough to taste the flavour and find over-indulgence would not do, when one had ceased to be "muscular" or youthful.'

'I hope—or perhaps ought not to hope—the *flavour* was the same?' said Hugh.

'One could not expect *that*, after years and many changes,' said Mrs. Langton gravely; then in a lighter tone added, 'but good things are always good, or ought to be; only one's *physique* falls terribly short sometimes—*l'âme* would fain climb more mountains, but the poor *bête* finds it safer to dawdle and float about Italian lakes. Now I must say good-night, though it seems a pity to leave this soft gloom; one cannot do without sleep, and I find "early to bed and early to rise" the best adjustment of time here.'

'That would be my theory,' said Hugh, as they parted; 'but I am not sure about my practice yet.'

'Try six o'clock, and a bunch of grapes under some *pergola* on the hills, Mr. Neville; the people here are much more liberal of their vintage than the Swiss, who are in some parts even excluded from their own territory till a certain day by municipal regulations. I feel sure both you and your sister would enjoy an early walk, and soon begin to pity the Italian fashionables who know nothing of the day before noon.'

'Thank you for the advice,' said Hugh, as the dark figure glided back into the deep shade which made even near neighbours a very dim and vague presence.

He and Ida had been so interested in their conversation—to which the darkness had given a touch of what Germans call *Traulichkeit*, seldom found where people can see each other's faces—that they had entirely lost Mabel and the Colonel, and it took some time, and the pursuit of more than one glimmering muslin gown among the trees, before they were discovered sitting on the low wall by the Lake, decidedly sleepy, and anxious to go in. The two girls avoided the *salon*—where the Baron was vigorously pounding at the pianoforte, while merry youthful feet responded to his waltzes and galoppes—as they wished to spend half an hour with Mrs. Fulham, who, objecting to 'night air,' however warm, had retired to her room when the rest went out. Tofts was already in attendance; but the desire to tell all *her* impressions of the afternoon's excursion made her much less grimly admonitory than usual to the young ladies, for keeping her mistress out of her bed, that like.

'She's a real lady, that Mrs. Langton, for all she makes herself so common,' said Tofts, after a highly coloured picture of the shopping transactions. 'Dear me, Miss West, if you'd heard her laughing and joking with them Italians, you'd have wondered what the world was coming to next; I did. To think of such manners in any respectable English shop! and she didn't seem to mind a bit. But you can't mistake but what she *is* a lady; and her maid told me she belongs to some very high families indeed. Sir Stephen something, I think, was her father, that she's in mourning for, and has left her a fine place.'

'Do you know,' asked Ida, with pardonable curiosity, 'if she is a widow?'

'I believe so, Miss Neville; leastways her maid said she'd had a deal of trouble, and lived the last years with the old gentleman, who was strange, I think, and not very good to her husband—yes, and *he* had died before, I'm sure; only there was something different about his name, and I didn't rightly make it out.'

'I think you have made out quite enough, Tofts,' said Mrs. Fulham, 'about a lady we have only just met. Pray don't carry your inquisitiveness any farther.'

Tofts took the hint, and reverted to Mrs. Langton's extreme 'affability' to herself. 'Only think, young ladies, she's been telling me there's such beautiful black silks made at that place opposite—B'lad-joe, they call it; and when I said I wanted to get one for my mother, she offered to take me there to-morrow—them shops are up in such queer holes, she says, much queerer than where we was to-day, that other "Joe,"—the names kind of rhyme. So would you like for me to get either of you a dress? They don't cost nothing to what black silks are in England—that's to say if you can talk their slang of them shop-people; if not, they'll take you in finely.'

'I suppose,' said Mabel, laughing, 'you have no objection to Mrs. Langton's "making herself common" for your benefit, Tofts; but I

should certainly like to see the fun of it myself. Perhaps we may *all* go over to Bellagio and buy black silks.'

'You wouldn't get them no bargain, Mum,' responded Tofts, with a contemptuous air. 'You'd better let me and Mrs. Langton do it for you. *I* know good silk, that hasn't got no gum in it, and *she'll* talk and amuse 'em till they don't seem to know what price they're getting!'

At this moment there came a knock at the door, and Hugh's voice saying, 'Is Ida here?' then, as Tofts went to open, 'please to tell Miss Neville that I want a word with her before we go to roost.'

'Won't your brother come in?' said Mrs. Fulham, whom travelling necessities had somewhat inured to receiving a gentleman friend in her bed-room. 'That is, if you have no secrets to impart to your sister,' she added, as Hugh walked in.

'Nothing more mysterious than an assignation for six a.m., which may include any of the party so disposed. Mrs. Langton has been stirring us up with her praises of the early mornings here, and I want Ida to pledge herself, and wake *me*.'

There was a laugh at the selfish nature of the proposition; and then Mrs. Fulham said, 'You won't go and over-tire her with a tearing walk up these hills before breakfast?'

'Ida is quite as strong as Mrs. Langton *looks*,' said the brother.

'But some people can do one thing, and some another. Now Mrs. Langton can take long walks, but she cannot, as she was telling me to-day, dine at a large table d'hôte, or bear a noise or a crowd.'

'That is what made the stout lady at dinner to-day call her exclusive,' said Ida. 'What a shame!'

'Yes—now you know the real reason,' observed Hugh sarcastically; 'as if that lady wouldn't make anybody exclusive!—But do you suppose, Mrs. Fulham, it is from any nervous kind of illness?'

'I should think so. She seemed to mention it as an apology for doing unlike other people; and I infer that she has come abroad to recruit her health and spirits, after some severe strain.'

'That just agrees with what Tofts had heard,' said Ida, rather indiscreetly; but just then that worthy, who had left the room for a few minutes, came back to enforce the fact that it was long past ten o'clock, her mistress' usual bed-time. So the conclave broke up, after the young ladies had quizzed their friend 'Toffy' a little more about her two 'Joes' and her designs upon black silks and wonderful bargains.

(To be continued.)

THE BOOK OF THE PASSION PLAY.

(SECOND DIVISION, continued.)

SCENE, XIII.

JESUS SCOURGED AND CROWNED WITH THORNS.

I.—TYPE.

JOSEPH'S brethren shew their father his coat of many colours, which they have dipped in the blood of a kid; the aged Jacob wrings his hands in despair. This scene is a type of the scourging of Jesus, by which His Garments are stained with His Blood.

Their rage is yet unsatisfied,
Yet unfulfilled their purpose fell;
It sprang from Satan's lust and pride,
Kindled by dreadful fires of hell.

Be rent ye rocks, ye mountains bow,
These rebels whelm in utter woe;
No longer will the Lord forbear,
No longer will His mercy spare.

Oh grievous tale! Oh scene of fear!
Lo, Joseph's coat with blood is stained;
And Jacob's tears flow unrestrained,
His aged cheeks are pale with care.

'Where is my darling? where is he
On whom my fond heart dwells with pride?
This raiment, ah! with blood is dyed—
With Joseph's blood so dear to me.

Ah, surely some wild beast hath torn
My son!—oh, grief too hard to bear!
I'll seek my darling everywhere,
Nought else can ease my heart forlorn.'
So cries, so mourns he in his pain,
But Joseph cometh not again.

So was Thy Body rent, dear Lord,
In fury rude;
Thy precious Blood
In streams from every wound outpoured.

Another type follows, representing Isaac on the altar of sacrifice; Abraham's hand is laid on the head of the ram provided by God in Isaac's stead, which is entangled in the thicket by his horns. This scene is declared by the Chorus to be a type of the Saviour crowned with thorns.

Abraham, slay him not; thy faith
Hath given thine only son to death.
Take him to thee again, for in his Seed
Shall all the nations of the earth be blest indeed.

Lo! in the bush a ram is caught,
The thorn is wound about his head;*
The victim by Jehovah brought,
Now bound and slain in Isaac's stead.

Foreshadowed in this picture lies
The mystery of mysteries;
Jesus, true Victim, here they bind,
And crown Him with the thorns entwined.

Oh, stay awhile, ye passers by;
Adoring own the mystery.
Did ever any sorrow bear,
That with His sorrow may compare?

II.—THE SCENE.

Christ stands again before Pilate; a contention ensues between the Governor, who makes every effort to save the life of the innocent Jesus, and the people, who have lost all sense of justice and right feeling, and whose constant cry is 'Let Him be crucified.' Pilate, to appease the people, orders Jesus to be scourged, hoping by this means to save His Life, but the attempt is unsuccessful; they consent indeed that He should be scourged, *but He must also die.* Behind the scene are heard the strokes of the scourge: as the curtain rises, Jesus is seen bound to a pillar, surrounded by His torturers; and when, after the last stroke, He is loosed from the pillar, He falls fainting to the ground. He is roughly dragged up by the servants, who insult Him, hailing Him as king, and offering Him a torn purple robe, and a sceptre of reeds. The crown is still wanting, and amid loud bursts of derisive laughter, a crown of sharp thorns is woven and brought in. They place it on the Head of Jesus, and by means of two knotted sticks drive it deep into His Forehead and Head, causing Him unspeakable anguish, and making the Blood flow abundantly over His Face. 'This sight,' says Clarus, 'is so deeply affecting, that we could not have endured it, if the next scene had not restored our courage, shewing us the heavenly submission of the Lamb slain on the Altar, so that these horrors appeared only to glorify His Divine composure.'

SCENE, XIV.

JESUS CONDEMNED TO BE CRUCIFIED.

I.—TYPE.

JOSEPH, arrayed in splendid apparel, and wearing round his neck the gold chain, is borne in the triumphal car, and presented to the people as their Father and Protector—a parallel to the Ecce Homo.

* This irregularity in the metre, and others which appear in the translation, follow the German, in which there are many irregularities.

See Jesus scourged; the Crown of thorn
Pressed on His Brows with mocking scorn;
Insulted, buffetted, reviled!
Who can behold with tearless face
The scorn, the blows, the sore disgrace?
For sinners bleeds the Undefiled.

Behold the Man!
Ah! where is now His Godlike grace?
Behold the Man!
Whom torturers mock, insult, deface!
Behold the Man!

Joseph o'er all exalted high;
Behold the Man!
Jesus set forth in mockery.
O'er Egypt's land declare his fame;
Long life to him and honour be!
A thousand thousand times proclaim,
Our father, brother, friend is he;
That all our people small and great
May join this day to celebrate.

Thou, thou art Egypt's staff and stay;
In thee, o'er all doth she rejoice;
To thee we gladly bring to-day
The tribute of our heart and voice.

O'er Egypt's land declare his fame, &c.

He, the kingly power possessing,
Shall ever in our hearts abide;
He shall crown our toil with blessing;
All hail to him, our joy and pride.

O'er Egypt's land declare his fame, &c.

In a second type Moses is represented kneeling before the Altar; beside him the goat slain by Aaron for the sins of the people; the other goat has just been let loose in the wilderness. (Lev. xvi.) The Chorus apply this type to Jesus and Barabbas, the Former a Sin-offering for the sins of the people, the latter pardoned and set free. During this scene the Chorus stand as usual on the front of the stage, and the people answer from behind the scene; in this way a beautiful antistrophe is introduced, which represents in a very striking way the furious outcries of the excited multitude, in contrast to the quiet demeanour of the innocent Jesus.

Before the camp of Israel stand
Two heifers chosen from the band,
E'en as Jehovah gave command;
And there before the people's eyes
Is chos'n by lot the sacrifice.
Oh, by the victim's blood outpoured,
Be gracious to Thy servants, Lord.

But a new law doth now prevail;
The blood of goats can nought avail,

Another Victim on the wood
Is laid; the spotless Lamb of God
Here on the Altar pours His Blood,
God gives His Son in sacrifice;
Behold He comes—He bleeds,—He dies!

Chorus. A cry of murder reacheth me,

People. Barabbas be from bonds set free!

Chorus. Let Jesus be from bonds set free!
But wilder still the murderers' cry,

People. Ha, crucify! ha, crucify!

Chorus. Ah, Jesus see! Ah, Jesus see!
What deed of evil e'er did He?

People. If thou lettest this Man go,
Pilate, thou art Cæsar's foe.

Chorus. Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
God will avenge His Blood on thee.

People. His Blood on us and on our children be.

Chorus. On you and on your children It 'shall be!'

II.—THE SCENE.

Here stands Pilate, firm as a rock, unmoved from his sense of justice; now is the last decisive battle to be fought. As the surging billows beat on the rocky shore, and retire; as thunder strikes the waves, lashing them into fury, so that the foam is thrown up to heaven; so the multitude assail the palace of Pilate with accusations, threats, and intimidations. Pilate stands on the right side of the balcony, looking down contemptuously on the impotent rage of that passionate throng. Now appears the blessed Virgin Mary, with Magdalene, St. John, and other friends. The grief of the Mother, when she sees her Son helpless amongst raging wolves, moves every heart. The 'Mater Dolorosa' stands in the midst of the furious multitude, like a beacon, whose flames of love and sorrow are nourished by a mother's heart, and are soon to shed their mild beams over the angry waves.

Whilst Pilate is questioning Jesus for the last time, the excited people press more urgently upon him, and try their last chance: 'If thou let this Man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend.' At this the Governor trembles, wavers. Prudence, and fear for his office and position in the world, pass like shadows over his face; but he makes one more attempt to save Jesus by reminding the Jews of their Paschal right of releasing one prisoner, and beside the Brightness of Christ's presence he places Barabbas, a dark picture of human wickedness, hoping that the people will do nothing less than ask the release of Jesus. But they all cry out, 'Release unto us Barabbas.' And now Pilate, to save his social position, abandons the innocent Jesus, and is at last urged on to pronounce a legal sentence of death on Him. But the noble Roman is ashamed of himself; he hides, indeed, his sense of

justice under the empty legal form, but he cannot quench it; he orders water to be brought, and washes his hands, declaring himself innocent of the Blood of that just Person Whom he had condemned. So did Pilate, in giving sentence of death against Christ, pronounce sentence of death on himself, just as the Jews condemned themselves and their nation, when they cried repeatedly, 'His Blood be on us and on our children.'

(THIRD DIVISION.)

SCENE, XV.

THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

I.—TYPE.

ISAAC ascends Mount Moriah, bearing the wood of his own sacrifice; so Christ bears His Cross to the place of sacrifice on Calvary.

Adore and bless the Lord; for He
Who drank the cup of agony,
Treadeth now death's awful road,
To reconcile the world with God.
As Isaac bore the fire and wood,
Whereon he must a victim die;
So, laden with the bitter Rood,
Jesus goes to Calvary.
Adore and bless, &c.

In a second type is represented the brazen serpent in the wilderness, set by Moses on a cross, and raised on high; even so is Christ lifted up on the Cross.

Now Christ is nailed upon the Tree,
And is lifted up on high;
The serpent in the desert see,
Shewing the Cross in mystery.
Adore and bless, &c.

In a third type Moses points out the brazen serpent, by looking on which the people were healed of the bites inflicted by the venomous serpents; even so is Christ the Saviour of all sinners who look to Him on the Cross with faith.

That serpent brought the people healing
In their sickness and distress;
From the Cross His Life-blood flowing,
Gives us grace and holiness.
Adore and bless, &c.

II.—THE SCENE.

Here follows the procession of the Cross, exactly as it is represented in the Way of the Holy Cross, from the first station to the ninth. The approach of the procession is heard in the distance, and the leader,

a Roman captain on horseback, is already in sight. Then comes Jesus, toiling on with the great heavy Cross, and almost sinking beneath its weight. The two thieves follow with their crosses; then executioners, soldiers, priests, merchants of the Temple, and other curious spectators from Jerusalem. Jesus at last sinks beneath the Cross; they drag Him up with blows and curses, and when their Victim again falls fainting to the ground, they lay hold on Simon of Cyrene, who is passing by unheeding, and compel him to bear the Cross. Meanwhile, from a side-street draw near the women of Jerusalem, with their children on their arms, weeping and lamenting. Christ speaks to them the memorable words, 'Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for Me, but weep for yourselves and for your children.' Whilst the sad train moves on towards the middle of the stage, the Mother of Jesus is seen on the right, supported by St. John and Magdalene, following the Cross afar off in silence and bowed down with grief.

SCENE, XVI.

JESUS ON THE CROSS.

DEEPLY moving is the sight of the Chorus coming in, not as heretofore in gay colours, but in garments of mourning, with coronet, cloak, girdle and sandals, all of black. The following address is sung in recitative by the Choragus, accompanied by soft music, and is very touching.

Up, up, ye loving hearts, all glowing.
With reverent joy, with sorrowing thought!
Behold, with me to Calvary going,
The great salvation He hath wrought.
Jesus, the great Atoner, dies
To make th' atoning sacrifice.

Behold Him, naked, bleeding, wounded,
Awaiting here the bitter Cross;
Alas! by godless men surrounded,
Who laugh to scorn His pain and loss.
And He in love those sinners spares,
Endures, forgives, in silence bears!

His tender Limbs how wrenched and strainèd,
As He is stretched upon the Tree;
Trembles the heart with woe unfeignèd,
Beholding this His Agony;
For with the hammer's measur'd beat
Pierce the rude nails His Hands and Feet.

(Behind the curtain are heard the strokes of the hammer, which seem to pierce our hearts and our very members.)

Draw near, ye loving hearts, adoring!
The Lamb, a willing Sacrifice,
Here on the Cross His Blood outpouring,
'Twixt sinners hangs, for sinners dies.

The Son of God for you is slain!
And give ye Him no tears again?

On the rough Cross His Head inclining,
Ye heard Him for His murderers plead;
And now in death His Soul resigning,
He dies to bring us life indeed.
The spear that wounds His sacred side,
Reveals to us His love's full tide.

(The recitative passes imperceptibly into the following hymn, which, like the music of an æolian lyre, awakens the tenderest feelings of the soul.)

Who can know the Love eternal,
Which death cannot destroy;
Which e'en His murderers forgiving,
Restores them peace and joy.

Oh, then, His love returning,
Bring hearts with true love burning,
An offering meet
To Jesus' feet.

The song ceases, having done its part of exciting the deepest grief and sympathy in the soul, which is thus prepared to contemplate, with true devotion, the supreme moment of the Passion—Christ on the Cross.

The curtain rising discloses the 'Place of a Scull.' Priests, soldiers, and people move to and fro on the stage. The two thieves are already hanging on their crosses, their arms bound back to the wood; the great Cross, on which Jesus is laid, still rests on the ground, ready to be raised and fixed into its position. About twenty minutes pass before the taking down from the Cross; during this interval no eye is turned from the stage. One scarcely dares to breathe whilst receiving the last words of Jesus, nor to disturb the holy silence of death, which is broken only by sobs and tears from those around. The impression made by this scene on the spectators, and the universal feeling are indescribable. It is as if one had really lived in it, witnessed it, wept for it. Devrient, the Protestant actor, thus writes of it:—'What an impression does this living Crucifix make! the Figure is truly beautiful; the outstretched Arms, the bowed Head, form a most moving picture. It derives its force from the power of dramatic effect, which carries us back more than eighteen hundred years, and places us at the foot of the Cross, beside the forms which stand there—Mary, supported by the other women; St. John, his folded hands upstretched, pointing to his Master; Magdalene kneeling, her head with its fair flowing hair pressed to the Cross! With what weight do all the words from the Cross sink into our hearts! His downward look on His mother and St. John, the last sinking of His Head! what depths of holy emotion do they stir within us! Truly we have lived through all that He has suffered!'

Christ dies! A rolling as of thunder issues from the depths of the earth; the sun is darkened; a servant of the Temple rushes in with the

tidings that the vail of the Temple is rent in twain from the top to the bottom; the mockers become less noisy, and draw back from the stage full of apprehension; the executioners, with their white turbans, their short shirts, and scarlet trousers, still remain—pictures of cruelty and barbarity. They deal heavy blows on the breast, arms, and legs, of the two thieves, who are still living; intending when they are dead to slip away. As Christ is already dead, they do not touch His Body; but the Roman captain comes forward and pierces His Side with a spear, (all is so quiet, that the piercing may be heard,) and blood and water flow from the Wound. Now follows the taking down from the Cross, a picture such as our mediæval painters have represented it, full of tender sympathetic love.

Nicodemus mounts by a ladder at the back of the Cross, and places a long white linen cloth under the Arms and round the Breast of Christ, so that both ends fall down to the ground, and are held by two men standing below. The nails are drawn out from behind, and fall clattering to the ground. Joseph of Arimathea meanwhile mounts to the front of the Cross, and reverently taking the holy Body on his shoulders, bears It slowly down, and lays It on a white linen cloth in Mary's lap.

The linen is left hanging over the arms of the Cross, and falling in picturesque folds to the ground. Christ's Body is wrapped in the grave-clothes with the spices, and carried to the cave in the rock, near the place where He was crucified; a great stone is then rolled to the mouth of the cave. The curtain descends slowly, that everyone may take a last look at the place where the mighty Dead is laid.

SCENE, XVII.

THE RESURRECTION.

I.—TYPE.

CHRIST lives! Christ reigns! Christ is glorified! Death and the grave are overcome, the glorious Easter Day has dawned. The chorus have laid aside their garments of mourning, and assume their festal dress once more. They declare the first type of the Resurrection—Jonah, after three days released from his grave in the fish. (St. Matt. xii. 40.)

O Love! in that fierce strife of Thine,
Thou hast warred with might divine,
Wrestling in Thine Agony!
O Love! Thou freely gav'st Thy Life
For our sins a sacrifice.
May the memory of Thy love
In our hearts for ever rise!
Rest softly, holy Body, laid
In the rocky grave's still shade,
From Thy strife and torment free.
On earth's bosom calmly sleep,
Till Thy Resurrection hour!
Thy holy Members Thou shalt keep
From corruption's withering power!

As Jonah in the whale was buried,
So rests in earth the Holy One,
Till with one word of power arising,
He bursts the grave and sealèd stone.

Rejoice! rejoice! for He is risen;
As Jonah from his grave was freed,
The Son of Man from death's dark prison
Hath risen to new life indeed.

A second type represents the passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites, who pass through on dry land, while their enemies the Egyptians are overwhelmed by the floods.

The Lord is great! the Lord is good!
He took His people by the hand,
And led them through the Red Sea flood,
Safely to Canaan's promised land.

Rejoice! the Lord who once was slain,
Cannot be held by death's dark night:
In His own conquering power and might
He riseth from the grave again.

II.—THE SCENE.

Four soldiers watch the grave, which is closed, and sealed with a stone. Whilst they sleep an angel appears, who with a noise as of thunder rolls away the stone, and Christ comes forth glorious in His majestic Beauty, surrounded by a flood of heavenly light, with His victorious banner in His Hand. The guards, awakened by the noise, and blinded by the excess of light, start up in confusion, and, after somewhat recovering their senses, flee away. After a little while they come back with the Pharisees, who are anxious to ascertain the true state of the case; and as the fact is beyond dispute, they offer the guards money, to spread the report, that the disciples have come in the night while they were asleep, and have stolen the Body of the Lord. But the Roman soldiers are not to be persuaded to such paltry lies.

Meanwhile, the holy women also come to visit the grave, and to embalm the Lord's Body with the costly spices which they had prepared. Their grief on coming to the grave is deep; but their joy is indescribable, as they return home to bear to the Apostles the glad message of Christ's Resurrection, as they had heard it from the Angel.

Here is also represented the appearance of Christ to Magdalene as the gardener; on which the curtain falls, and the closing scene is introduced.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

The Chorus open the final act with a hymn of triumph.

Hallelujah!
He hath conquered, He hath conquered,
Triumphing o'er Satan's might;

For a little while He slumbered,
Prisoned in the grave's dark night.
To the Victor raise the lay,
Strew with holy palms His way,
He hath won the victory!
Rejoice, ye Heavens, rejoice and sing!
Earth, thy glad thanksgivings bring!
Glory, risen Lord, to Thee!
Praise Him, Who from death returneth,
Once for us condemned to die!
Praise Him, Who the sinner healeth,
Who bled for us on Calvary!

To the Highest raise the strain,
To the Lamb Who once was slain!
Hallelujah!
Who gained o'er death the victory;
Who reigns in glory now on high;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Come, ye ransomed ones, adore Him,
Thrill every heart with ecstasy!
Cast your golden crowns before Him,
Who rose, Who lives eternally.

To the Highest raise the strain,
To the Lamb Who once was slain,
Hallelujah!
Who gained o'er death the victory,
Who reigns in glory now on high,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Praise Him, all ye choirs of Heaven!
Glory, Holiest, be to Thee!
Honour, power to Him be given
From age to age eternally.
To the Highest, &c.

Whilst this loud and triumphant hymn is being sung, which carries all the feelings of the spectators along with it, the curtain rises for the last time; Christ, the Conqueror, is revealed, standing in the midst in glory, the prints of the nails shining; round Him the hosts of His saints, holding palm-branches towards their Redeemer; Judaism and Heathendom, Pilate with his soldiers, the priests and the merchants of the Temple, lie prostrate at His Feet. Here is the consummation of the whole life of Christ—from suffering to joy. 'Ought not Christ to have suffered, and to enter into His Glory?'

And this is indeed the end of all human life; through strife to victory, through death to life, through suffering to joy! And for this has the Passion of Christ been placed before our eyes—the great Tragedy of the world, in which His Life is shewn forth in all Its depth and height. As we have witnessed the Passion of the Lord in Ammergau, we will return home, endued with fresh courage to shew It forth in our actions and in our life. Thus the vow of the Ober Ammergauers will have attained its end, the spiritual edification of all the Christians who

are present. Like the people on Mount Calvary, we will smite our breasts and return in silence. What the poet has sung, will be fulfilled in each of us—

'In all its depth and height and mystery,
This Life before thee I unfold;
When thou hast seen the wondrous tragedy,
The richest of all treasures thou shalt hold.'

(Concluded.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

HAGGERSTON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY PACKET.

Sir,

Will you kindly allow us to make known through your columns the terrible want and destitution existing in the parishes of St. Augustine and St. Chad, Haggerston, where we have been working during the last four years and upwards? Most of the people are shoe-makers—the rest chiefly cabinet-makers and dock-labourers. The shoe trade is deplorably bad: whole families, who gained their living by it—the men as clickers and riveters, the women as machinists—are thrown out of work, and starving. The war, they say, has made things so bad. In addition to this, small-pox and scarlet-fever are raging. To give only one instance among many. There is a family, where we found two or three little ones covered with small-pox, lying in a heap on the floor, with nothing to cover them: the eldest son, on whom the family depended for support, helpless with rheumatic-fever; and the poor mother quite broken down, and in despair. This is not one case alone: house after house, street after street, it is the same story; and what are we to do? In many cases, too proud to make their wants known, they sit in silent desperation, and starve, until the Sisters find out their needs—and then what can we do? We have given even to our own food and clothes; and do not know where to turn for help. Till now, we have contrived to give forty starving sickly children a good meat dinner once a week, and the same to twelve old communicants; but unless help comes, we must give it up. Any help—a few stamps towards the dinners, any old clothes, or old rags, or pieces—any nourishments for our poor sick, we should be too thankful for. Unless anyone had witnessed it, we do not think they could realize the terrible poverty and want existing here. One lady, after going into one or two of the houses, went home, and bursting into tears, told her husband that she could never have believed anyone could live in such want, unless she had actually seen it herself; and that she felt it quite a sin to have a comfortable meal, or a warm covering, when she knew her fellow-creatures were dying for lack of a small portion of her superfluities. Anything we would so gladly receive for them.

We beg to remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

THE SISTERS OF ST. SAVIOUR'S PRIORY,

St. Saviour's Priory,
18, *Great Cambridge Street,*
Hackney Road, London. E.

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

E. F. M.—It would seem that the prefix 'Whit' is a double corruption. 1. From the A. S. *witan*, to know, we should have *wit;* meaning the day on which tongues of fire are recorded to have descended on the Apostles, whereby they came to *know* many languages. 2. *Wit* corrupted to *whit*, for *white;* from the subordinate fact that the newly-baptized appeared in *white* costume. 3. That *whit* means *wit*, is shewn by the German equivalent *pfingst*, from *pfiffig*, 'sly, cunning,' *i.e.* knowing; whereas, if the Germans had meant to preserve the *pente* of Pentecost, we should have had *funfzig*, fifty. Whitsun-Monday is the proper legal way of expressing Monday in Whitsun-week.—A. H.

Some few friends of the late Mrs. Gray wish to perpetuate their sense of her services to the Church in South Africa by finishing *St. Saviour's Church, Claremont*, near *Capetown*, and, if possible, erecting a Spire to her memory. The Church, which was Mrs. Gray's Parish Church, and built from her designs and under her superintendence, is at present merely boarded up at the west end, and requires one bay more to complete it. If a correct Spire could be added, it would be the first work of the kind in South Africa, and of all memorials would be the most appropriate. To accomplish this, not less than from £1,200 to £1,500 would be wanted. The *Rev. J. H. Worsley*, 42, *Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park, W.*, will be happy to receive Contributions, or to answer any communications that may be addressed to him.

The Sisters of St. Peter's Mission House, Plymouth, thankfully acknowledge 8*s.* 9*d.* in stamps from *Mona*.

L. D. will be glad if any reader of *The Monthly Packet* can tell her of an institution or emigration society that would be glad of a large bundle of old dance-music, duets, and pieces of music of every description, which she is anxious to give to anyone who may find it useful.

Acknowledged with thanks, by *The Sisters of East Grinstead*, 5*s.* for *The Neale Memorial Fund.*

Belgrave Hospital for Children, 1, Cumberland Street, Eccleston Square.

Dear ——, I am sure you will be glad to hear that *The Daisy Chain Cot* is actually in existence. Great was the excitement in the ward where it is placed when it arrived, and much anxiety was expressed as to who would be its first occupant. When the favoured child was duly installed, there was, much to my amusement, a pause of about a minute's duration, and then an eager inquiry, '*How* does it feel?' Little shy Edith (for that is her name) scarcely answered, excepting by very bright happy looks, but was evidently much delighted. She is about six years old, and has had a great deal of suffering in her short life. She was confined to her bed for many months; but is now allowed to be up, and she walks or rather hops about, in a way that shews how much stronger she is. Our other little patients have been, on the whole, going on satisfactorily lately, though we have had some cases of chicken-pox and measles; and these contagious complaints are always a great hindrance to our work when they break out. We have no separate ward for them, and are therefore obliged to refuse admission to fresh patients until all risk of infection is over. We are very anxious to provide the needful accommodation, and also want more room for our out-patients, but cannot afford it at present. You will be pleased to hear that I have had several contributions sent and brought to me for *The Daisy Chain Cot*, besides those that are kindly acknowledged in *The Monthly Packet.*

Yours very sincerely, E. M.

M. L.—We have an envelope with stamps for you. Please send your address.

The Rev. W. Sayers, Vicar of Gorthland, York, would be thankful to receive *Church Bells*, which *M. L.* offers to send to anyone who would appreciate them, or any books or publications suitable to lend in a poor village, or to form a library for a Sunday school, where there is no one to assist the vicar.

A. M. P. begs to say, in answer to *Hyacinth* and *Anemone*, that the lines they inquire about are to be found in a poem called *The Forsaken One*, by Thomas Moore.

A. M. P. also recommends Mrs. Markham's *History of France*, in answer to *A Governess.*—In which recommendation the Editor does not agree. Mrs. Markham's facts and opinions both require a good deal of revision. M. Guizot's *Histoire de France Racontée à mes Petits Enfans*, or else its translation, in course of publication by Strahan, would be much better. The appearance of both was suspended by the war, but is now renewed.

M. G. thinks *E. W.* will find *Window Gardening* (Routledge: price 1*s.*) contain some useful hints about growing window-plants.

F. M. P. would be much obliged if anyone could send her a tune for Hymn 335, in the *Appendix* of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*—

'Saviour, Blessèd Saviour,
Listen whilst we sigh,' &c.

which repeats the first verse after every verse. *F. M. P.* has heard it sung so in a London Church.

Will some of your readers point out to *H. M. Y.* where the following lines are to be found:—

'Alas! how many days and years have passed,
Since human forms have round this table sat,
Or lamp or taper on its surface gleamed!'

E. S.—W. A. Jackson says there is a good tune to '*Pilgrims of the Night*' used at St. Jude's, Bradford, and which I think may be procured of Mr. Sewell, bookseller, Bradford.—*Agnes* begs to recommend the tune which is composed by John Parson, and printed by N. Lease and Co., Philip Terrace, Westbourne Terrace, W. Price 1*s.* with music and words.—*R. L. C.* also sends it set to music. We will send it on receiving *E. S.'s* address.—*H.* and *E. S. L.* recommend *E. S.* to get the '*Pilgrims of the Night*,' set to music by the Rev. F. Faber, D.D. The air is bright and pretty, and easily learnt by children. It is published with piano accompaniment by W. Wand and Co., 88, Fulham Road, Brompton, London, S. W.—*C. A. V. Dorothea* says that a most pretty and simple tune, often sung by school-children, for '*Pilgrims of the Night*,' is to be found in a sixpenny book, published by Boosey, called *Household Music*. Ask for No. 8 of that work, which number is devoted to sacred music.

C. A. V. Dorothea would be glad if any reader of *The Monthly Packet* could tell her where a poem is to be found, of which she only remembers the two first verses, which are as follows:—

'Outstretched beneath the leafy shade
Of Windsor Forest's deepest glade,
A dying woman lay;
Three little children round her stood,
And there went up from the greenwood
A woeful wail that day.

"O Mother," was the mingled cry—
"O Mother, Mother, do not die,
And leave us here alone!"
"My blessed babes," she tried to say;
But the faint accents died away
In a low sobbing moan.'

A. W. would be glad if any of the readers of *The Monthly Packet* can tell her who is the author of the lines, '*Though lost to sight, to memory dear.*' (The query was put in *The Monthly Packet* for September, 1869, and again in July, 1870, but without success, as no answer has yet been given.)

Can anyone give me an account of Jacobus de Benedictis, said to be the author of some lines on *The Vanity of Human Life*, beginning, '*Vesca vermium, O massa pulveris!*' Where are they to be found?—PEREGRINUS.

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

OCTOBER, 1871.

THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF DANTE.

At the close of his conversation with Currado Malaspina, Dante, overcome by the fatigue he had undergone in ascending the mountain, falls into a deep sleep a little before dawn. The time of this is clearly fixed by the opening lines of the Canto; the bright stars of the Scorpion, then just past the meridian, being considered as the crown on Aurora's brow. Some think the Fishes to be meant here, but the only consideration in favour of this view is, that the Scorpion would be rather too far from the eastern horizon for its stars to be fairly spoken of as the jewels of Aurora's crown; while, as regards the size of the stars themselves and the meaning of line 6, there can be little doubt but that the latter is intended. After this, however, lines 7–9 are very obscure, and at first sight will not harmonize at all with what has preceded. Whether the 'steps' are taken to be the twelve hours, or the four watches of the night, the time previously spoken of will hardly accord with the end of the second or middle of the third 'step.' Professor Mossotti considers these steps of night to be the six constellations which rise between sun-set and sun-rise, arguing that if the night rises with three, it must set with three, and that the third of the former, *i. e.* the sign of Sagittarius, may well be said to bend its course downwards on its attaining the meridian, which would be at the requisite time of the early morning;—an ingenious and fairly satisfactory interpretation.

Lines 14 and 15 allude to the old mythological story of Tereus and Philomela; those that follow, to the belief derived from classical poets, which we have already met with in the twenty-sixth Canto of the Inferno, that dreams occurring after midnight are true; the whole vision being soon afterwards interpreted by Virgil's explanation of what had really happened. By the 'fiery cieling' of line 30 is meant the sphere of fire which according to the ancient hypothesis lay between the heaven of

air and that of the moon, and into which the mountain of Purgatory raised its crest.

When Dante wakes, it is past eight o'clock on the Easter Tuesday morning; and he finds himself transported to the immediate neighbourhood of the gate of Purgatory itself. Hitherto he has been toiling up by rough and hardly discernible foot-paths; but from this point onwards his journey is along smooth terraces, seven in number, that wind round the mountain, and are connected with each other by steep ladders, the highest of these leading to the earthly Paradise, at the summit of all. At the gate of Purgatory and at each of the ladders is placed an angel, commissioned by Saint Peter (whence the gate is called Saint Peter's Gate at the end of the first Canto of the Inferno) to guard the approach, that none may pass who is unfit. The seven Ps traced on Dante's forehead by the angel at the entrance denote the seven deadly sins, of the stains of which the soul has to be purged one by one as it passes from terrace to terrace. The three steps leading up to the gate denote the several stages of Penitence—self-knowledge, contrition, and ardent love; the description of the second reminding the reader forcibly of the stanza of the *Dies Iræ*—

'Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis.'

The cracks along the stone serve to express the conquest over the sinner's hardness of heart, effected by the absolving grace of God: the seat of diamond denotes the firm foundation upon which that absolution rests; while the colour of the angel's vestment is in harmony with the tale of sin of which the penitent's conscience is thereby lightened. The keys of gold and silver symbolize—the former the authority and efficacy of the ministerial office, the latter the skill and spiritual insight which needs to accompany its uses. The former is more precious, as having been purchased by the death of the Redeemer; but neither will the latter bear indiscriminate handling, lest the sinner should not be effectually released from the bondage of evil habit. Nevertheless judgment is to err on the side of mercy rather than of severity, according to our Lord's answer to him whose deputy the angel is, 'I say not unto thee, Until seven times, but until seventy times seven.' The looking back after passage through the gate denotes renewal of sin after absolution, whereby the sinner falls again from the grace of God. The grating of the hinge upon the ear is to shew that the gate is comparatively disused, as our Lord says again, 'Few there be that find it.' Lastly, the reference of lines 136–138 is to the expulsion of Q. Cæcilius Metellus from his office of guardian of the public treasury by Julius Cæsar, who on his return to Rome after the defeat and death of Pompeius broke open the temple of Saturn on the Capitoline hill, and divided its treasures among his veterans.

THE PURGATORIO.—CANTO IX.

Now was the spouse of old Tithonus speeding
The terraces of eastern sky to whiten,
Forth from the arms of her sweet mate proceeding;
With gems her forehead glittered, which did brighten
In figure of that chilling reptile placed
That doth with stroke of tail the people frighten.
And in our place of tarrying, night had paced
Two of the steps wherewith on high she riseth,
And now the third its downward journey traced;
When I whose nature somewhat yet compriseth
Of Adam, sank upon the turf oppressed
With sleep, where we five sat. When exerciseth
Her voice the swallow first in notes distressed
At morn's appearing, by the recollection
It may be of her early woes possessed;
And when our mind, less under thought's subjection,
And more from burden of the flesh redeemed,
Hath of its visions perfect introspection;
An eagle in mid heaven, with wings that gleamed
Of gold wide open, ere I did awaken
Methought I saw, poised for descent; and dreamed
That I was where his kindred were forsaken
Of Ganymede, when by such emissary
Up to the high assembly he was taken.
'Perchance but here he striketh, nor doth vary
His wont,' within me I debated, 'feeling
Disdain from other parts to fix his quarry.'
And then methought that after some time wheeling
Most terribly like lightning he descended,
And bore me upward to the fiery cieling.
There in one flame both he and I were blended;
And so the fire in my imagination
Thrilled me, that as it fell my sleep was ended
Thereby. Achilles in no other fashion
Started awake and turned his eyes around him,
Not understanding well his situation,
When out of Chiron's charge his mother bound him
In her embrace, and took him without waking
To Scyros, where the Greeks thereafter found him;
As started I when from my features breaking
The slumber fled, and sense had near belied me,
Like to a man with icy terror quaking.

I looked; alone my Comfort stood beside me;
The sun was two hours high; and I entranced
Unto the ocean had in gaze applied me.
'Fear not at all, for we are well advanced;
Make thyself sure,' thus by my lord 'twas spoken,
'Rather let all thy vigour be enhanced.
Now hast thou reached to Purgatory; in token
Behold the terrace that around it windeth,
And lo the entrance, where it seemeth broken.
Early when first the dawn of day remindeth,
When on the flowers thy soul at rest was lying,
Wherein the nether vale its beauty findeth,
There came a lady, 'I am Lucy,' crying,
'Him let me take who here in sleep is chained;
So shall I help him on his road.' Complying
Sordello and the other gentle forms remained,
But thee she took, and as the daylight started
Came up aloft, and I behind her strained.
Here placed she thee; and first her fair glance darted
To me that portal opened wide revealeth,
Then with thy dream together she departed.'
Like to a man who after doubting feeleth
Assurance with relief for fear exchanged,
When that the truth itself no more concealeth,
So then was I; and when from care estranged
My guide beheld me, up the slope he hied,
And I towards the height behind him ranged.
Reader, thou seest well how is magnified
My story's theme; therefore thou needst not wonder
If with more art to exalt it I have tried.
To it we made approach, and came thereunder
Where that which first a cleft's appearance feigned,
As 'twere some gap that parts a wall asunder,
Now proved a gateway; and beneath, all stained
Of diverse colour, lay three steps before it;
And one on guard, who yet from words refrained.
And as my glance did more and more explore it,
There on the topmost step I saw him sitting,
Of features such that eye no longer bore it;
A naked sword he held in hand, transmitting
The solar rays so full upon us driven,
That oft my gaze I thither bent unwitting.
'Speak there; what will ye?' thus his voice was given
In question; 'where the escort ye have earned?
Take care your coming hurt you not.' 'From heaven

A lady, in these matters fully learned,'
The Master said, 'but just now gave us order,
Lo there the gate; thither your steps be turned.'
Rejoined then to him the courteous warder,
'And may she prosper well your progress here;
So forward to our stairs.' Unto the border
We pressed: as marble was the foremost stair,
White, and so clean and polished that I glassed
Mine image in it, just as I appear.
The second slate in depth of hue surpassed,
Made of a rock rugged throughout and singed,
Cracked lengthways and across. The third that massed
Its weight above, whereon the portal hinged,
To me appeared porphyry as flaming
As if with blood from life-vein spouting tinged.
This for his either foot a footstool framing,
God's angel on the threshold sat, that gleamed
As it were rock of adamant. Exclaiming,
'Ask humbly, if thou mayst be worthy deemed,
That he should loose the bolt;' the Master drew me
Up the three steps in friendliness esteemed.
Prostrate before the sacred feet I threw me;
Asked mercy, and to be with entrance graced;
But first thrice smote me on the breast. Unto me
Turning the bright point of his sword, he traced
Seven Ps upon my forehead; 'Look thou,' saying,
'Whence once within, these scars be soon effaced.'
Ashes or earth dug dry would be displaying
Like hue with that the robe he wore presented;
From under which two keys to sight conveying—
One golden, one of silver—he consented,
And first the white and then the yellow plied
So at the gate, that I was well contented.
'Whenever one of these is vainly tried,
For that the lock its turning straight impedeth,'
He said, 'all entrance hither is denied.
One is more precious; but the other needeth
Much intellect and art, ere in its mission
To rend the knot asunder it succeedeth.
From Peter's charge I hold them, with condition
To err in opening rather than in barring,
So as the folk before me in contrition
Bow them.' And then the sacred doors unbarring,
'Enter; but know, that who behind hath listed
To gaze, must forth again.' And as the jarring

Hinges of that tremendous gate were twisted
  Upon their pivots, which of brass unpolished
  And grating harsh upon the ear consisted,
Not when Metellus' office was abolished
  So roared Tarpeia, 'neath the sharp incentive
  Of anger, thence with treasury demolished
Left lean. I turned to the first sounds attentive,
  And *We praise Thee, O God*, to hear I seemed,
  In voices mixed with music. So the inventive
Fancy impressed my spirit, that I deemed
  'Twas as a choir with organ swell to aid it
  Should pour its song; and now the words be streamed
Plain on the ear, now borne afar evade it.

(*To be continued.*)

PSALM LXX.

(*Deus in adjutorium.*)

HASTE Thee, O God,
  Haste to deliver!
Drive back my foes
  For ever and ever.

Let not their cry
  Put me to shame;
I, even I,
  Hope in Thy Name.

Lord, if I seek,
  Grant that I find;
Tenderly speak
  Peace to my mind.

Poor though I be,
  Lonely and sad,
Let me in Thee
  Rest and be glad.

Father and Son,
  Lord and Life-Giver,
Great Three in One,
  Haste to deliver!

M. C.

SONGS OF OTHER CHURCHES.

BY LOUIS COUTIER BIGGS, M.A.

IX.

ÆTHIOPIC HYMNS (*concluded.*)—ITALIAN HYMNS.

FOR the following translation from an Æthiopic hymn I am indebted to W. T. Brooke, Esq.:—

SONG OF THE SAINTS.

Alleluia!
With a diadem of beauty
  Hath the LORD adorned His own,
Shewn His saints the wondrous glory
  Mortal eye hath never known,
Deemed them worthy of the gladness
  Round about the eternal throne.

Alleluia!
All the weary battle over,
  They their heritage possess,
And the King in all His beauty
  Face to face for ever bless,
And, on one another gazing,
  His sweet mercy they confess.

Alleluia!
They are resting in the mansions
  Of the home above the sky,
Guided to the Holy City
  By the Cross of Calvary,
Whence apostles, prophets, martyrs,
  Drew their strength and courage high.

Alleluia!
By His Cross He hath redeemed them,
  Ransomed by its saving might;
Now they with the saints are numbered,
  Now are called the sons of light;
Sin no more shall have dominion
  O'er those victors in the fight.

Alleluia!
Summer sun no more shall smite them,
  Winter cold no more shall chill;
There, the FATHER from all faces
  Wipes the tear on Sion's hill.
Theirs the heritage all goodly,
  Theirs the city, peaceful, still.

Alleluia!
There, each earthly trouble over,
Those who here His grace implored,
See the way by which He led them,
He, the ever-loving LORD,
Here their Strength, and there for ever
Their exceeding great Reward.

Alleluia!
For the Cross, the source of blessing,
Like a pillar went before,
This, the dying thief's salvation
When all hope seemed past and o'er;
Eden's joys for Adam's children
This recovered evermore.

Alleluia!
Saints of GOD who fall before Him!
Ye who see Him face to face!
Where the Seraphim adore Him
In that glorious holy place;
Of His mercy, we implore Him,
We may join you, through His grace.

The course of our articles hitherto has followed a more definite order than it will be quite easy to maintain throughout. Up to this point, all the hymns with which we have had to do have been written in ancient languages, and (what is perhaps more to the purpose) in languages which had received their style and character before hymns began to be written in them at all. No doubt, even in the case of these, the composition of hymns would tend to produce, or at least to develope, new forms of expression and new uses of words. But in most of the remaining languages from which we hope to translate samples of sacred song, the beginning of hymns is in truth the very beginning of the language itself. Side by side with that ballad literature which, as Macaulay says, forms everywhere the earliest attempt to perpetuate a nation's history, we have sacred ballads, or carols, sometimes utterly unsuitable, through their levity or their rude construction, for modern use, and seldom entirely approving themselves to the tastes of compilers of the present day. It would not therefore, in most cases, serve any practical purpose to dwell very fully upon sacred poems of this description, and on this account our notice of the earlier hymns in modern languages will be brief. But it will, we trust, add much to the interest of the following papers, that we have been able to secure for them the co-operation of at least one writer, already well-known (under the signature 'JANET') to the readers of The Monthly Packet. To her is due almost the whole of the following account of Italian hymns; and the translations given are, with a few merely verbal alterations, entirely hers.

Many English readers are probably but little aware how large and

rich a store of sacred verse Italian literature possesses. It is, indeed, inferior in that respect to the literatures of our own country, of Germany, and of Scandinavia; and the chief Italian hymn-writer of the present century, Gabriele Rossetti, avowedly wrote his 'Arpa Evangelica' to supply for his own nation the want of spiritual songs, so abundantly provided in England. In an article entitled 'The Necessity of Sacred Song,' in the Italian Protestant organ, 'L' Eco della Verità,' we meet with remarks tending to the same conclusion; for the writer commences by representing that his aim is to induce Italian Protestants to improve and enlarge the element of psalmody in their public worship. In Italy, as a Roman Catholic country, there has not hitherto been much scope or occasion for Church hymns in the vernacular, the ancient Latin ones supplying that lack. This may indeed account for the somewhat *artificial* character noticeable in most Italian hymns, which are, in point of fact, *less* hymns than *odes*, intended rather to be perused in the closet than sung in the sanctuary. Yet, though no collection of Italian sacred poetry is equal either in extent or beauty to those brought before us in 'Lyra Germanica,' in 'The Book of Praise,' or in Dr. Macdonald's 'England's Antiphon,' it is no less true that every century, since Italy had a language of her own, has produced some Italian poet who derived his inspiration not only from Castaly, but also from

> 'Siloa's brook that flowed
> Fast by the oracle of God.'

Even the miserably frivolous and ungodly period of 'The Seicentisti,' as the Italians call the poets of the seventeenth century, can exhibit such names as Chiabrera and Filicaja.

The first Italian hymn-writer—indeed, *one* of the first who wrote in the Italian tongue either in prose or verse—was S. Francis of Assisi, who flourished in the twelfth century. The history of this remarkable man is too well known to need relation here. Whatever were his errors, his holy and self-denying life was a standing protest against the luxury and worldliness of his age; and while we regret the exaggerated asceticism which made him, as he phrased it, 'woo the Lady Poverty as his bride,' we are forced to admit that there was another phase of his religion which was *not* morbidly ascetic, but thoroughly genial, and which rejoicingly adored GOD'S goodness in the works of nature. In his own quaint way he expressed this sense of GOD'S fatherly Love, by preaching to the little birds, and inviting them too into the Kingdom of Heaven. The rendering of his hymn which we give expresses this devout sense of GOD being 'the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth,' in less whimsical fashion.[1] This hymn, in all its quaint homeliness, is translated

[1] In the original, S. Francis speaks of the sun, the winds, the fire, as his brothers, the moon and the waters as his sisters, &c. This hymn was called the 'Canticum Solis.' See, for a literal rendering of a portion of it, The Monthly Packet, Old Series, vol. xviii., p. 256.

in prose by Matthew Arnold in his 'Essays on Criticism.' Our translation is from a somewhat *smoothed* version in Sir James Lacaita's 'Extracts from Italian Writers;' but it is very difficult to render the unrhymed irregular metre of the original. We have made use of the measure employed by Longfellow for Elsie's hymn in 'The Golden Legend.'

LORD GOD Omnipotent,
FATHER of praises,
Thine is the Kingdom,
The power, and the glory;
No man is worthy
Fitly to name Thee.

First, be Thou lauded,
GOD, for creation;
LORD, for Thy goodness,
Shewn in the sending
That Sun, whose lustre
Gives us the daylight—
That orb, whose glory,
Radiance and beauty,
Make him Thine emblem.

Next, be Thou lauded,
GOD, for Thy bounty,
Shewn in the giving
That silver planet,
Which with the star-hosts
Makes the night lustrous.

Praised should my LORD be,
Next for the fire-flame,
Element useful;
That which at even,
That which in winter,
Sheds through our households
Warmth, light, and gladness.

Blest should my LORD be
Next for the cool winds;
Then for each vapour,
Soft mist and rain-cloud,
Mantling the welkin;
Then for the clear sky,
When it serenely
Blue and unclouded
Shews us its pure depths;
Then for all seasons,
Winter and summer,
Praise we JEHOVAH.

* * * *

Praise we JEHOVAH
Too, for that moment
None can escape from;
Death to the body
Brings it, and anguish
Past all our measuring,
If it shall find us
All unrepentant:
Woe worth the lost ones,
Whom that hour meeteth
Sunk in transgressions:
Blest who approach it
Stedfast, obedient,
Strong in Thy favour;
They shall not taste, LORD,
Death's second anguish.

Praise then JEHOVAH,
Praise Him and laud Him;
Praise Him, all people,
Humbly and meekly,
E'en as befits you.[1]

'O all ye works of the LORD, bless ye the LORD, praise Him and magnify Him for ever,' might well be the motto of this fine old hymn.

Bianco da Siena is already known in England through Dr. Littledale's beautiful versions of three of his hymns, Nos. 226, 400, and 473, in The People's Hymnal. Ninety-two are given in 'Laudi Spirituali del Bianco da Siena.' (Lucca, 1851.) He died, after some years residence at Venice, in 1434.

Dante's whole sublime 'Divina Commedia' is but one long sacred poem; but the next short piece we can give by way of illustration is a sonnet, by a poetess, Gaetana Passerini, evidently belonging to the

[1] Part of a Cantica by S. Francis on Divine Love has been ably translated by Dante Rossetti in his 'Early Italian Poets,' published by Smith, Elder, and Co. Rossetti entitles the extract, 'Of our LORD CHRIST.—Of Order.'

period when *pastoral* imagery so widely prevailed in Italian poetry. We need hardly remind our readers how favourite a form of verse the sonnet is, and ever has been, in Italy, especially in the graver style of poetry. Perhaps, indeed, under the 'Songs of a Church' we should scarcely class the sonnets of the nation, as the sonnet is never *sung;* and Robert Robinson's desire to be taught to sing 'some melodious *sonnet*,' must be understood merely as a figure of speech. Yet it would, we think, be a mistake to omit all specimens of so characteristic a form of Italian verse, and we shall therefore, after giving a translation of Gaetana's sonnet, translate another by the poet Cotta, entitled 'The Infidel.'

ON THE LOVE OF GOD.

BY GAETANA PASSERINI.

When on a fertile mead I cast mine eye,
Bedecked with all the thousand flowers of spring,
They lift their blooming heads, and seem to sing,
And say, 'Praise Him, Whose kingdom ne'er can die.'
'The flowers He formed, the stars, the land, the wave,
To thee thy joy, to us our beauty, gave.'

When in the mazes of a darksome wood
I see the spotted, emerald-gleaming snake,
E'en that fell thing proclaims its Maker good;
And flood and fountain, herb and stem and stone,
Tell out His Name in mute yet audible tone,
And say, 'Wilt *thou* alone His Name ne'er bless?
Why silent still, ungrateful shepherdess?'

THE ATHEIST.

BY COTTA.

'There is no GOD!' the insensate Atheist cries,
'There is no GOD, this universe to rule!'
LORD, turn Thy gaze on that infatuate fool,
And make him feel such blasphemies are lies.
'There is no GOD'? Ah, bid him gaze on high,
And let him see, writ plain on face of Heaven,
The Name of Him Whose empire cannot die.
'There is no GOD'? The ground whereon he stands,
The silver flood, the tree, the herb, the rose,
Soft zephyrs, stormy blasts, the sea, the sands,
All prove a GOD. His power all nature shews.
See, Scorner, see the works of His high hands,
And doubt His power, but yet believe in those.

In the Renaissance period, the two sacred poets whose names rise immediately to our lips, are the noble pair of friends, Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna. Exquisite illustrations of the genius of both are given in an interesting work by Mr. Sheppard, 'The Foreign Sacred Lyre,' published by Hodder and Stoughton.

In the following century, (the seventeenth,) besides the two to whom we have previously alluded, Filicaja and Chiabrera, (the second of whom has found an admirable translator in Wordsworth,) may be mentioned Marini, who, though an immoral and affected writer when employed on secular subjects, is considered in his poem of 'The Massacre of the Innocents' to have reached a high order of merit.

Approaching nearer to our own times, we meet the great name of Alfieri, (1747 to 1803,) a name which we are indeed more apt to associate with subjects taken from the early annals of Greece and the history of Pagan Rome, than with religious topics. In his noble drama of 'Saul,' however, he introduces as the chant sung by David to his harp a lyrical poem of great beauty. Though it is not exactly a hymn, we much wish our space permitted us to insert a translation of it. Contemporaneous with Alfieri, Onofrio Menzoni and Francesco Gianni wrote sonnets upon sacred subjects; one by the former, on the grief of Adam when awakened with the other saints at our Lord's Crucifixion, to find that he had been the cause of that event, is decidedly fine.

But the year 1785 gave birth to a far greater poet than either of the two last-mentioned, Giovanni Battista Niccolini. His numerous tragedies, distinguished as they are by terseness, vigour, happy and picturesque turns of expression, and by the peculiar quality which the Italians call 'slancia,'—*i.e.* dash, impetus, élan—yet afford but little scope for religious ideas. Yet in the longest of them, 'Arnalde da Brescia,' occurs a most beautiful ode on the Parable of the Good Samaritan. It forms the chorus at the end of the Fourth Act.

We now come to a writer, whose sacred poems are perhaps the first hymns proper to be found in the Italian language since the time of Bianco da Siena, though even *they* are, strictly speaking, *odes*, and could scarcely be used for Church service. With the name of Alexander Manzoni, the best sacred poet Italy has produced, readers of The Monthly Packet are already familiar, owing to the translations of his hymns which have appeared in its pages from time to time. This veteran poet was born in 1784: one of his earliest poems, 'The Fifth of May,' was written on the occasion of the death of Napoleon Buonaparte, and treats the subject of that wonderful man's career with much justice and generosity; and Manzoni has lived long enough to witness the downfall of another Napoleon. In very early life, Manzoni seems to have held infidel opinions, but a favourable change speedily took place in his sentiments. It is said that he was first won to faith by a sermon, heard accidentally in a country church during a tour he was making in France. He married a Swiss Protestant lady, over whom he soon gained so much influence as to induce her to quit her own communion for his. His hymns were 'the first-fruits of his conversion.' They are five in number, and relate to the four great Christian seasons—Christmas, Passion-tide, Easter, and Pentecost, and to the festival of the Name of Mary, which last is of course the least

interesting to Anglican readers. 'Pentecost' is the finest; it describes, with a grandeur worthy of the subject, the beneficent influence which the HOLY SPIRIT'S descent upon earth has exercised, and is still exercising, over all nations of the earth, and all classes of mankind. An excellent critic, Sir James Lacaita, in one of his interesting lectures on Italian literature, described 'Il Pentecoste' as being perhaps the finest hymn to the HOLY GHOST ever written. Manzoni's sweep of thought is vast and grand: his images are indeed occasionally exaggerated, and out of taste; but now and then his comparisons are as striking and original as those of some of the Fathers and the early Christian hymn-writers—as, for instance, in the hymn on the Passion, where our Blessed LORD is compared to Samson:—

'Tis the GOD Who neglects not the sparrow,
Though the wide-rolling spheres in their orbits He guideth,
Whom with scourges they ruthlessly harrow,
'Tis the LORD in Whom Israel confideth.
Like a Samson He saves as He dieth,
And the hair where His potency lieth
Doth the spouse who betrays Him receive.'

And again, in the same poem, where the sufferings inflicted on CHRIST by His murderers are described as having the effect on their inflictors which wine has upon the drunkard, making him clamorous for more:—

'On His face, when He veils not His splendour,
Scarce the first of the Seraphim gazes,
But *their* hate when fulfilled fiercer blazes,
As the drunken cry louder for wine.'

The small number of Manzoni's sacred pieces has been explained by one of his biographers, on the ground of his having come to the conclusion, that *directly* religious works are only of use to persons who are already more or less under the influence of religious impressions; and that to benefit the utterly worldly and thoughtless, a totally different class of writing is required. These considerations led Manzoni to embody the religious and moral sentiments he was desirous of rendering popular in his much-admired and very instructive novel, 'I Promessi Sposi.' He has also written two fine historical tragedies, 'Adelchi' and 'Count Carmagnola.'

We will now proceed to the consideration of that poet who has done the most to supply Italy with not *odes*, but hymns—sacred songs which can be set to music, and sung in the church and the home. Gabriele Rossetti was born in the Abruzzi in 1776. He began life as a painter, but afterwards devoted himself to literature, and obtained the professorship of Belle-Lettres at Naples. He became, however, subsequently involved in political troubles, and came to England as a refugee. In this country he passed the remainder of his life, enjoying great respect, and filling the chair of Italian Literature at King's College. He became distinguished as the author of some learned commentaries on Dante; but was, like many other Italians who have devoted themselves too

exclusively to literature or science, afflicted in his latter years with blindness. He died in 1854. Signor Rossetti's accomplished children occupy a deservedly high place in English art and literature.

From the hymns of Rossetti's which we have translated, we select a few at hap-hazard. They are all from his 'Arpa Evangelica.' For the taste of English readers, they may perhaps be considered a little too *sing-song*, reminding one of some of the Methodist hymns of the last century. In the original Italian, however, the metre is only in character with the language, and does not strike one as lacking in dignity or solemnity; and it has been thought better in translating to adhere to it as much as possible.

I.—ON OPENING THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.

Hail! thou GOD-inspired code to us given,
Oft my tears have gushed forth o'er thy pages;
Precious relic of long-vanished ages,
  Of the days when his race Time began.
Of GOD's power speak the earth and the heaven,
And the waves of the fathomless ocean,
But His Word speaks His pitying emotion
  Toward the sins and the sorrows of man.

LORD! the skies shew a type of Thy glory;
In the sun as he walks in his splendour,
Which this earth fair and fertile doth render,
  And hath rendered since Time first began.
Lo! he saith, 'My CREATOR be praising;
Laud, oh, laud Him with glad exultation!'
Yet, O GOD! 'tis Thy Word of salvation
  Which alone speaks of pity to man.

And the moon of Thy Providence tells us,
As her track she ne'er changeth nor loseth,
And her beams of bright silver diffuseth
  O'er the midnight so cheerless and wan.
Of Thy wisdom we think, and Thy beauty,
As we gaze on her soft argent lustre;
But alone in Thine oracles cluster
  Proofs of pitying forgiveness to man.

While Thy servant devoutly prepareth
Life to draw from these wells of salvation,
Let each age and each sex and each nation
  Give to Thee all the glory it can;
For Thy Word, precious source of our blessings,
Of our hopes of salvation the fountain,
Which speaks plainer than sky, seas, or mountain,
  Of Thy love and Thy pity to man.

II.—HOLY WEEK.

In a mantle funereal, with sad lamentations,
Now the Spouse of our Master proclaims to the nations,
'Tis again the sad season when JESUS the Saviour
  With ten thousand dire torments on Calvary died,

When the forfeit He paid of your guilty behaviour.'
Thus with grief-broken voice speaks Emmanuel's meek bride.

From the temple they strip every symbol of gladness,
And we hie to its gates in our garments of sadness;
And the sweet bells are mute, which to worship were calling,
Or they sound a drear toll, like a voice from the tomb;
On our ear from the organ sad echoes are falling,[1]
And the hymns that we chant speak of grief and of gloom.

For the SAVIOUR, the First-born, the Loved of our GOD,
Bears the trespass of man, treading earth's rugged road;
And the jest of the ribald, the song of the drunken,
Is the King, Whose meek form upon Calvary hangs.
Ye, the flock whom He raised, when in guilt ye were sunken,
Trace the paths which He trod in, and weep o'er His pangs.

III.—TO CHRIST ON THE CROSS.

To SON and to SIRE
I lift my desire;
My mute prayer but fervent
The SAVIOUR will hear,
And succour His servant,
From Calvary drear.

Small care has the LORD
For eloquent word;
His keen eye full plainly
The difference discerns
Of long prayer said vainly
From mute love that yearns.

A pledge, LORD, of good,
I hail in Thy Rood;
There grace is prevailing:
Inscribed there I see,
'CHRIST's Love is unfailing,
He died there for thee.'

'Mid anguish and scorn
My sins Thou hast borne;
Like lamb at the shearing
Thou wast, meek and mute;
Now, suppliants hearing,
Thou grantest their suit.

My Hope ne'er will die,
Nor Faith prove a lie;
In wedlock united,
To Love they give birth;
By death never blighted,
Love springs not from earth.

With joy blent with pangs,
I gaze where He hangs;
He suffereth to ease us,
His bonds make us free:
Transform then, O JESUS,
My soul like to Thee.

IV.—PRAYER IN THE HOUR OF TEMPTATION.

(PSALM XVI. 1.)

LORD! preserve Thou my soul, for in Thee do I trust,
Send Thy succours, my SAVIOUR, so true and so just;
For the perils Thou seest that are gathering around me,
And Thou hearest the foe that insulteth me sore;
Night and day they oppress, they have fettered and bound me,
Ah, then, break Thou my snares as Thou brakst them of yore.

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[1] This would seem to shew, that in the opinion of Rossetti instrumental music was not unsuitable in Holy Week. Our own feelings would be, on the whole, against its use at that season.

If I have not yet lost the dear help of Thy grace,
Send that aid ere I fall, and withdraw not Thy Face;
Send me down a bright guard from the gate of Thy palace,
Let his heaven-tempered steel quell the hosts of my foe;
Satan's frauds turn to naught, and avenge Thou his malice;
Help or ere he destroys—I am brought very low.

At Thy footstool, O GOD! as a suppliant I fall;
LORD, Thou seest I am weak, save and loose me from thrall.
Wilt Thou suffer, O CHRIST, that the foeman audacious
Thus should persecute him that believeth on Thee?
Oh, restore my lost peace, as of old be Thou gracious,
And Thy PARACLETE'S comfort shed down upon me.

(To be continued.)

THERE'S SUNDAY COMING IN BETWEEN.

WEEK after week I strive again;
  But oh! the days are dark and dreary;
My work seems often all in vain—
  My heart is sad, my hands grow weary.
What should I do without the sheen
Of Sundays, coming in between?

Sometimes when trials faster fall,
  And roll like troubled seas before me,
I feel too weak to work at all;
  Then soothing thoughts come stealing o'er me,
Of peaceful days that I have seen,
The Sundays coming in between.

If I should have some blessing sent,
  And its soft light across the gloaming
Is with some shadow quickly blent
  Of trouble, in the distance looming,
The happy thought will intervene,
There's Sunday coming in between.

I will work on, and fear no ill,
  For Thou, dear Lord, art ever near me;
If trials come, more surely still
  Thy hand will guide, Thy voice will cheer me;
Come darker yet than ye have been,
There will be Sundays in between.

C. T.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CVII.

SAUCHIEBURN.

1486–1491.

THE fifteenth century was an unusually dangerous time for men of ability about the King's person. Politics had become so complicated, and business was so much transacted in writing, that the King, unless of extraordinary abilities both of mind and body, could hardly conduct it all himself; and any man to whom he gave his confidence was sure to be marked out for hatred and jealousy by the nobles, who perhaps were the more embittered by the instinct that the power was passing away from their class and being transferred to the crown. In almost every European country we have the story of a favourite, otherwise a prime-minister, savagely hated and reviled by the barons, and if his master were weak, destroyed by them.

The last view taken of Scotland detailed the wreck of the favourites of James III. Only one of them had been allowed to survive, Alexander Ramsay, then only seventeen years old; but as he grew older, he obtained the chief share of the King's favour, together with the Earl of Buchan, the son of the Black Knight of Lorn and Joan Beaufort, widow of the King's grandfather. He was known as Hearty James, and seems to have been beloved; but Ramsay was certainly a base intriguer.

Queen Margaret of Denmark, James's wife, died in 1486; and the King, oddly enough, immediately set his heart upon marrying 'her to whom all griefs were known,' Elizabeth Wydville, widow of Edward IV., and mother of the actual Queen of England. Indeed, he wished it to be a treble marriage, designing himself for the mother, and his two sons, the Dukes of Rothsay and Ross, for the Ladies Anne and Katharine of York. A portrait of himself and his eldest son, both kneeling at one prayer-desk—he a handsome and very dark man, his son a meek-looking boy with long curling auburn hair—must probably have been presented during these courtships, for it remained at Windsor till the present reign, when it was sent to Holyrood as its more appropriate home.

Unfortunately it must have been almost a fancy picture as regarded the juxta-position of the father and son; for it was one of the evil effects of the turbulence of Scotland, that the persons of the King and the heir-apparent were never considered as safe when they were together, and could both be caught in one net by any of the violent. Therefore the eldest son was always committed to the care of some noble in a strong castle; and the Duke of Rothsay, who was now nearly fifteen, had, according to this custom, spent his boyhood under the care of Robert

Shaw, of Sauchie, and as afterwards appears, hardly knew his father by sight, and believed whatever he was told against him.

Now the barons had never believed themselves safe for the slaughter at the Brig of Lauder. In truth, they had never forgiven the King for what they had done to him; and when they saw him endeavouring to strengthen himself by alliances with the English, they instantly concluded that it could only be for their overthrow. They began immediately to form a confederation against him, including the Earls of Angus, Argyle, and many more of the lowland families, among whom the bitterest of all were the two great Border clans of Home and Hepburn. The great Priory of Coldingham, really a dependancy of Durham, had been in a manner absorbed by these clans, who took care that the Prior should be always a member of one or other of their families. James, regarding it as an alien priory, (*i.e.* subject to a foreign abbey,) viewed it as a right of the crown, as much as those with which Henry VI. had endowed Eton, and appropriated the revenues to support the choir of his chapel at Stirling, which he had, either by his own architectural taste, or that of poor Cochrane, rendered so beautiful. He kept a double choir for it; one to sing at home there, the other to follow him on all his expeditions. The appropriation rendered the two families the more furious, because common report averred that the King possessed a big black chest full of gold and jewels. Almost all the southern nobles joined the plot; and Henry VII. shewed himself the originator of the Tudor policy with regard to Scotland, by secretly fostering the factious subjects, while he pretended an alliance with their king.

James held a parliament early in the year 1487, and there shewed such a determination to hold the reins of government firmly, that the conspirators became alarmed, and began to muster their forces. The Duke of Rothsay was at Stirling, where his faithless governor Shaw was also seneschal.

'Woe to the traitors who could bring
The princely boy against his king!'

Shaw not only poisoned the boy's mind against his father, but encouraged his youthful passion for the Lady Margaret Drummond, whose father was content to let her become a bait to allure the Prince to the rebel party. The boy was led to the head of the rebel army, heard his father denounced as having misgoverned and betrayed his people, and thus forfeited his crown, while he himself was proclaimed as James IV.

The King meantime had retreated across the Forth in one of two ships belonging to the stout and faithful seaman, Sir Andrew Wood, of Largs, and named the Flower and the Yellow Carvel. He went to the Abbey of Lindores, where the last of the Black Douglases, after his expedition with Albany, had become a monk, and offered him the restoration of all his honours and lands if he would only use his name against his Red cousin of Angus and the rest of the rebels. 'Na, na, Sir,' said the old

man, 'ye hae keepit me and yer black coffer ower lang under lock and key for either to be of gude service to you.'

However, the Northern Lords for the most part rallied round the Royal standard: the Gordons and Lindsays came in force, and among them was especially noticeable old David, Lord Lindsay of the Byres, a renowned veteran of the French wars, who brought one thousand horsemen and three thousand foot. He rode up to the King on a fine grey charger, and leaping off, placed the reins in his hand, begging that it might be accepted as a gift. 'Gin your Grace will only be weel sitten,' he said, 'he will waur all the horse in Scotland.' Lord Ruthven and many more came up, and James re-crossed the Forth with thirty thousand men. He came in sight of the rebels at Blackness, near Linlithgow; and there, while the King was trying to bring about an accommodation, the Earl of Buchan attacked the rebels, and gained so much advantage as to alarm them into coming to terms. Exceedingly favourable conditions were granted to them; and supposing all danger over, the King did not even demand the custody of his son's person, but returned to Edinburgh and broke up his army, expecting, of course, that his adversaries were doing the same.

Most likely they never even affected to disperse, for he had hardly parted with the Northern Lords, before he learnt that his enemies were in fuller force than ever, and still declaring him deposed. Some of the loyal troops were still near enough to be speedily recalled, and with these diminished numbers James marched from Edinburgh, drove the rebels across the Forth, and demanded admittance into his own castle of Stirling; but this Shaw of Sauchie insolently refused, and hints were given as to the fate of the Earl of Mar, as if the Prince of Scotland would not be safe in his father's hands. The battle was evidently coming on, and close to a spot that cried shame on the factious Scots. It was but a mile from Bannockburn, the combat that had given Scotland the freedom she had ever since abused into a license to do evil. The Sauchie burn was, however, that which gave name to the fight, where the Royal ruddy lion ramped in gold on either side, and a King James was acknowledged by each party. Some sense of shame and alarm came over the younger one at the last moment, and he sent forth a proclamation forbidding any scathe to be done to the person of his lord and father.

Showers of stones began the battle; and then came a charge in which the Earls of Huntley and Menteith broke the first line of rebels, but found the border clans, trained in many a foray, too strong for them, and were driven back on the main body. The fight raged for some time, till the loyal nobles, knowing themselves to be overmatched, entreated the King to secure himself by flight. He was mounted on Lord Lindsay's grey horse, and setting spurs to it, rode at full speed through the village of Bannockburn towards the stream, where stood a mill, still called Beaton's Mill, with a low cottage, of stone walls of huge thickness. A woman was at the moment coming out to draw water; and at sight of the armed

man rushing along, threw down her pitcher and screamed, thus startling the horse, which swerved aside and threw its rider, who lay senseless and motionless in his heavy armour, till he was lifted up by the peasants and carried into the miller's cottage. As he lay on the flock-bed, with wavering senses, he asked for a priest. 'Who art thou?' asked the woman. 'This day at morn,' he said, 'I was your King.' The woman was so much startled, that she darted out of the house, wringing her hands, and loudly calling for someone to come and shrive the King.

A man who had just come up came forward, saying, 'I am ane priest, lead me to the King;' and on entering his presence, put a knee to the ground, and asked him with an air of concern whether his hurts were mortal. James answered that he thought not, 'gif he had guid leeching;' but meantime he begged the priest to hear his confession, and give him his sacrament. 'That I shall do hastily,' said the wretch, bending over him and stabbing him four or five times in the breast with a dagger; then taking the body on his back, he bore it away from among the panic-stricken peasants. The murderer was never traced, but he was suspected to be one Borthwick, an ecclesiastic in the service of Lord Gray, who with his master had been seen to follow James out of the battle.

Indeed, for some time no one knew what had become of the King. His own army slowly gave way when they hoped they had secured his flight, and the rebel army fell back the next day upon Linlithgow. Sir Andrew Wood's two ships were in the Firth, and their boats had been seen to come ashore, so that it was thought the King might have taken refuge in one. The rebels accordingly came to Leith, and sent to know from Wood if the King was on board. He answered that he was not, and told them they might come and search if they would not take his word. They then summoned him to attend before the Council, but he would not come till the Lords Seatoun and Fleming had been sent on board as hostages for his safe return. He then went before the Council, and being a tall, dark, handsome man, richly dressed, young James, whose heart was beginning to fail him at the thought of the part he had been made to take, exclaimed, 'Sir, are you my father?'

The tears fell from the stout sailor's eyes as he answered the misguided boy: 'Sir, I am not your father; but I was a servant to your father, and shall be to the authority till I die, and ane enemy to them that was the occasion of his down-putting.'

The Lords inquired of Captain Wood if he knew of the King, or where he was, and who they were who came out of the field and passed into his ships.

'It was I and my brother,' he answered, 'who were ready to have waired our lives with the King in his defence.'

'He is not in your ships?' they said.

'He is not in my ships; but would to Heaven he were in my ships safely, I should defend him, and keep him scatheless from all the

treasonable creatures who have murdered him, for I think to see the day when they shall be hanged and drawn for their demerits!'

The 'treasonable creatures,' getting such 'despightful answers' from Captain Wood, were obliged nevertheless to let him go, because of their hostages; but no sooner had the exchange been made, than they issued orders to the 'skippers and mariners' at Leith to pursue and capture him. No one would go; and Andrew Barton, the second in fame among Scottish sailors, told them plainly that no ten ships in Scotland would give battle to Wood's two, so great was his skill, and so well provided was he with crew and artillery.

Meanwhile, the body of the King was found, lying on the ground, where the murderer must have left it, not far from Sauchie; and the lamentable story was heard from the miller's household. Young James had a fit of agonizing grief when he learnt his father's fate, and gave him a royal burial at Cambuskenneth Abbey, where Queen Margaret already lay. James III. perished on the 18th of June, 1488, when he was only thirty-five years of age, of which he had reigned twenty-eight.

James IV. was then crowned at Scone, and took up his residence at Stirling, where his evil advisers tried to stifle his occasional stings of repentance, and keep him a mere tool in their hands, by surrounding him with gaieties, which he shared with Margaret Drummond—hunting parties and masked-balls, and all the amusements Scotland could provide; and even when he was taken on progress through his dominions, his huntsmen and falconers, the Lady Margaret, and 'English John' his jester, went with him to divert his mind from serious business. He had broken off the treaty for Katharine of York, and wished to make Margaret his wife; but she was within the prohibited degrees, and the jealousy of the other nobles interfered with his chances of obtaining her, or getting a dispensation. Meantime, his Council made the Estates of the Realm acquit him and themselves of the 'mischance' to the late king, charging all upon the bad advisers of the last reign, and indicting Buchan and Bothwell for high-treason. Buchan thought proper to save his lands by pleading guilty; but Ramsay was deprived of the Earldom of Bothwell, which was bestowed upon the head of clan Hepburn. The ill-gained title was extinguished even more disgracefully than it was won, in the shame and misery of Hepburn's grandson and James's grand-daughter.

But the Northern Lords were by no means ready to submit. The Earl of Lennox and Lord Lyle rose in the west, and held out Dumbarton Castle; and Lord Forbes broke into insurrection in the north, carrying about on a spear what he called the bloody shirt of the murdered king, to incite the people to revenge his death. The two bodies intended to have effected a junction; but the King and his party managed to fall upon Lennox on his way, and completely broke up his force, after which he and the remaining insurgents were pardoned. Lord Lindsay of the

Byres, however, underwent his trial, though whether he had shared in this rising is uncertain. He was brought before the King and Council in the Tolbooth at Edinburgh, and accused of 'cruel coming against the King at Bannockburn with his father, and in giving him counsel to have devoured his son the King's Grace here present, and to that effect giving him ane sword and ane good horse, to fortify him against his son.'

Lord Lindsay was a stout soldier, but quite out of his element in a law court; nor had he been able to get any lawyer to plead for him, so obnoxious was he supposed to be to the party in power. And there was an old family quarrel that forbade his consulting his brother, Maister Patrick Lindsay, who, while he had been fighting in France, had been practising the law at Edinburgh, and was considered the best advocate of the day. The old knight's answer was, 'Ye are all lurdanes, my Lords! I say, ye are all false traitors to your prince, whilk I will prove with my hands on any of you whilk holds you best, from the King's Grace down. For you have caused the King to come against his father in plain battle, where that noble prince was cruelly murdered among your hands by your advice. Therefore, false lurdanes, an the King punish you not for that murder, you will murder himself when ye see time.' Then turning to the young King, he continued, 'Therefore, Sir, beware of them, and give them no credence, for they that were false to your father will never be true to yourself. Sir, I assure your Grace, that if your father were yet alive I would take his part, and stand in no awe of these false lurdanes; and likewise, if ye had a son that would be counselled to come in battle against you by evil counsel of false traitors like these, I would surely take your part, and fight in your quarrel against them—even with three against six of these false traitors, wha cause your Grace to believe evil of me. Time shall prove me to be truer at length than any of them.'

The Chancellor Argyle, one of the foremost in the rebellion, turned to the King, saying, 'Sir, Lord David Lindsay is but a man of the auld warld, and cannot answer formally, nor yet speak reverently, in your Grace's presence. Your Grace must be guid to him, and I trust he will come into your will.' And then he began to advise the old lord to submit himself to the King's pleasure, hoping, in fact, that his example would bring in many more of the recusant party. But 'Maister Patrick' was at hand; and seeing through the Chancellor's trick, and not being able to endure the sight of the treatment of his brave simple elder brother, rose to his defence, and as a sign to him not to be beguiled by Argyle, trod upon his foot. All that resulted therefrom was an angry outburst from the prisoner: 'Thou art ower pert, loon, to stramp upon my foot. Wert thou out of the King's presence, I should take thee on the mouth!'

Without noticing the exclamation, Maister Patrick fell on his knees, entreating leave to plead for his brother, saying that, unfriends as they had been, he could not bear to see the chief of his house come to shame

for want of one to speak in his defence. Leave being granted, Maister Patrick first protested against the King's acting as judge in a cause wherein he was himself concerned; and having thus caused James, to his own great discontent and displeasure, to withdraw to the inner Tolbooth, he proceeded to shew that the prisoner had been cited to appear in forty days, and that time having more than run out, the court could not try the cause till it had issued a fresh summons; and this being proven, Lord David was at once set free, nor was any fresh writ made out against him. He was so much delighted, that he broke out rapturously before the whole court, 'Verily, brother, ye have fine pyet words! I couldna hae trowit that ye had sic words. By Sancta Marie, ye shall have the Mains of Kirkforthar for this day's labour!'

The King was of a different mind. He told Mr. Patrick he would 'gar him sit where he should not see his feet for a year and a day'—and kept his word, throwing him into a horrible subterraneous vault in Rothsay Castle, with only a loop-hole for air and light; nor did he ever entirely forgive the advocate, who, however, survived his captivity, and lived to succeed both his brother David, and another called 'John Draw the Sword,' as Lord Lindsay of the Byres.

But James was much better inclined to Sir Andrew Wood, who with his two good ships was guarding the coasts and merchant vessels of Scotland against the pirates which came out of English ports. Five of these were captured by his two, and brought into Leith; and on the tidings coming to London, Stephen Bull, a London merchant and seaman, fitted out three large vessels, which he manned with picked crews—pikemen, crossbowmen, and even several knights who offered their services. It was time of truce, but Henry VII. encouraged the expedition—in fact, it does not seem to have been the Tudor fashion to think themselves responsible for anything their subjects might do by sea, though they were quite willing to reap the benefits.

Wood was ordinarily a trader to the coast of Flanders, and Bull lay in wait for him on his return from thence, behind a small islet in the opening of the Firth of Forth. Thus Wood found himself suddenly, at early morning, in presence of the enemy; but so excellent was his discipline, that the Flower and the Yellow Carvel were instantly ready for action, and he bore down on his assailants through the midst of their cannonade, which did him little harm, as the English ships were so large that the shot passed over the heads of the Scots. Then running in between the English vessels, he grappled with them, and lashed them to his own with cables. All day they fought, and only separated at night; but in the morning the battle was renewed. There was no leisure to attend to the navigation of the vessels, and they drifted into the mouth of the Tay, where men, women, and children flocked to the banks to watch the fight, and there at last beheld the English ships strike their flags, when they were towed into the port of Dundee, and there presented by Wood to the King. James sent him home without ransom, as well

as his crews, but with a message to King Henry to send no more ships on such errands.

One good consequence of this victory was, that James, who had a particular delight in shipping, gave all a youth's enthusiastic affection and admiration to the brave and loyal Wood; and his confidence in the rebels against his father must have been further overthrown by the discovery of a secret treaty of Angus Bell the Cat himself, to capture the King, and deliver him up to Henry VII. Angus was placed in Tantallon Castle, and made by way of forfeit to resign the Border Castle of Hermitage to the Earl of Bothwell.

James, while retaining about him all who had any sort of honesty or ability, and endeavouring to win them to join him in measures of good government, had outgrown the hoodwinked state in which his former supporters had kept him. He now looked on the rebellion as a foul and unnatural crime, heavy on his soul. He did his utmost to atone for it, by alms, prayers and masses, fasts and days of penance; and he even devised the penitential wearing of an iron belt next his skin, adding a new link of an ounce or two weight every year. There was a great generosity and tenderness in his nature, and much tendency to piety; but the training of his time wrecked his fine nature, and self-control and purity of life were not among the tokens of penitence that he attempted to manifest.

(To be continued.)

THE OBER AMMERGAU SOLEMNITIES.

A MOUNTAIN stands whose lofty brow,
The Cross uplifting high, recalls
The Altar-hill; its shadow falls
Athwart the roofs of Ammergau.

Fond memory will linger long
About those highland homes, and where
That village church invites to prayer,
And love is keen, and faith is strong.

In shifting groups the peasants mix,
Saluting as to Mass they go;
Unlettered folk, how well they know
The language of the Crucifix!

The Church their Mother, they are blest;
The Church their Teacher, they are wise;
Wisdom makes bright their Teacher's eyes,
And love makes warm their Mother's breast.

So taught, the things unseen they see,
  The things they see they ponder well;
  So taught, those peasant voices tell
The oft-told tale of Calvary.

With praying lips, and eyes that pray,
  And hearts that worship, they prepare
  To preach their solemn sermon—prayer
Makes eloquent their Passion Play.

The work of loving hearts whose fire
  Is kindled at the Altar; thence
  Comes that impassioned eloquence,
The preaching of that peasant-quire.

May we, too, at the Altar kneel!
  Thus, only thus, can we discern
  God's secret; thus alone we learn
The lessons of the Passions Spiel.

Her net the Church spreads far and wide;
  And Mistress still of head and heart,
  The Home of Truth, the School of Art,
She preaches Jesus Crucified.

Ah! memory will ever see
  Those cross-crowned roofs, and linger where
  Those awe-struck peasants kneel in prayer,
Around their wondrous Calvary!

A. G.

THE PILLARS OF THE HOUSE;

OR,

UNDER WODE, UNDER RODE.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE REAL THING AND NO MISTAKE.

'With asses all his time he spent,
  Their club's perpetual president,
  He caught their manners, looks, and airs—
  An ass in everything but ears.'

Gay.

The master of the house was unable to contribute much more than his name to the propriety of the arrival of the suitors, and this made Wilmet the more determined that Geraldine should precede them. Nor, since the half-crown must be disbursed on an escort for her, did the housewifely

conscience object to the expedition; for Wilmet could not but long to thank the Superior and Sister Constance, and to obtain Dr. Lee's advice as to future management. Her coming was great joy to Cherry, who had dreaded the meeting almost with a sense of guilt, though still hoping Felix had been silent on her motive; and Wilmet did not betray him, but only treated her sister with a mixture of almost shy tenderness and reverence. Nor did Cherry dare to ask a question as to Wilmet's own affairs, nor even about Ferdinand Travis, lest she should seem to be leading in that direction. However, Wilmet, in a persuasive tone, communicated that Ferdinand had been long without writing, and though Cherry tried to be sorry for Alda, her spirit quailed at the state of temper her sister evidently meant to prepare her for.

But fate was more kind than she expected. That very Saturday brought both gentlemen, and by the same train. They made each other out as they were leaving their bags at the Fortinbras Arms, and arrived together in marked contrast—the tall dark regular-featured soft-eyed Life-guardsman, and the little sandy freckled sun-dried engineer; and thus two courtships had to be carried on in the two rooms, only supplemented by the narrow parallelogram of a garden! For Ferdinand Travis was back again, rather amused at the family astonishment at the rapidity of his journey to America, which to his Transatlantic notions of travel was as nothing, and indeed had been chiefly performed in a big steamer, where he could smoke to his heart's content.

For the first few days there was a good deal of restraint: Wilmet was more shy than in the unconscious days of Bexley; while John Harewood was devoid of his family's assurance and bonhommie, and so thoroughly modest and diffident as to risk nothing by precipitation in begging for a decision. Felix, inexperienced, and strongly sensible of his office as guardian of his sister's dignity, would not hint at the result of his investigations into Wilmet's sentiments; and it was to Geraldine that Captain Harewood's attentions were chiefly paid. Knowing Alda's resolute monopoly of her Cacique, Cherry at first held back, and restrained her keen enjoyment of real conversation; but she found Wilmet thankful to have the talk done for her, and content to sit at work, listening almost in silence, but proud that her Captain should be interested in her sister, and pleased to see Cherry's expressive face flash and sparkle all over for him. While Wilmet was at Miss Pearson's, Cherry was his chief resource; they read, drew, and talked, and in that half hour's out-of-door exercise, which Dr. Lee had so strongly enjoined, his arm was at her service. They were soon on the borders of confidence, though never quite plunging over them. Perhaps the broad open-mouthed raillery at his home made the gentle reticence of the Underwoods the more agreeable to him; at any rate, he did not try to break through it, nor to presume beyond the step he had gained. Alda, who could best perhaps have acted as helper, had her own affairs to attend to; and they were evidently unsatisfactory, for Ferdinand was more than ever the

silent melancholy Don, and she was to domestic eyes visibly cross, and her half year at home had rendered her much less capable of concealing ill humour. Something was owing to wear and suspense, together with the effects of the summer heat and confined monotonous life without change or luxury; but much was chargeable on the manifestations of temper to which she had given way in the home circle. She told Wilmet the trouble, which Ferdinand wished to have kept from open discussion till he had received a final statement of his means to lay before Felix. He had received no remittances since the spring, and on demanding his own share of the capital and investments, had found it, instead of the lion's, a ridiculously small portion. The whole fortunes of the house of Travis had been built on his mother's inheritance; but the accounts laid before him represented all the unprosperous speculations undertaken by his father, William, while the small ventures of his uncle Alfred had, alongside of them, swelled into the huge wealth of which Ferdinand had been bred to believe himself the heir! So palpably outrageous was this representation, that he had persuaded himself that personal investigation on the spot would clear it up, or perhaps more truly, his blood was up, and he could not bear to remain inactive. He had rushed over to New York, and of course he had been baffled. Exposure was of no use where sympathy was for the lucky rather than the duped and luckless, and where the Anglicised Life-guardsman could expect it least of all—at a time, too, when all business affairs were convulsed by the uncertainties of civil war. Alda could not believe at first that he had done his utmost, and seemed to have reproached him with weakness and mismanagement; but by her own account she had roused the innate lion. He would not tell her what had passed in the interview with his uncle, but he had shuddered over the remembrance; and when she upbraided him with not having gone far enough, he terrified her by the fierceness with which he had turned upon her, bidding her never recur to what she knew nothing about, and muttering to himself, 'Far enough—thank God I went no further, or I should not be here now!' and then falling into deep gloom. He had certainly made Alda afraid of him, and she burst into tears as she told Wilmet, declaring herself the most miserable girl in the world.

'No, that you can't be, Alda, while he is so good and true.'

'But he says he must sell out! Think of that! Never was anybody so taken in as I have been!'

'Don't talk so, Alda. It is just as if you had engaged yourself to a Life-guardsman and nothing else.'

'I wonder how you would like to be buried in some horrid wild place in America, where you would never see anybody!'

'One would not want to see anybody but him.'

'That's your nonsense! How tired of it one would be!'

'There would be no time. It would be so nice to do everything for him oneself!'

'In some horrid uncivilized place, with no servants! I'm not going to be a drudge. It is all very well for you, who like it, and have no notion of society, but for me—! And there he is furious to take me out. Men grow so wild and rough too in such places. You never saw anything blaze like his eyes!'

'I don't understand you. Could not you trust yourself anywhere with him?'

'You have no right to say such things,' pouted Alda, 'only because I have a little common prudence. Someone must have it!'

There was no denying that life in the far west would be a foolish thing either for or with Alda; and Felix thought so when Ferdinand came to him for consultation over the letters that made it finally clear that Alfred Travis had appropriated everything available but half a block of unreclaimed land on the wrong side of America, and a few thousands invested in Peter Brown's firm; and what was worse, the sudden failure of the supplies had occasioned serious debts. Ferdinand's own plan was to clear these off with the price of his commission, and take Alda out with him, to rule in American luxury over the unbounded resources of the magnificent land, the very name and scent of which had awakened in him his old prairie-land instincts, and her absolute refusal and even alarm at his enjoyment had greatly mortified him. 'She should not even have to rough it,' he said. 'I could make her like a queen out there, if she would only believe it.'

Felix could not but think Alda might be wise, though it was not pretty wisdom. Go out alone and make the fortune? Ferdinand did not seem to think the separation possible. He said he would rather go to work in Peter Brown's office, where he had already a hold; and his familiarity with Spanish would secure him usefulness and promotion, and five or six years would bring him into a position to marry. He did not look fit for desk-work in London, but his mind was made up to any privation, so that he could be in reach of Alda, and hope to give her what he had once thought easily within his grasp.

Hearing this, Felix propounded an old longing of his—namely, to make the Pursuivant a daily paper, and use means for promptitude of intelligence, such as might neutralize the unpopularity it was incurring on behalf of Mr. Smith. Rumours of a rival paper were afloat; but if Ferdinand would throw in his capital, and undertake the joint editorship and proprietorship, the hold that the Pursuivant already had warranted quite success enough to permit an immediate marriage. There would be no need to be concerned with the shop; they might take a cottage in the country, and he need not ride in so often as every day. In fact, it was his capital rather than his personal assistance that was wanted. He caught at the notion. He was too Transatlantic to have any dignities to stand upon, and he said almost with tears in his eyes that he could never be so happy as in working with Felix; and he went off to the Fortinbras Arms, only lamenting that it was too late to tell Alda; while

Felix, on his side, could not help knocking at Geraldine's door. Within he found another auditor, Wilmet, who still always helped Cherry to bed. 'It will be the making of the Pursuivant,' he said. 'How often I have sighed, "If I had but capital, or Mr. Froggatt enterprise!"'

'Ah, Felicissimo mio, that Pursuivant is as dear to you as any brother or sister of us all!'

'So it ought to be, for it has been the making of us.—Come, Cherry, confess that you had rather see Pur triumph, than—

'Than you at Vale Leston,' said Cherry, not knowing what a bolt she shot. 'It would be grand to steal a march on the enemy!'

'And safe?' asked Wilmet.

Felix demonstrated to the comprehending ears of his sisters the circulation that he could securely reckon upon.

'There would be an immense deal more to do,' said Cherry; but at that he smiled, full of vigour.

'True; but we should have a larger staff. There would be Fernan—'

'For the racing articles,' said Cherry dryly.

'And a good deal besides, which only needs application; and that he has.'

'He has great resolution,' said Cherry, 'but he always seems to me a sort of Christian panther of the wilderness; and you seem to be getting him into a cage.'

'Not such a cage as Peter Brown's office; and besides, it is only when he is lashed up that the panther leaps about his den. Generally he is a quiet determined animal, with the practical Yankee element strong in him. It may be true, as Edgar says, that he does not see an inch on either side of his nose, but that only makes him go right away in the line he does see. I know he will work well.'

'If Alda—' said Cherry.

'Oh, she will be willing. A cottage in the country! Besides, it is the only reasonable possibility.'

'I should think it would satisfy her,' said Wilmet.

'And then—'

Everybody understood that 'And then.' It was Alda's pretension to be at the head of the family that was the chief obstacle to Wilmet's abdicating that post. Without her, Geraldine, stronger and less lame, might undertake the charge of the comparatively few permanently at home. *Might* indeed hardly expressed the amount of uncertainty as to her capability; and yet but for that 'And then,' Wilmet would hardly have yielded as she did the next day.

Stella had a blackberry fever. Possibly Wilmet's frugal regimen engendered a hankering for fruit, or it might have been the mere love of enterprise that rendered her eagerly desirous of an expedition to a lane where splendid blackberries were reported to grow. Since the day she had been lost, she had never been allowed to go out with Bernard; but in Lance she had acquired a much more complaisant play-fellow,

who not only promised his escort to the lane, but the purchase of the sugar, and aid in the concoction of the jam; but he durst not venture till late in the day, and thereupon John Harewood suggested, 'Would not your sister be at liberty by that time?'

'Lance can take care of me,' said Stella; but in her eyes the whole romance of the expedition was destroyed by his acquiescence. 'We'll catch her as she comes out, and make her go with us.'

'Among all the girls?' laughed Cherry; and Captain Harewood coloured, shook his head, and shuddered.

'The girls won't hurt me,' said Lance, 'not if there were twenty hundred. I'll bring her from the very teeth of them. Jack may wait round the corner if he likes.'

The party waited, till their patience was worn to a thread, for the opening of the tall olive door, until Lance valiantly resolved on a single-handed assault, and had just mounted the steps, when it suddenly opened, and he found himself obstructing the path of a swarm of little girls and big, who all stared, most giggled, and some greeted him. To the least of these he confided that he wanted his sister, when she innocently piloted him to the school-room, where Wilmet, with her hat on, was keeping guard over three victims detained by unfinished tasks. Everyone gazed at him as if he had been a sort of Actæon; but nothing daunted, he answered his sister's anxious exclamation. 'Nothing is the matter; but we are going for a walk, and want you.—Miss Maria,' he cried, as the sound of the unfeminine step and voice brought in one of the heads, '*please* do let off these impositions, we do so want her!'

'What, you here! This is an invasion!' she added good-humouredly. 'Am I to take it as a convalescent's privilege?'

'Thank you, Ma'am,' said Lance, bowing with his audacious sweetness; 'and please let me have Wilmet. I'd do the impositions myself, only I don't know French.'

The victims tittered uncontrollably, and Miss Maria laughed, as one who, like her neighbours, descried why Wilmet was in request. 'I will attend to these exercises, Miss Underwood,' she said. 'You must not lose this fine evening for the idleness of these young ladies.'

'Indeed, Ma'am!' began Wilmet, in a blaze of colour. 'I never thought of such a thing.'

'I dare say not, my dear,' said Miss Maria; 'but now you had better do it. I wish you a pleasant walk.'

'Lance, how could you?' broke out Wilmet, as they descended the steps. 'I never was so ashamed in my life.'

'Never mind. We are going to get blackberries at Mile End Lane, and I shall lose Stella to a dead certainty if you don't come and look after her.'

'My dear Lance, I can't go all that way without their knowing it at home.'

'Oh! that's all settled with Cherry.'

'And where's Alda?'

'Off somewhere with her Don. Come, W. W., or who knows whether Stel and I shall ever come home?'

By this time they had reached the corner where Captain Harewood and Stella were lying perdu, and Wilmet made no more resistance, only keeping the little girl's not altogether willing hand till they came to the stile leading to field and woodland, and then Stella's durance ended, and her adventures with Lance became as free as though no grave 'sister' had been near.

Perhaps since Wilmet had perceived that surrender was her fate, she was willing that the summons should be over and a mutual understanding reached, so as to waste no more of the time already so short. However that might be, though the talk began with Lance's health and Cherry's talents, there was a tendency towards topics closer still; nor did she start aside, but rather listened pensively as to a strain that touched her quiet soul more deeply than she shewed in word or gesture.

The blackberry lane was deep and hollow, the brambles outstretching their arching wreaths, laden with heavy clusters of shining fruit, glossy black, scarlet, or green, sometimes with a lingering pearly flower. A step-ladder stile led down into it from the field, and on the topmost step, her back against the rail, sat Wilmet. On the lowest, turned at right angles to the first, was John Harewood, looking up to her; while scrambling on the bank, contending with the brambles, were the younger ones, Lance unable to help now and then sending a furtive glance through the tangle.

It was a pretty sight. Sitting aloft, Wilmet was framed by an archway of meeting branches, with nothing but the pale opal of the evening sky behind the beautifully shaped head and shoulders, and the clear cut features, drooping just enough to enhance her own peculiar modest dignity, and give it a soft graciousness that had once been wanting. Her dress was the same in which Captain Harewood had first seen her—a plain black hat, a pale fawn-coloured skirt, and a loose open jacket over a white cambric vest and sleeves, only that now there had been a budding forth of dainty fresh knots of rose-coloured ribbon at the throat and down the front, as though a slight sensibility to the vanities as well as the cares of life had begun to dawn on the grave young house-mother.

Leaning back against the rough rail to assist the hand of the climber, John Harewood looked up with as much worship in his countenance as ever good man feels for the being he loves in all her maiden glory. Thus they had been for some moments, only broken by the children's distant calls, till the fervent words broke from him, 'May I not speak now?'

No word of reply sounded, but the delicate lips quivered and parted; the eyes were cast down, and seemed to swim in a soft mist of brightness; the queenly head bent, and the roseate tint on the cheek deepened and spread, while something came over the face that caused the low glad exclamation, 'You sweetest, I do believe you can love me!'

A tremulous smile, a glitter of tears on the eye-lashes—a whisper, 'You won't let me be able to help it!'

Then the hands were clasped, and no words but 'Thank you' would come to the young man's lips; and then, as the sound reminded him, he bowed his head, adding, 'Thank God!'

'Thank God!' echoed Wilmet softly. 'For indeed,' she added, as she let her eyes fully meet his ardent gaze, 'I know you will help me to do whatever may be His Will.'

'He helping me,' said John Harewood; and there was a reverent silence of untold peace and bliss, first interrupted by his long sigh of infinite relief and joy; and then, as he looked and looked, with all his soul in his eyes, an exclamation, almost in spite of himself, 'You beautiful creature, you are mine indeed!'

Her coloured deepened, but her lips moved into an odd little smile, out of which came the words, 'Isn't that rather foolish!'

'I couldn't help it—I beg your pardon,' said he, reddening. 'You do look so lovely! but indeed it is not the externals only, but what looks through.'

'And that is what makes me afraid,' said Wilmet, as the dew gathered on her eye-lashes. 'I don't think I'm so nice as you take me for.'

'Probably you don't,' he said, smiling.

'But just hear me,' she said, laying her hand on his, as if to silence him. 'You ought to know what all the others would tell you if they were not too kind. I know they all feel me strict, and managing, and domineering! Yes, it makes you laugh, but I really am. I don't think you would have liked me at all if you had not seen me out of my usual life, with only Lance—' and as all she said only made him press her hand the closer—'You see, I've always had to do *things*. Ever since I was a little girl I have had to keep order, great boys and all, and I know it has made me disagreeable;' then, in answer to some sound more incredulously negative than words, 'Yes indeed! Felix and all go to Cherry with whatever comes very near them. She hasn't been hardened and sharpened and dried up like me, and wasn't stupid to begin with.'

'Cherry is very clever, but she is—not—'

'Now don't. I know how it is. I know I'm horribly pretty, and I've been a wonder always for keeping the house going, and doing for them all, and so you fancy me everything charming; but I do so wish you could really know, as my brothers do, how it takes out of one all that is nice and sweet, and that people like.'

'People?' said John, smiling; but seeing that a mirthful even though a loving answer was not what she wanted, he gravely said, 'I do understand, dearest, that you have had to be too much of an authority to be altogether the companion and confidante that Geraldine is free to be, but perhaps I feel that this renders you more wholly and altogether my own.'

'Oh!'—a strange half sob—'do you know, I had just begun to know

how solitary I was when Lance was so happy to get Robina, when you—'

'And if I told you all, you would know that I was feeling a certain loneliness at home, and that if you had asked my sisters, they would have said that Jack was not the harmonious element he appeared. There—there's a pleasing prospect!'

'But you'll not let me be masterful?' said Wilmet earnestly.

'Just as much as is good for me—for us,' he said, smiling. Then after a moment's silence he took out of his pocket a little box, and making a table of her lap, took out a ring of twined ruby and diamonds, such as could not but startle the instincts of Wilmet's soul.

'Oh, it is a great deal too beautiful! Please, I couldn't—'

'You must. It was my mother's.'

'Then she cannot like to part with it.'

'Did you not know that she died when I was five years old? Look!' and he shewed where within the lid of the box was written, 'For my Little Johnny's Wife. August, 1839. L. H.'

'Ought you not to keep it till—' faltered Wilmet, growing crimson as she found what she was saying.

'No,' he said decidedly, 'not after this. When I spoke to my father that Sunday evening, he unlocked his desk and gave me this, which I had not seen since I remember playing with it on my mother's bed. You will wear it, dearest. You will let me have the pleasure of knowing you have it on.'

The answer was the drawing off of her glove; and he fitted it on, but it was rather loose. 'I am afraid it will want a guard,' he said.

'I'll ask Felix whether I may take one of Mamma's,' she said. For the shapely notable fingers had never worn a ring till this almost sacred pledge; and the few jewels either too valuable or not valuable enough for the parents to have parted with in times of need had never been touched.

'Do,' he said; 'I shall like that. The year 1839. Was not that the year a certain little girl was born?'

'The month. Our birth-day is on the 19th.' And the coincidence gave all the foolish delight such facts do under the circumstances.

'Was this long before she died?' asked Wilmet.

'The last day of that August. You never saw her brass in the cloister?'

'No; I never guessed that you were not Mrs. Harewood's son, though I wondered at your being so unlike the rest.'

'She has been kindness itself,' he warmly said. 'My father did well both for himself and me in marrying.'

'Tell me of your own,' said Wilmet, looking from the sparkling stones to the initials. L—. What was her name?'

'Lucy. Lucy Oglandby. My father was tutor at Oglandby Hall.

There was a long attachment, through much opposition; and even when he got the minor canonry after waiting six years, her father could not consent. After six years more, when her health was failing, he gave a sort of sanction on his death-bed. The rest of the family contrived to get her fortune so tied up that after her death it was of no use to anyone till I came of age. She only lived seven years after her marriage, and then the Oglandbys wanted to take possession of me, and I fancy that drove my father into marrying.'

'Was it with them you went to stay?'

'Yes, my father makes a point of it; and they have a turn for patronizing me, if I would turn my back on home.'

'Now I understand better,' said Wilmet.

'You understand how much you were wanting to me,' he said, rightly interpreting the words. 'After five years absence, while my sisters were growing up, you can perceive that dear, fond, and hearty as our house is, it did not fulfil all that perhaps I had been rather unreasonable in expecting. O Wilmet, this time of leave would have been very different if you had not come to the precincts!'

And so they fell back on the exquisite time present, which neither wished to disturb by looking beyond; and perhaps John felt as though his bird had scarcely perched, and any endeavour to hold it might make it flutter loose, while she was too glad of the calm and repose to renew the struggle between conflicting claims.

At last, with basket laden with dark fruit, and lips vying with the babes in the wood, Stella was launched on them by Lance, when his sense of time overpowered his half shy half diverted respect for their bliss. He was very curious, but had to be satisfied with Captain Harewood's manner of tossing Stella over the stile, and bright look at himself.

They did not get into the town till the chimes of half-past seven were pealing. Captain Harewood hurried into the hotel, to prepare for the evening; and Wilmet was mounting the stairs, still under the spell of her newly-found joy, when she was startled by Alda's voice in a key of querulous anger.

'Exactly like you, always laying out for attention.'

'What's this?' said Wilmet, as she saw Alda in her habit, standing with her back to the open door, and Geraldine leaning on the table, trembling and tearful, crimson and burning even to passion in her panting reply, 'I don't know—except that he helped me in from the garden.'

'That's what I say,' retorted Alda. 'She is always putting herself forward, to be interesting, and get waited on. All affectation. I don't know such a flirt anywhere.'

'Hush, Alda! you are insulting Cherry,' said Wilmet, in her tone of command.

'Take care yourself, Wilmet,' cried Alda; 'it is the way she goes on

all day with Captain Harewood—reading poetry, and drawing, and all.'

'Captain Harewood knows,' said Wilmet, coming to the support of the quivering Geraldine, 'that the kinder he is to Cherry the better I like it.'

'Oh, if you do, it is your own concern. I only spoke for your own sake.' And Alda marched off, while Wilmet's strong tender arms helped Cherry into her own room, and tended her through one of those gusts, part repentant, part hysterical, which had belonged to her earlier girlhood, and was now enhanced by the tumult of insulted maidenliness. Formerly, Wilmet had not treated these attacks on the soft system, but now all her bracing severity was gone. Greatly incensed with Alda, she gave her whole self to sympathy with the victim, shewing herself so ineffably sweet and loving, that Cherry felt a thrill of delicious surprise; and as her eye lit on the glittering ring, a little ecstatic cry, still slightly hysterical, welcomed the token.

'O Wilmet, oh! You have! You have—'

'To be sure I have,' answered Wilmet, not in the least heeding what she said, in her anxiety to calm her sister. 'It is all right, if only you will not go and be silly about it.'

The woman was so much more than her words, that their odd simplicity, coming from the grand looking figure bending over her in tender solicitude, touched Cherry the more, and she threw her arms round her sister's neck, whispering, 'Oh! I am so glad!'

Poor Wilmet! At that moment all her gladness had gone into a weight like lead on her heart, though it only made her more gentle. 'Dear Cherry,' she softly said, 'don't talk of anything to upset you. Will you be good and lie quite still while I take off my things, and then I'll come and dress you. You must not be knocked up to-night.'

'Oh! I had much rather stay here!'

'No indeed! John would be so disappointed. He does like you so much, and I always depend on you to make it pleasant for him. You can't send word that Alda has been scolding you.'

'Oh dear! why can't I behave decently to her the moment we are alone together?'

'Don't begin on that, for pity's sake, or you'll get crying again,' broke out Wilmet, in her natural voice. 'Tis she can't behave properly to anybody—that's all; so don't think any more about anything, like a good child, but lie still till I come back.'

So up went Wilmet, not rejoicing in her room-mate, whom she found, as usual, all injured innocence and self-justification.

'You have been petting Cherry all this time! She is quite spoilt among you! It is quite true what I said, though she didn't like it. In society, I never saw a more arrant flirt, with her pathetic ill-used airs. Why, Ferdinand actually found fault to-day with my manner to her!'

Save for the effects, Wilmet was glad to hear it. 'Well, Alda, it is not always kind.'

'I only don't fuss and coax her; I see through her better than you do. She is the sharp one. As I told Ferdinand, it is I who have reason to complain of his manner to her, only I know it is not his fault. If there were no other objection to this preposterous scheme of Felix's, she would be a reason against it.'

'Forshame, Alda! You don't consider what you are saying of your sister.'

'I do!' said Alda. 'I have been more in the world than you, Wilmet, and I know what comes of sticking oneself down close to one's family, especially when there is that sort of spoilt invalid, backed up in all kinds of unreasonable expectations. I advise you to take care, Wilmet; you don't know what goes on in your absence. I should not wonder if it never came to an engagement after all.'

At that moment Felix's step and knock were at the door. Wilmet went to it, and both her hands were clasped in her brother's. 'My Wilmet, my dear, this is well!'

Then Alda turned from her glass and understood. 'What? He has spoken? O Wilmet, and you never told me!'

'I had not time.'

'And what a splendid ring! but it is not a proper engaged-ring. You can't wear it.'

'I must! He wishes it. It was his mother's.—Felix, may I have one of Mamma's for a guard?'

'May you!' said Felix, smiling.

'I should like you to give it to me. Come in.'

He came to inspect the unlocking of the ponderous old inlaid dressing-case, with velvet-lined compartments mostly empty, or only with little labelled papers of first curls, down as far as 'Edward Clement, 1842,' after which stern reality had absorbed sentiment—a sad declension from the blue enamel shrine with a pearl cypher, where Felix's downy flax reposed.

To do Alda justice, there was no greed in her nature, and she even offered Wilmet a turquoise hoop of her own, instead of a little battered ring of three plaited strands of gold, which their mother had worn till her widowhood, and they believed to be the ring of her betrothal. And when Wilmet suggested that the locket would delight Cherry, Alda's ready assent inspired the hope that she felt some compunction for her jealous unkindness.

The locket did prove a soothing charm, coupled with the little consultation as to the ribbon, and the capture of a smooth brown lock of the present to add to the original. And as the manly fingers dealt with the hasp, and the kind smile welcomed her pleasure, Cherry's heart felt that while she had her Felix, Alda need little apprehend her craving for attention from anyone.

Yet her greeting to John Harewood was shy, tame, and frightened, compared with Alda's pretty graceful cordiality, as she told him that she was delighted, and envied Lance his powers of diplomacy. In fact, it was Alda who kept up the conversation, and made things pleasant, with the ease of society; while Felix was shy, Wilmet longed for silence, and Ferdinand looked like a picture of Spanish melancholy, such as had almost infected the whole table.

'I believe I must ask you to bestow a little time on me,' he said, as soon as the meal was over; and Alda made it evident that she meant to be in the conclave, which took place in the back drawing-room. It was at once made evident that the Pursuivant proposal was abhorrent to her; not that she behaved to Felix, nor indeed did she ever do so to any of his sex, as she permitted herself to do to Geraldine, but she shewed great displeasure at the idea having been started.

'Things are unfortunate enough already,' she said, with something like Wilmet's dignity; 'but I should never forgive such hopeless ruin to dear Ferdinand's prospects.'

'Have I not told you that no prospect is anything to me if you can only be mine?'

'We know all that,' said Alda, drawing herself away rather sharply from the caressing hand, 'and therefore I must think for you, and I will not be the means of lowering your position in life.'

'Alda, dearest!' cried Ferdinand, glancing at Felix in such genuine distress, as made him interfere in pity.

'We understand about position, Ferdinand; and you and Alda have been able to observe how far life is enjoyable in this lowered position.'

'Felix,' said Alda, who had evidently wound herself up for this crisis, 'you know very well that you stand quite out of common rules; but I am sure you can see that however valuable your work may be, it would be wrong to draw Ferdinand to the same level.'

'As for that,' said Ferdinand moodily, yet with the air of a banished prince, 'Felix knows what my father was; and if I knew that my grandfather was an honest man, it would be well. A stray wanderer, cast up at your door, has no right to talk of levels.'

'You are not to talk,' said Alda, more affectionately. 'You are too generous to be allowed to think.'

'In plain English, Alda,' said her brother, 'the objection is yours.'

'I cannot see him sacrifice himself for my sake,' said Alda.

'As though it could be a sacrifice!' exclaimed Ferdinand, 'when it opens the way to make you my own at once, my peerless beauty! If you—'

'Come, we have had all this over before,' said Alda, shrinking a little petulantly as he hovered over her, speaking with the fervour of his Mexican nature, and his eyes glowing with eagerness, 'if you will not have common sense, I must.'

'Common sense! It is not common sense I want! It is love!'

'If you doubt my affection—' said Alda, with dignity, drawing back.

'No! no! no! I never was so profane. Only it drives me frantic to hear you so coolly willing to keep us apart for—'

'Because my affection is less selfish and narrow than yours,' said Alda, raising her voice, as his became like a roll of distant thunder. 'I tell you, I will not be the means of binding you to a petty provincial paper, that may give an immediate pittance, but will lead to nothing. Would that be love worth having? I appeal to Felix, his scheme though it was.'

Felix was a very uncomfortable third party, especially as Alda's appeal implied a certain accusation of himself. 'I own,' he said, 'that this situation is not likely to lead to promotion, but it would be competence. Ferdinand would be satisfied, but you—'

'I, who know what he is used to, cannot be satisfied for him.'

'As if you—' gasped the lover; but Alda would not let him go on.

'No,' she said, 'we must be patient. For him to remain in the Life-guards would be madness; but a few years at Mr. Brown's, with the interest he already has in the business, will open a career to him.'

'And I can run down every Sunday,' said Ferdinand. 'It is her determination; I suppose she is right, Felix, but I wish— If I could wish her otherwise, she should be less prudent!'

'I cannot see that she has any right to ask it of you,' indignantly exclaimed Felix.

But he found this was putting his head into a hornet's nest. Ferdinand would not have contested her right to send him down among the lions, and would never have given her back her troth, like Knight Des Lorges. No, he hotly contended that Alda had a perfect right to make her own terms, and still more hotly, though most inconsistently, that to work at Peter Brown's was his own free choice.

It was incontestable that a South American merchant's career offered more possibilities of rising into opulence and consideration than the proprietorship of a country paper; and though Felix privately doubted whether desk work would suit Ferdinand half as well as the work where he himself could have contributed wits, he could say no more. Ferdinand was greatly disappointed; but there was no sacrifice that he would not make, and persist in with his silent Spanish perseverance, for Alda's sake. Indeed, he could not bear not to begin at once. He would return at once to his regiment, send in his papers, and dispose of his horses and equipments, making arrangements with Peter Brown to enter his house. He seemed to be in a fever till the matter was in train, and was entirely past remonstrance. And Felix recognized that the lovers must act for themselves, and could only feel thoroughly vexed with Alda, and equally vexed with himself for the consternation with which he thought of having her at home three years longer!

It was the next evening; and not only had Alda's own lover departed, but Captain Harewood was missing, and with him Lance, and the only explanation was from Berhard, that they were gone to Minsterham. No doubt Wilmet was sensible of a blank when she came home, though she would not allow it, and stoutly defended her Captain's right of going where and when he pleased without notice. She had to fight his battles, till late in the evening he walked in. 'Here we are! It is later than I expected.'

'Where's Lance?'

'He came in with me. Gone to his room, then.—Here, Geraldine, this little gentleman requests the honour of your leaning on him.'

'Oh, what a beauty! What a dear little ivory monster! Turbaned head, serpent's tail, and such a fascinating face!'

'Is the cane the right length? I measured yours.'

'You don't mean that he is for me? So smooth and so steady! Where does he come from?'

'From Benares—I bought him at the great fair; and from the moment I saw you, it was plain that in the eternal fitness of things he was destined to you.'

'To make a Pagan of her,' said Felix. 'See her worshipping her little idol!'

'Not my idol, but my prop and companion for life.'

'Your Lord Gerald,' laughed Felix, as she walked triumphantly round the room, perhaps her first unnecessary promenade since she was seven years old.

'This is just the time I didn't expect you,' said Wilmet; 'is the seven o'clock train put on again?'

'We didn't come by the train.' And Felix and Cherry smiled at one another as they detected that Wilmet's economical soul was vexed. 'I wanted Lance to see his doctor again, and the railway seems so bad for his head, that I drove.'

'How very kind!' exclaimed Wilmet.

'I am afraid I have not managed it well. I would not make an appointment, lest it should be a glaring day; so Manby was out, and we could only leave a message before going to the precincts. Lance was in wild spirits, and the boys gave him such an uproarious welcome, that old Canon Burley sent in to know what was the matter, and was told it was only little Underwood come back. He dined with us, but I am afraid I was off guard, for I never thought of his going and taking his place in the Cathedral.'

'I should think not!' said Wilmet, 'except that it is in the nature of boys to be provoking, even about Church-going. Then it has knocked him up.'

'He was forced to come out in the Psalms; and Poulter, one of the lay-vicars, got anxious about him, and went after him when the Lesson began, found him with his head down on the table in the sacristy, and thought

he had fainted, but he was only crying and entirely done up. Manby came just as Poulter had brought him in, and gave him a proper good lecture.'

'A very good thing,' said Wilmet, 'if one could only get him to believe there is any need of care when his head is not actually painful. What did Mr. Manby think of him?'

'He says he is as well as could reasonably be hoped—quite recovered from the fever; but the sun-stroke was as severe as any he has seen in England, and coming on the top of all that over-work, both study and music, it has left an amount of irritability and excitability of brain that must not be trifled with. He made poor Lance confess all the little experiments he has been trying on himself, and ordered him to leave off whatever he is about at the first threatening of dizziness or pain.'

'Then there's not much chance of his going back?'

'Not before Christmas at soonest. One would think the poor little fellow must have been aware of that; but the verdict cut him up very much. I thought he had better be quiet till the heat of the day was past, so he lay on my bed till six o'clock, and then he said he was better; but he hardly spoke all the way home.'

Wilmet went at once to see after him, and found him already in bed; but whether sleepy, suffering, or sorrowful, she could not make out, for he hid his eyes from the candle, and only muttered 'No, thank you,' in reply to whatever she offered, till she yielded to his evident longing for darkness and silence.

He was up and about in the morning; but when at noon Bernard rushed in from school, he was neither in drawing-room, garden, nor office, and the door of his—or rather of Mr. Froggatt's—bed-room was locked. Bernard bounced at it, calling, 'Let me in, I say; I'll not make a row.'

'There aren't any more of you?' parleyed Lance.

'No! Let me in, I say!'—kicking the panels—'I must speak to you!'

'I'm coming; hold your din!' And Lance revealed himself without coat or boots.

'Holloa—how dark! You were never asleep? I came, because one can never catch you without a string of girls and babies after you.'

'Cut on,' said Lance resignedly, shaking up his horse-hair pillow; while Bernard seated himself on the table, and in the half-light of the shuttered room, began to disentangle some knotted twine.

'Did you come here to do that?' said Lance, wanting to finish his nap, and chiefly restrained by the trouble of the thing from kicking the intruder out.

'Only, I say, Lance, have you any tin?'

'Not the valley of a brass farthing!' (The last pence of the Vale Leston sovereign had gone into Stella's jam.)

'Wouldn't Felix give you some?'

'I don't know.' (Very gruffly.)

'I wish you'd ask.'

'You have as many tongues as I.'

'Well, you see Felix is not half a bad fellow for one's governor, but he doesn't know what's what; and Sims says he'll go to him if I don't come down with something before to-morrow.'

'Sims! Sims in Smoke-jack Alley? Is that your sort?' demanded Lance, in ineffable disgust.

'He's been keeping a dog for me,' said Bernard sulkily.

'A dog!' Lance sat up in astonishment immeasurable.

'Yes. It's the thing, and no mistake,' said Bernard eagerly. 'His name is Stingo; only we are not quite sure whether he is a bull-terrier or a short-haired King Charles.'

Lance dropped back, wriggling in suppressed convulsions, as he demanded, 'Where did you steal this unmistakeable animal?'

'I bought him,' said Bernard, with a certain magnificence intended to be overawing.

'Then where did you steal the money?'

'Travis,' said Bernard, who considered Christian names unworthy of male lips. 'He always used to tip me a sovereign; and Ben Bowyer, the dog-fancier, said Stingo was worth thirty shillings any day, only he let me have him for eight and six, because he wanted to sell off his stock.'

'I thought as much. And Sims keeps him for you?'

'At ninepence a week; but the brute is at me for ever, and says it is twelve weeks.'

'Pray, how were you to raise ninepence a week? By waiting on Providence, or turning coach-wheels?'

'I had some then; and Froggy sometimes gives one half-a-crown, but the old beast hasn't lately, just because I wanted it—nor Travis either, bad luck to him!' quoth this grateful young man. 'I put them all off, making sure of him; and now he's cut, and never tipped me at all! It's an abominable sell, and they are all at me.'

'All! what more? Have it out,' grunted Lance, with a sound of bodily pain in his tone such as would have silenced anyone above ten years old, and a bored contemptuous manner that would have crushed any attempt at confidence—if he had been the right person to confess to.

Nevertheless, Bernard mumbled, 'Shooting-gallery. And Mother Goldie vowed she would lug me up to Wilmet if I don't fork out!'

'Mother Goldie! You little disgusting ape! You've been tucking in what you owed in pies and tarts!' cried Lance, who was too constitutionally heedless of the palate to have any charity for its temptations.

'It's all Wilmet's fault,' said Bernard. 'She never gives one anything fit to eat. There was that beastly lamp out there went and got broke, and what does she do but crib it out of our grub! Now, Lance, was

any living soul served like that before? She gave us only that beastly stir-about at breakfast,' (Bernard worked his single adjective hard,) 'no butter nor sugar at tea, and no pudding, except when there's that beastly mess of rice.'

'I'm sure I've seen pudding.'

'Oh! she came round when Felix came home. She knew he wouldn't stand it. Alda used to buy marmalade and anchovy on her own hook, so I don't see why I shouldn't.'

'Alda didn't go on tick, I suppose.'

'Serve Wilmet right if we all did. I don't believe there's a beggar so badly fed. Nares says—'

'You unnatural little sneak, you haven't been and gone and complained to him!'

'No; but all the town is crying out upon her shabbiness. They say it is a perfect shame how little butcher's meat she gets. Nares's mother and sisters do nothing but laugh at it, and Nares says nothing will make us comfortable but a bankruptcy. Hollo!'

For a well-aimed swing of the bolster laid him sprawling on the floor.

'Take that for mentioning such a word!'

'My eyes, Lance, is it swearing?' said Bernard, with a little affectation of innocence. 'How you have been and bumped my knees;' and he sat on the floor, pulling up his trousers to gain a view; 'there'll be a bruise as big as half-a-crown! Well, but Nares says it was a real blessing to them; for before it old Nares was always in a rage, and his mother boohooing; and now it is over they live like fighting-cocks, on champagne, and lobster-salad, and mulli—what's his name?—first chop; and the women dress in silks and velvets and feathers, no end of swells! and they say it is regular stoopid to pinch like that, for no one will believe we aint going to smash while she is such a screw!'

'If you weren't nothing but a little donkey,' said Lance, sitting coiled up with his head on his knee, grimly contemplating him, 'you'd be a show specimen of precocious depravity.'

'I declare,' persisted Bernard, 'Nares says it is coming as sure as fate; for his governor and Jackman and Collis are going to stump up the old Pursuivant with their new Bexley Tribune, and Redstone is to be sub-editor.'

'The black-hearted rascal!' cried Lance, bounding on his feet in a rage. 'He ought to be kicked out of the shop this instant.'

'Now don't, Lance,' entreated Bernard, 'for Nares will pitch into me for telling. He says they've got an opening through the Pur backing up that mean beggar Smith; and Collis and Jackman will find the cash, and Nares's father is to be editor, and they vow Froggatt and Underwood will be beat out of the field.'

'Catch them,' said Lance, and he stood leaning against the solid old carved bed-post in silence, till Bernard returned to the insolvency at present far more pressing.

'Won't you help me about Stingo?' he said.

'Do you want me to send him to the dog-show, ticketted "The Real Animal and no mistake"?'

'Don't, Lance,' said the boy peevishly. 'I thought you were good-natured, and would lend me some tin, or at least stop the blackguard from being such a baboon. He's found out that Travis has cut, and he says he'll come to Felix this very day,' ended he, not far from crying.

'I can't, anyhow, to-day, Bear,' said Lance, more kindly. 'My head is very bad, and you've not mended it.'

'It was well enough when you broke my knees,' grumbled Bernard. 'Come, Lance, you used to be a fellow to help one.'

'I can't, I tell you,' said Lance, hastily throwing himself back on the bed, and shutting his eyes. 'It isn't that I won't, but I can't. I couldn't walk straight down the street for giddiness; and if I did, I don't suppose I could talk sense.'

Bernard was startled by the tone as well as the words; but he had not arrived at much pity for anyone but himself, and he whined, 'But what shall I do, then?' repeating it dolefully, as Lance lay for some moments silent and with closed eyes.

'Bother!' he broke out angrily at last. 'Look here. Tell the blackguard—let me see—I don't well know what I'm saying. Tell him you've spoken to me—no, to your brother—mind, you needn't say which—and that he'll come and see about it. Now give me that bolster, and take yourself off. Tell them I want no dinner, and don't let anyone come! Get along, and shut the door.'

Bernard could extract no more, and departed as the dinner-bell rang, leaving him without energy even to lock the door. Presently Felix was standing anxiously over him; but he reiterated that he could not bear to think of food, and only wanted to be left alone; but just as his brother was leaving him, he said, 'Fee, do you know that Redstone is going over to the enemy?'

'The opposition paper? Nothing more likely. How did you hear?'

'Bear picked it up. I say, wasn't that little beggar to have gone to Stoneborough?'

'Not possible, Lance; I've gone into it with Wilmet. She is in trouble about household expenses, as it is; and with this rival paper on our hands, I can't undertake anything extra. Has he been bothering you? I'm very sorry, but we must keep him here.'

Lance shut his eyes without reply; but no sooner was he left alone than he rolled over, gave vent to a heavy groan from the bottom of his heart, and clenched his hands as he lay. Then followed some heaving sobs, and a few great tears; but gradually a look of purpose and hope came over his face, and he slept. He was lying between sleeping and waking, when a quiet step and cautious knock made him call out, 'Come in, Jack.'

'Your sister wants to know if you are better, and ready for some tea.'

'Thank you, I'm mending. Is Wilmet come home?'

'Yes, but only to become the prey of an ancient female.'

'Mrs. Bisset! Come to inspect you!'

'She won't, then! Shall I get you some tea?'

'No, thank you. But, I say, Jack, do you see my big box that we brought home yesterday? Would you just dig into it for me?'

John Harewood applied himself to disentangle a frightful knot, observing, 'This looks like Bill's handiwork.'

'Ay! Bill put all my traps together when our other fellows came back.'

'Together indeed!' said the Captain, looking at the heterogeneous collection.

'There's nothing to hurt,' said Lance. 'Do you see a green box?'

'A fiddle-case, you boy?'

'A violin-case,' said Lance with dignity. 'Give it me.' And taking out his purse, he produced its only contents—namely, the key—tried to sit up to unlock his treasure, but was forced by giddiness to lie back again with a gasp, and hold out the key to his friend.

'Come, I should think a fiddle the last thing you could want just now,' said John.

'Just so. I'm afraid it is. Only, just let me see if she is all right. Ay!' and then, after a gaze, a fond touch or two, an irrepressible sigh strangled in the midst, 'lock her up again! You ain't by any chance going home to-morrow?'

'Do you want anything?'

'Why, when I got her at old Spicer's sale for twenty-two and sixpence, Poulter was beside himself at my luck, and said she was worth double that any day, and he would give it me if I got tired of her. Now, if I'd only known yesterday, I could have done it myself; but I can't go, and I can't write—but if you could but send or take it to Poulter, and get the money for me!'

'Do you feel bound to give Poulter the refusal? for if it is really a good instrument, it ought to be worth more than that.'

'Poulter has been very good to me. He taught me to play on it,' said Lance; 'that is, he shewed me a little; but Robin made me lock it up and give her the key all last spring, for fear of hindering my mugging; and I can't touch her now, so she has been very little use to me. I promised Poulter, and I think he should have her. Besides, I want the money slick at once. It's no good sticking it in a window to wait for someone to give what it is worth.'

John marvelled what need of money could have come upon the boy in the last twenty-four hours, but he was too discreet a friend to take advantage of necessity to ask questions, and said, 'The fact was, I was thinking of running up to town to get a sewing-machine for your sister, but if I start by the earlier train, I can see Poulter on the way, and if he does not want it himself, he can tell me where to dispose of it to the best advantage.'

'Only it must be ready money,' said Lance; it must be owned with scarcely the alacrity of gratitude John deserved. 'If it didn't make much difference, I wish Poulter could have her, for then I should sometimes see her and handle her again, and I think he would use her well.'

'Very well, I'll tell him.'

'And don't tell anyone here,' added Lance. 'You don't go and tell W. W. everything, do you?' he added, wistful and perplexed.

'Not other people's secrets,' said John. 'Now I am going to fetch you some food; you are looking quite faint, you have had nothing since yesterday's dinner.'

Poor Lance! when John was gone, he turned with another groan, once more took the violin in his arms, laid it on his shoulder, and made the motions of playing, then kissed it, and whispering, 'Poulter will be good to you, my pretty. It's not for that little beggar of a Bear! It's for Felix, for Felix—' and then at a sound of steps, hastily replaced it, shut the box, and fell back again, dizzy and exhausted.

The next day, he betook himself to a refuge more impregnable to Bernard than even Mr. Froggatt's bed-room, namely the office, which suited his sociable nature, and where he was always welcome. He found employment there too, in cutting out extracts from newspapers, labelling library books, and packing parcels, and sometimes also, it must be owned, in drawing caricatures of the figures he spied through the chinks of the door.

(To be continued.)

DOMINIE FREYLINGHAUSEN.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

CHAPTER X.

The Flats,
January 6th.

My dear Franzje,

I dare say you have heard from your father that the Colonel and I travelled home with him; it was indeed what he told us of the state of things here which induced us to return at once, instead of passing the whole of the winter at New York as we had intended. I am suffering with my rheumatism from the cold journey, and cannot go out; but if your mother can spare you, I shall be happy to see you here, and hope you will be able to stay the night. How have your French studies been progressing during my absence? Present our kindest compliments to your mother, and believe me to remain

Your affectionate old friend,

CATALINA SCHUYLER.

Madame Schuyler penned this note sitting in what was called the winter-house, a small snug sort of cottage adjoining the back of the

large three-storied brick mansion which was the nominal residence of the family. The wide airy rooms and polished floors were too cold for winter comfort, and the smoke of the great wood fires that it was necessary to keep up would have injured the elegant furniture and the paintings that hung round the walls; so whenever they happened to be at home in severe weather, Colonel Schuyler and his wife retreated into the little house at the back, which was warm and cosy and comfortably carpeted, and furnished in a plain but convenient way. They lost the lovely view of the river which they had from their summer parlour; but the windows looked towards steep picturesque pine-crowned hills, which were beautiful even when covered with snow, and made the bright fire-lit room seem all the cosier from the contrast with their white desolation.

Aunt Schuyler, as her friends called her, was a comely middle-aged woman, tall and stout, with a remarkably pleasant sensible countenance, and the manner of one who felt herself a person of importance, and yet was far from feeling any contempt for others, or any wish to dictate to them. When she had despatched her note by one of the many willing negroes who were about the place, she sat by the fire knitting and thinking; and to judge by the grave expression which her kind face took, her thoughts must have been rather of an anxious character. Colonel Schuyler had been into Albany the day before, seen the Dominie, and heard something of his troubles; and good Madame Schuyler—who had a great regard for her pastor, and yet thought him somewhat too narrow and uncompromising—was perplexed as to how far her friends and neighbours had really been going wrong in her absence, and what would be best to be done to help them to get right again. Looking on the young people of the town as so many nieces and nephews, she naturally felt a keener interest in their misdoings, real or imaginary, than is usually felt by a childless woman about the faults of the boys and girls of her acquaintance; and what she had heard from M. Ryckman at New York, had made her fear that they had really been led astray in some degree by the English officers, though she was not prepared to pass sentence on them at once as irreclaimable because she was told that they had suddenly developed a taste for dancing.

'I hope Franzje will come,' she said at last; 'the child has great good sense, and I know I could trust her view of affairs, even though her father did seem to say that she had not escaped the Anglo-mania altogether. I should like to have a talk with her before I send for my nieces'—she meant her real nieces, the Cuylers, now—'*one* girl can give a coherent account of things, but two or three girls together always get confused and contradictory. I wonder if Cornelia really did take those dear girls to the play; Philip understood her to say so, and that she very much repented it now. I must hear what she and her husband say of the officers before I decide to shew them any

civilities. Trelawny is a good name, and so is Vyvian; but it is not uncommon to meet with degenerate scions of honourable houses.'

Her meditations were interrupted by a little stir in the lobby outside; and thinking it portended the arrival of visitors—M. and Madame Cuyler, of whom she had been thinking, perhaps—she got up and went to meet them. It was not her brother and sister-in-law, but the Dominie and M. Jansen, the elder whose constant tale-bearing had excited Franzje's indignation. Madame welcomed them with great cordiality and respect; and though she would rather have seen the Dominie alone, she was much too hospitable to betray the least annoyance at his having brought a companion with him. She pressed them to sit near the fire, and to remain to dinner, telling them that the Colonel had but gone to see his brother Peter, who lived close by, and would be sure to be home by the time the meal was ready.

Elder Jansen, who was a fat puffy little man of true Dutch build, shewed a certain quiet satisfaction at the idea of dinner; but the Dominie gave no definite acceptance, and glanced round restlessly, as if he were impatient to be doing something, without knowing exactly what.

Madame Schuyler thought to herself that nowhere during her absence had she seen anything so fine as that broad intellectual brow, and those deep-set piercing eyes; but she missed the kindly smile which was wont to light up the pastor's face when in company with real friends, and was struck with the worn and wasted look on his handsome features, which even those who saw him every day had begun to notice.

'You have not been taking care of yourself while we have been away, Dominie, I am afraid,' she said presently; 'you should give yourself a little holiday at this festival season, and come and spend a few days with us. You know well what pleasure it would confer on my husband and me.'

'Thank you, you are very good,' replied the Dominie gravely, 'but I cannot be absent from the town at present; and there are things which call upon us rather to fast and pray than to feast and make merry just now, Christmas-tide though it be.'

He did not seem inclined to explain what the things were, but M. Jansen volunteered the explanation.

'You have been away from home, Madame, and don't know all that our Dominie has had to try him,' he said; 'those English officers have turned our good city upside-down, and not content with introducing balls and all manner of worldly amusements, they have now gone so far as to act what they call a play. I can assure you that not only did these young men, who are familiar with every vice and every disguise, spend the whole night in telling lies in a counterfeited place, but they actually degraded manhood, and broke through an express prohibition of Scripture, by assuming female habits. Female habits!'

repeated the little man impressively, as if the full horror of the statement might have escaped Aunt Schuyler's perception. 'Moreover, they painted their faces—*painted their faces!* think of that, Madame! and strutted about on the stage like so many Jezebels; cursing and swearing, and assuming the characters of knaves, fools, and robbers, such as every good man would have held in detestation.'

'I wonder you could bear to see it, M. Jansen,' said the good lady demurely.

'See it!' cried the elder, his round red face growing purple with indignation; '*see* it, Madame! what do you take me for? I was not there; I was where a Christian ought to be at such an hour, in my bed asleep.'

A faint smile, barely perceptible, moved the lips of the Dominie at his elder's definition of sleep as the only Christian occupation for midnight hours; when he had left Madame Ryckman on the night of the 4th, it had not been to retire to rest, but to wear out the hours in prayer for his misguided people, till the slow daylight dawned and he could believe the revels over; but of course he said nothing of this, and it was Madame Schuyler who replied, 'I beg your pardon, I am sure, but you described it all so vividly that I could not suppose you were speaking only from hearsay. Are you certain that you have been rightly informed about it? My sister, Madame Cuyler, was there, I understand; and I scarcely think if the spectacle had been so revolting she would have remained to witness it.'

'Do not quote Madame Cuyler's presence at the play as sanctioning what went on there, dear friend,' said the Dominie, suddenly taking up the word; 'she has expressed to me the greatest regret at her rashness in going and taking her young people with her. You, who know her gentle and retiring nature, will believe how reprehensible the thing must have been, when I tell you that one scene was so gross, that she felt obliged to turn her back upon the stage altogether, and look the other way. Had she done what she ought, she would have left the barn; but it seems she had not courage for that.'

'I am sorry that she should have gone,' said Madame Schuyler, much more convinced by the Dominie's calm statements than by Elder Jansen's vehemence.

'Yes, it is much to be regretted, and she will have cause to rue it many a day; the misfortune is, that the young people who accompanied her do not all see the error in the same light that she does; one would think they had been familiarized with evil, so callously do some of them speak of it.'

'I am told Franzje Ryckman sat and looked on as coolly as possible,' said M. Jansen, with what Aunt Schuyler could not but think spitefulness in his tone.

'May it not have been their innocence that prevented the young things from understanding all that was amiss?' said she in her tender

wisdom. 'I doubt whether there are better maidens anywhere than Franzje and my nieces, though perhaps it is not for me to say it, as I have had some share in their bringing up.'

'Ah, you've been deceived in the young Ryckmans, Madame!' said M. Jansen solemnly; 'as for *Mamselle* Franzje, as she likes to be called, she goes about as proud as a peacock, and sets the Dominie at defiance. It's a scandal to the whole place to see it.'

Madame Schuyler, though nominally holding rather a harsh and narrow creed, was above all things large-hearted, and had in perfection that 'graceful perversity of incredulousness about scandals' which Faber calls 'the temper and genius of saints and saint-like men.'

'I dare say Franzje is a little apt to be captivated with novelties, like other young people,' she said, with a smile; 'but I think better of Albany than to suppose it is taken up with the doings of a young girl of sixteen; and I don't think a little girlish wilfulness, if there has been such, need be construed into defiance,—do you, Dominie?'

That touch of fatherly tenderness towards Franzje which lingered in the Dominie's heart, made him more disposed to side with his charitable friend in this case than with the zealous elder; but just *because* of this feeling he braced himself up to impartial severity, and answered, 'It is true, however, that Franzje and Evert have both set at naught my clearly expressed wishes. In public and in private I have exhorted my flock—the younger members more especially—to take no part in the dissipations introduced by these officers; yet on the evening of the 4th, the Gronows' barn was crowded with the youth of the town of both sexes, and among them were my own elder's children—Franzje and Evert Ryckman.'

'And my nieces and nephews too; I am really sorry,' said Madame Schuyler thoughtfully. 'I can quite imagine how that giddy fellow Cornelius talked over his poor mother. Was his stolid namesake, Cornelius Banker, one of the party?'

'No; Cornelius Banker and Killian Barentse stood firm against temptation, and for that I am thankful,' said the Dominie. 'Cornelius was especially tried, for his parents and sisters went; but ever since a dance at the Gronows' last autumn he has kept aloof from dissipation.'

'I do think having a thick head makes it easier to be good sometimes,' rejoined Madame Schuyler pleasantly, with no wish to under-rate young Banker's virtue, but longing greatly to excuse all the culprits a little; 'would it not be possible, Dominie, for my husband and others to take these young officers in hand, and win them to keep their amusements within due bounds?'

'No, it would not!' said the Dominie, rather exasperated at hearing from the lips of the woman whom of all others he most esteemed, the same proposition which he had already combated when advanced by M. Ryckman and divers of the 'moderate' party; then in a gentler tone he added, 'These men do not look on pleasure as an occasional relax-

ation—a refreshment to make them fitter for duty; they consider it the business of their lives, and therefore there is no possibility of coming to terms with them on the subject.'

'I should have been glad if it could have been done, for the sake of our own young people,' said Madame Schuyler; 'they, at least, cannot be yet such votaries of pleasure as not to be easily persuaded to moderation; and surely a little dancing, for instance, *might* be indulged in in a harmless way. Even our great master, Calvin, allowed that "dances and cards were not in themselves evil," did he not?'

'He put the wife of the ex-syndic in prison for a few days because she attended at a ball, and shewed no sense of her error in doing so,' remarked the Dominie rather grimly; and perhaps he himself would nowise have objected to pop that recalcitrant female Madame Gronow in prison if he had had the power—all for her real good, as he firmly believed—though he did not give expression to any such desire.

If Madame Schuyler had been thoroughly up in the history of Calvin and the Geneva of Calvin's day, she might have rejoined that the dances performed at the ball in question had been inconsistent with propriety, and that Madamé Perrin had not only 'shewn no sense of her error,' but attacked her pastor with violent invective and abuse; as it was, however, she merely answered mildly, 'I did not know that, but I have heard Calvin quoted as not condemning amusements altogether, and as once even putting off a sermon for the convenience of those who were attending at a *play*.' She could not help glancing at Elder Jansen as she said this, with a little quiet humour in her eyes; but her triumph—if triumph it were—was short-lived.

'You are not perhaps aware,' said the Dominie, 'that this play was intended to be of an improving character, and was entitled "A History for the Edification of the People," and that it was, moreover, the only theatrical piece which Calvin sanctioned. When a second piece was about to be performed, called "The Acts of the Apostles," he upheld one of his colleagues in opposing it; and I believe it was the last that was given at Geneva during his ministry there.'

There was no disputing the calm positiveness with which the Dominie spoke; and Madame Schuyler gave in at once, with a respectful good humour which was unconsciously soothing.

His stern face relaxed into a smile that was almost playful, as he said, 'I will be content to go as far in toleration as my master, and if you can get hold of this "History for the Edification of the People," and persuade the officers to act *that*, I will promise to make no objection.'

Madame Schuyler smiled, and took the jest as it was meant; but M. Jansen gave a significant snort, and observed sneeringly, 'You will be clever indeed if you get edification of any sort out of this godless regiment—they are a set of rakes from beginning to end. I could tell you fine tales of them, if I were not afraid of shocking your ears, Madame; and when you see the terms that two of them are on

with Anna Gronow and Franzje Ryckman, you will agree with me that the sooner they are out of the place the better.'

He was about to add more, but at this point the Dominie checked him. 'We must beware of rash judgements, my friend,' he said, 'especially where young maidens are in question.—Neither would I have you believe,' he continued, now addressing Madame Schuyler, 'that Franzje and Evert Ryckman have gone all the lengths of the Gronows and their set. You will use your influence with them, I trust, and perhaps they may even yet be brought to a better mind.'

'I am hoping to see Franzje here to-day. I have written to ask her to come,' was the reply.

'You will not see her,' said the Dominie gravely; 'it was her father's intention, I know, to confine her to her room for a few days on account of her insubordinate conduct with regard to the play-acting, and this will of course prevent her accepting your kind invitation.'

Madame Schuyler let her knitting fall in her lap with a sudden movement of surprise—of shocked surprise, it seemed. She awoke all at once to a perception that her kindly longings to reconcile the opposing parties in the town, by preaching toleration to the one set and moderation to the other, were by no means likely to be realized; that the war between them had become already internecine. If such a fond easy-tempered parent as M. Ryckman felt it necessary to go to such lengths with an almost grown-up daughter, things must indeed have come to a bad pass! 'Quite beyond my mending, or even Philip's!' thought good Aunt Schuyler, in momentary despair.

She took refuge in a hope that the regiment would not remain long in the town. 'There is to be another attack on Crown Point in the spring, is there not? My husband attended the Congress at which General Shirley proposed it, and we heard much talk of it at New York. Surely Colonel Trelawny and his men will be wanted then!'

'I hope so; but nothing can be done till the frost breaks up,' said the Dominie gloomily, 'and between January and May a great deal of mischief may be wrought.'

'It must be our part to try and prevent it,' said Madame Schuyler, with an effort to appear cheerful and hopeful still.—'Oh! you are not going, surely, Dominie? I expect Colonel Schuyler in every minute.'

But the Dominie persisted in taking leave, spite of M. Jansen's evident willingness to remain; and Madame Schuyler accompanied them, not only to the door of the winter-house, but through a passage which led to the hall of the other house, and so out at the great porch, which was the more dignified way of exit.

As they were passing along, with M. Jansen a little in the rear of the other two, Madame Schuyler thought she would say a good word for Franzje. 'I hope M. Ryckman won't be too hard on my little friend Franzje,' she said; 'she is so gentle and sensible, that I should

think reasoning with her would have quite as much effect as punishment might have on others.'

'It has been tried,' said the Dominie, in a tone that sounded harsh and abrupt, because it was so full of pain; 'her parents have dealt very tenderly with her hitherto, we must now see what severity will effect.'

He fancied her sitting lonely in her room, with the pale languid look that he had remarked the day before; and Madame Schuyler's mental image of her was not very dissimilar. What was their surprise when, just as they came out into the porch, a sledge drew up at the steps, and from out of a cloud of furs appeared a bright blooming face all glowing from the frosty air, and a sweet gay voice exclaimed, 'Oh! Aunt Schuyler, how glad I am to see you again!' and behold there was Franzje, not a prisoner at all, but abroad taking her pleasure, and with her father sitting beside her, and looking almost as pleased as herself! When she ran up the steps and caught sight of the Dominie and M. Jansen, her expression changed a little it is true, and she kissed Madame Schuyler silently, and made rather a shy constrained curtsey to her pastor; but still what a scandal it was—according to Elder Jansen's notions—that she should be there at all, and just in time for the good dinner that he was missing, when she ought to have been locked up at home, with bread and water for her fare!

Madame Schuyler could not help being glad to see her, spite of the Dominie's grave looks, and pressed M. Ryckman to come in too; but he declined, and after handing up to Franzje a parcel which contained her provision for the night, announced that he must get back to Albany as quickly as possible, and offered the Dominie a seat in his sledge. He knew that he was laying himself open to a lecture by doing so, but he had a great deal too much respect for his pastor to neglect to shew him this very natural piece of courtesy, and would not acknowledge to himself how relieved he felt when it was refused.

'You will give M. Jansen a lift, perhaps; but for myself, I would rather walk,' said the Dominie, glancing at his snow-shoes as he spoke, and rather ignoring the proffered hand of his elder—a weak-minded elder, who had no proper ideas of parental discipline! 'Good-bye, Madame.—Good-bye, Jansen; you will dine with me, I hope. I shall be home nearly as soon as you.' And then away he strode, in his determined fashion, with an air which forbade even M. Jansen to follow him, so plainly did it say, 'I am in haste to be alone.'

The two elders drove off together; and when everybody was out of sight, Madame Schuyler gave her young friend a real comfortable hug; and then putting her a little away, said rather drily, 'And so your father has brought you to the old aunt to be scolded. What am I to do to you, child, to make you good?'

'Have they made you think me so bad then, Aunt?' replied Franzje, with a playfulness that was half wistful.

'I don't know what to think; after dinner we will have one of our long talks, and you shall tell me what has been going on while I have been away. I should like to arrive at an understanding of how much is right and how much is wrong in all these novelties that I hear of.'

'That is just what I can't be sure of,' said Franzje, with a sigh which came from the very depths of her heart; but it was something to have to do with a person who had not already pre-judged the case, and in another minute she looked up, and said hopefully, 'O Aunt Schuyler, I think everything will be better now that you have come home!'

Madame Schuyler was chirruping to the birds who had found winter quarters in the shelter of her friendly porch, and for whose accommodation a small shelf had been erected, upon which they nestled; but she turned round with the cheery answer, 'Well, we will see what can be done, though I am afraid of turning into an old busy-body, and making things worse than I find them.' And then, taking her guest's hand kindly in her own, she conducted her to the winter-house, and up into a small but comfortable bed-room, which was to be hers for the night.

'Now I will leave you to get ready for dinner,' she said, 'for I hear the Colonel's step in the lobby; but by-and-by, when he has gone out again, we will have our long talk, and see what we can make of it all.'

Spite of these good intentions, twice expressed, the 'long talk' did *not* come off that afternoon. Just as Madame Schuyler and Franzje were settling down to it, the girl sitting on a low stool at her friend's feet, the bustle of an arrival was heard, and no less than four officers—Colonel Trelawny, Major Berkeley, Mr. Vyvian, and Mr. Gardiner—were ushered in with some ceremony by the gray-haired negro who believed himself to be Colonel Schuyler's butler, though no one else in the primitive mansion was conscious of the existence of such a functionary. They had driven out to pay their respects to the owners of the Flats; and spite of what she had heard against them, the aristocratic appearance of the commanding officer and his adjutant did impress Madame Schuyler favourably, though she liked Colonel Trelawny less and less as the visit went on. He was extremely courteous on the surface, but his scarcely disguised superciliousness and frivolity were not congenial to the good-hearted sensible lady; and it was a great relief to her when her husband—summoned from his barn—came in, and she had leisure to talk a little to the others, and prevent Mr. Vyvian's colloquy with Franzje from becoming a complete *tête-à-tête*.

Franzje had risen up in haste when the visitors entered, and modestly withdrawn to a seat near the window. *Artfully*, Elder Jansen would have said, for it gave Mr. Vyvian the opportunity of taking a large arm-chair which was close to her, and so rather cutting her off from the rest of the party.

'I am so relieved to find you here!' said he, when they had exchanged greetings; 'I had heard all sorts of dreadful tales about you, and pictured you to myself immured in some secret dungeon beneath the floor of the Manse.'

Franzje coloured painfully. Somehow, though she had borne her brief disgrace very patiently on the whole, it was intolerable to her that Mr. Vyvian should know of it. 'I have been at home quite safe,' she said, 'till my father brought me here this morning: it is so pleasant to have Aunt Schuyler back!'

'Yes, I dare say,' he answered, with a rather critical but not unkindly glance towards that worthy lady; 'but, Mademoiselle, have you really been quite well and happy since we parted on Monday night? I can't tell you what uneasiness I have been suffering on your account. Report said that the Dominie was looking up all the lambs who were beguiled into straying in the direction of Babylon on the evening of the 4th, and was driving them back into the fold by main force. No words can describe how it pained me to think of *you* given over to his tender mercies.'

Womanly pride, as well as the remains of her old trusting loyalty, came to Franzje's aid at this moment. 'I should have had no cause to be afraid if I had been,' she said; 'but you have not been quite rightly informed, Sir.'

He admired her kindling glance, and the momentary hauteur of her manner, and took his cue from her immediately. It was just the facility with which he did so that made his admiration dangerous to her. She scarcely ever saw him as he was in himself, but only as he *could* be under her influence.

'So you trust your formidable Dominie more than you fear him?' he said; 'well, I dare say the trust is not misplaced. I can fancy he is too grand-natured to be a thorough tyrant—not weak enough to be cruel, I mean.'

Her glance kindled now in a brighter and sweeter fashion. 'I am so glad you don't think cruelty goes with strength! I do like what is strong, even when it is against me.'

He looked hard at her as she spoke, reading every line of the brightening face, and well divining her capacity for hero-worship, and also the sort of character that was likely to be heroic in her eyes: not his own, he knew, and yet he meant to win her for himself all the same.

'So do I like strength when it is allied with gentleness,' he said; 'and I always think there must be something very strong and reliable in a person who continues to stand one's friend spite of all adverse influences. Mademoiselle, if anything were needed to increase my regard for you, it would be increased ten-fold by the generosity of your partisanship! Now if you can only get Madame Schuyler on our side, we shall have a chance of organizing a really enlightened

liberal-minded circle, that will be able to stand its ground against the narrowness of Elder Jansen and his set.'

'I don't want you to act any more plays, Sir,' said Franzje, colouring very much, but getting the words out bravely. 'I was interested in that one, but I would rather not see any more.'

'You were scandalized at my love-making to Dorinda, I know,' he said, secretly very much flattered at what he thought her jealousy; 'I will promise you to take no lover's part for the future; one does not care for the mockery of a thing when one knows what the thing itself is.'

She had meant something quite different, for since her discovery that Dorinda was a man her little foolish jealousy had all died away, and she had been able to take a much more dispassionate view of what she had heard and seen; but just as she opened her lips to speak again, Colonel Schuyler came in, and Mr. Vyvian had to go forward and be introduced to him, and then Madame Schuyler changed her seat and came nearer to the window, and it was no longer possible to say anything without being overheard.

Mr. Vyvian did not seem at all put out at having his conversation with Franzje interrupted, but good-humouredly set to work to ingratiate himself with her old friend, and was so agreeable, that Madame Schuyler could not help being somewhat taken with him, and feeling glad that she was not bound to accept as just M. Jansen's sweeping condemnation of the whole of the officers. He declared that he remembered hearing his mother talk of having met old Colonel Schuyler—Madame's uncle, now dead—when he brought the Mohawk chief, 'King Hendrick,' to England, and insinuated that she would be much charmed to hear of her son having made acquaintance with the family at the Flats. He admired the beauty of the scenery, told how he had enjoyed the berry-picking in the autumn, expatiated on the delights of sleighing, and altogether exhibited so little of that contempt for the pleasures Albany could offer which had been discernible in him when he first came to the place, that Madame Schuyler set him down as a very sensible young man, and Franzje said to herself, 'He has got to like us, and to enter into our ways. I wonder whether any of the other officers care for us as he does! At any rate, I don't think Aunt Schuyler will be able to help liking him better than the rest.'

Certainly Major Berkeley and Mr. Gardiner would not bear comparison with him. The former did indeed try to get up a little interest in farm matters, and asked Colonel Schuyler how his sheep were housed in the winter, and remarked on the great size of the barn, which was considerably larger even than the Gronows'; but Mr. Gardiner did nothing but yawn, and stare at Franzje, wondering to himself how it was that her eyes looked all the bluer for the blue ribbon in her hair, though they couldn't be said to match, and whether Vyvian would not find it a great bore if his flirtation with her should

end in his having to marry her. 'And I think it will,' concluded the sapient young fellow, 'if he goes on at this rate; though I'm sure we've all done our best to laugh him out of it, and Trelawny has given him fair warning that he won't have a married man in the regiment.'

Franzje thought her old friend Colonel Schuyler a great contrast to the three empty-headed men around him, with his manly resolute bearing and grave intelligent face. She took to listening, half to him, half to Mr. Vyvian, and was very happy and comfortable, very grateful to her father for forgiving her, and bringing her to enjoy herself at the Flats, and only just a little troubled, deep down in her heart, at the thought of how sad and stern the Dominie had looked as he had hurried down the snowy path alone.

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH LINKS OF FOREIGN FORGING;

OR,

'THE LADY WITH THE LONG NOSE.'

(A TALE OF CONTINENTAL TRAVEL.)

BY A. F. FRERE,

AUTHOR OF 'WONDER-CASTLE;' 'THE THREE SONS-IN-LAW,' ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

THANKS to Ida's wakefulness, the early walk was achieved; but only by the brother and sister. Turning up from the lake shore by a rugged stone bridge and the bed of a small stream, they climbed among masses of purple-grey rock, cushioned with soft grass, where a few sheep were grazing, tended by a little peasant-girl, who looked up from her knitting with shy curiosity in her brown eyes as the strangers passed. She did not beg: universal mendicancy, that curse of southern Italy, does not infect the more industrious Lombards. Higher up, our climbers lost themselves among the knolls which often hid the Lake from view, and as no *pergola* (or trellised vineyard) could be discovered as a goal for their labours, it became rather desirable to find a way down to the beaten track. After a good deal of scrambling and wandering, they came to some patches of terraced ground, where Indian corn, yellowing into ripeness, grew under scattered vines and olives; a young woman was descried, with the local head-dress of silver pins stuck like rays in the knot of back hair, (somewhat marred in its effect by being done up only *once a week,*) and to her the Nevilles ventured to address a request for a

bunch of the rich purple grapes which hung temptingly round their poles. With a hearty '*Già, già*,' she complied, and while they rested and ate, informed them that she was servant to the '*Parroco*' or parson of Tremezzo, on whose glebe they were, and could shew the Signori a way down through his immediate premises. Her real Italian did not go quite so far as Ida's; but they gladly followed her through several enclosures of rough wall and kitchen garden, down a narrow runnel of a lane, and after waiting while their guide fetched a key, down some rude steps, at the bottom of which the girl, shading her eyes with her hand as she looked up the slopes of the adjacent pasture, called out, (with the sharpest of French *us* deforming the Italian syllables,) '*Veng' giù, subit.*' The summons presently caused to topple into sight a wide-mouthed urchin, to whom the maiden, in mysterious speech, consigned her strangers; and following him in faith which it was impossible for any exchange of words to confirm, they soon emerged upon an open path, and saw below them the old ivy-grown gateway of the Villa Carlotta, close to 'home.' Dismissing the boy with a *soldo* or two, they strolled leisurely on, and at the next turn perceived Mrs. Langton seated on a bank, sketching rapidly in pencil.

'Good morning! I congratulate you on your success,' she said, with a glance and a bow, but going on eagerly with her drawing. 'Don't be frightened, I am not savage,' she continued, as the others hesitated whether to remain. 'Only I can't talk when I am sketching against time. Five minutes more, and I must go; so pray wait for me, if so inclined.'

Before the five minutes were over, the point of the lead-pencil, on which so much depended, broke. The sketcher looked dismayed, felt for a knife; and Hugh quietly produced her own, which had been carried a whole day in Ida's pocket.

'Allow me to cut it for you, and explain the mystery at leisure—after your sketch is finished,' said he, in answer to Mrs. Langton's look of amused surprise. 'You will take for granted, I hope, that your property was honestly come by.'

A few minutes later, as the three walked down the hill side, Ida gave the history of her meeting with the Colvins, and the charge committed to her so long ago. Mrs. Langton was grateful to both parties. A real English knife was a firm friend, not to be lightly parted with in foreign lands.

'But how conscientious you have been to keep it for me all this time, Miss Neville,' said she.

'We were always hoping to meet you—for that and other reasons.'

'Ah!' said Mrs. Langton, with a look of amusement in her dark eyes, 'I am fortunately an easy person to track by description. My *signalement*, as in the old passport days, would only need one item of features—*un nez d'une longueur démesurée.*'

She laughed, and the Nevilles did the same, but presently checked

themselves with a compunctious feeling, which caused their friend to say, 'Now we should all take pattern from these good simple Italians, who have not the least scruple in noticing peculiarities to your very face. It was only the other day that one of the waiters here came up to me, announcing that "*la minestra*" was ready. I had ordered no soup, and told him so. "*Ah!*" said he, quite naïvely, "*m'hanno detto che quella Inglese col naso lungo aveva comandato una minestra!*"'

'I like the trait,' observed Hugh, 'though it would not square with our notions of propriety. But that must have been rather an unsophisticated waiter—hardly a *sommeiller-en-chef;* that is a peculiar caste, that I fancy is born knowing.'

'Yes, one never sees a *budding* head-waiter. They are certainly a genus apart; but there are two species of it—one with a delicate waist and an easy grace, much given to bowing, laying his hand on his heart, and saying, "*Parfaitement!*" the other rather stout, good-humoured, and patronizing to unprotected ladies; he generally arranges your luncheon when you go out for the day, dries your cloak when you come in wet, and has photographs to shew—and sell—you in bad weather.'

'Which type do you prefer?' asked Ida, laughing.

'Decidedly the latter. Sympathy in anybody is better than smartness.'

'I am all for the jolly head-waiter,' said Hugh; 'but to some ladies those little attentions would seem forward.'

'I cannot think that is a true lady-like spirit,' said Mrs. Langton. 'Real dignity can never be impaired by accepting any simply-offered attention, and I think many English people are improved by foreign travel, because they learn more or less to feel "neighbours" to each other, to exchange small good offices, and to perceive that help, away from the completeness of organized English life, is not necessarily *intrusion.*'

Thus chatting, they reached the welcome shade (for at half-past eight the sun was already scorching) of the long avenue which led 'home.' 'Ah, here come my young Anglo-Saxons,' exclaimed Mrs. Langton, as Edwin and Eva ran towards her; a little farther, on the parapet wall, sat Mabel with her 'husband,' the Colonel, beguiling their *attente* for breakfast companions, by watching the small coquetries of a vender of olive-wood articles, just setting out her daily stall under the plane trees, tossing back the broad ribbons of her smart Leghorn hat, and in the intervals of business flirting assiduously with any waiter who chanced to be off duty. Against one of the smooth white trunks, in a vast linen jacket, cigar in mouth, lounged the Baron, and as the walkers passed gave his straw hat that circular wave in the air essential to German courtesy, and mildly recalling an English hurrah. The Swiss loving couple bowed graciously, under the protest of the waving arm, as they met the other strollers; and the Italian mother, in a morning *deshabillé* decidedly beneath a nursery-maid's, went through the premature recognition with wonderful grace, considering her shapeless aspect.

Breakfast was the first object; and that despatched, the inclination to loiter a little longer found a motive in Mrs. Langton's sketch-book, which was allowed to go round the party in illustration of certain points she had been mentioning about the Lake. The views were various, and the style had a strong *reality*, contrasting vividly with that of most lady-amateurs. Mabel's sketches, for instance, were graceful, neat, clear, and generally correct, yet—as Hugh had once vexed Ida by remarking—they might, after all, have represented something else. Her mountains had a pervading tint of agreeable lilac, and were little troubled with stratification. Mrs. Langton's, on the other hand, stood out intensely individual; the touch, less delicate than Mabel's, was far more descriptive, and each scene was *grasped* with an energy that only demanded greater mechanical skill to produce really excellent results. The points of view, too, were singularly well chosen, as Hugh observed with his own tolerably practised eye.

'It is not so easy to foresee favourable combinations. One may toil up many a slope, or thread many zigzags of a tortuous lane, before the juxta-position, which appeared so inevitable, is found at a proper level, and unencumbered with impertinent obstacles to the view.'

'I think a certain instinct guides me,' said Mrs. Langton; 'and I have long learnt to distrust the advice of non-sketchers, who generally recommend a prospect that requires one to revolve on one's axis. But you doubtless draw yourself, Mr. Neville.'

'I splutter about occasionally with black-lead or brown paint, and it seems to me to represent a rock or a tree,' said Hugh laughingly. 'But I cannot say I *draw*—never having been taught how to hold a pencil, as all properly brought-up young ladies, I suppose, are in their tenderest years.'

'Great waste of time very often,' said Ida. 'Now, if my brother had spent half the time I was made to do over pigeon-houses and square boxes in perspective, he might have been an accomplished artist.'

'I have an idea,' said Mabel, 'that most women would draw if they could, and most men could draw if they would. Almost any gentleman, if called on, will produce, for instance, a rough sketch of a horse that looks as if it could *go*—a quality very rare in the animals *we* portray!'

'I am not sure,' suggested Mrs. Langton, 'that the pigeon-house period *is* always conducive to the development of artistic capabilities. A grown-up learner, at any rate, might strike at once into a path suited to his genius; only beginning with simple subjects.'

'Yes,' said Hugh, 'if rocks are your especial delight, go in for stones; or if animals, graduate in pigs. I mention those, as they are of a simple construction, and Miss West is particularly fond of introducing them in her sketches.'

His mischievous glance provoked Mabel to say, 'That is a satire on my animals, which, whatever I mean them for, invariably turn into pigs. It is very hard, I think; cows look to be only a long square on four thin

legs, with a dot for a head at one end, and a streak for a tail at the other—*that* is all that artists trouble themselves to make; and yet theirs look like cows, and mine don't.'

'At all events, it is something to have graduated in pigs,' laughed Mrs. Langton; 'I hope you will shew me some prize specimens?'

'No, not that,' exclaimed Ida. 'Mabel's pigs are always gracefully lean—what may be called idealized swine.'

Mrs. Langton laughed at the criticism, and asked what was Miss Neville's own line in this artistic company.

'Oh, I am a humble handmaid of art: I cut pencils, fetch water, hold it sometimes if no stone lies handy, make pert remarks, and occasionally provoke my sketching friends by reminding them of dinner-time.'

'Nonsense!' exclaimed Hugh; 'she is the best little companion imaginable; so handy and patient, and as quiet as a mouse—you would never know she was there.'

'Upon my word,' cried Ida, springing up, 'that kind of praise is terrible cold water. I'll do something astonishing myself; who knows but the pigeon-houses choked my genius? I'll jump over all the early stages, and rush into mountains! That is the highest walk of art, isn't it?'

'According to some little German girls, who once watched me when I was sketching some cottages,' said Mrs. Langton. 'One said to the other, "But the lady is drawing houses! I thought people who could draw always did mountains." "Ah," replied the other, with superior knowledge, 'that depends on which class you are in at school. The first make straight strokes and crooked ones, then the second draw houses, and the third get into trees and mountains. *I* know, for I'm learning!"'

As they were all laughing over this story, Hugh exclaimed, 'Hullo! we are occupying the table of the grapey happy couple, and here they come with their basket of *muscat!* We must clear off—*levar l'incomodo*, as is the correct phrase here.'

'We can have the next table, I think,' said Mabel; 'the large German party went off by the early steamer, while you were wandering.'

'I must go in,' said Mrs. Langton, with a glance at the various parties coming to encamp under the planes. She was certainly shy of *numbers*. Hugh carried her sketching apparatus to the door of the hotel, where her maid meeting them, he returned, looking rather flat, strolled up and down, gazed at the lake, and hummed vacantly, till Ida, who had meanwhile fetched some employment, invited him to read German with her.

'Very well—it's time to settle to some steady idleness or other. But these early walks, somehow, make one feel a little bored afterwards.'

They had got through four or five pages, when Mabel, who had gone in-doors, came out, begging her friends to vary their studies by helping her to understand an Italian letter which she had just received from the post-master of Lugano.

The reader must be told that our travellers had changed their route across the Alps, on a sudden desire to see the Via Mala and baths of Pfäffers, and thus descended upon the Lake of Como instead of Lugano, as first intended: and the consequence had been some confusion as to Mabel's letters, which, having been directed to the latter, had to be recovered, or left there longer than she chose to wait for them. The others of the party had had time to inform their correspondents; but Mabel was sure one letter, at least, must be lying at Lugano, and she had written to the office to inquire for it. The answer had just come, couched in highly elegant Italian: *stimatissimos* and *devotissimos* abounded on its tall sand-sprinkled page; but beneath the layer of complimentary phrases, in which the writer protested his ardent desire to do everything imaginable, '*per contentar Vossignoria illustrissima*,' it remained entirely obscure whether any letter had been received or forwarded! The three friends read and re-read, but could gather nothing more; and returning to the address, '*Al Pregiatissimo Signore Mavel V.Veste*,' (the two Vs representing in Italian a W,) Hugh suddenly exclaimed, 'Why, he has made you into a gentleman!'

'So he has!' said Mabel, laughing at the blunder, which the invariable "*Ella*" of formal letter-writing had made less observable within. 'And what a hash of my very simple name!'

'Simple to English ears and tongues; but a very poser to an Italian, who can hardly conceive a feminine "*prenome*" without an *a* or *e* at the end of it: and as for "West," please to observe that for so small a combination of letters, it is framed with peculiar spite against a nation who don't possess a W, and who are wholly unable to pronounce two stiff consonants like *st* without diluting them with a vowel or two. Are you convinced, *Mees V-Veste?*'

'I don't know. My letter was very clear,' complained Mabel, who had felt rather proud of the grammatical Italian in which her request had been couched. Her hand, however, was one of those which, slanting a good deal, and making tall and short strokes much of a height, would be especially confusing to a foreign eye. At any rate, there was a vexatious uncertainty about the matter, in which Ida could better sympathize than her brother.

'He must be a very unbusiness-like *uffiziale*, this Sigr. Bonetti—if that is his name,' said she, scanning the highly-flourished signature, which looked like an explosive squib of gritty powder, quenched in pools of thin purplish ink. 'I should not wonder if your letter *was* there, after all.'

'I suppose,' said Mabel disconsolately, 'I must write again, and make him sensible that I am a "Miss."'

'And not disposed to *miss* your letters,' rejoined Hugh, unable to resist so obvious a pun. 'But I doubt if it will be easy to make this gentleman sensible by any amount of letters. The best way would be for me—'

'To go over to Lugano,' said his sister; 'yes, that is just what I was thinking.'

To her surprise, Hugh looked rather discomfited, at the same time that Mabel made a protest against giving so much trouble. 'Of course,' he said, 'I should be most happy, if there were the least occasion for it: but I was proposing to write to Mr. Colvin, who must be at Lugano by this time, and get him to look up Miss West's letter.'

Mabel was satisfied and grateful. Not so Ida. 'Well, in any case,' said she, with a dubious air, 'I suppose we shall all be moving on to Lugano very soon, and Mabel and her letter will be like Mahomet and the mountain.'

'Why?' exclaimed Hugh, in a tone of vexation. 'What should you want to be hurrying Mrs. Fulham on for, before she has half seen Como? *I* think it would be a thousand pities. Are we not very well off here?'

'Dear me, Hugh, what fit of righteous indignation are you going off into? I'm sure *I* have no objection to being here ever so long; but as Lugano was originally our object—'

Mabel, fearing her interests should tell against those of the party generally, hastened to repeat her confidence in Hugh's suggestion, adding, that *she* had no desire to hurry away from their present delightful quarters; nor, she was sure, had Mrs. Fulham.

'That's right,' said he, brightening. 'Why, you haven't done a single villa yet, and they're "stunning," I can tell you.—Now, Ida, let's get back to our German, as Miss West is going in.'

'From Italian back into German—a terribly hard plunge!' exclaimed Ida, trying to laugh off a touch of vexation. 'I shall be floundering on the limits of two languages, as the Burtons did when we crossed into Switzerland together last year.'

'Yes,' said Hugh; 'did Ida ever tell you, Miss West, the remarkably clever speech her cousin Emily made, asking the guide for their camp-stools, with crossed fingers: "*Wo sind die Stühle die vannen così?*" Was it not neat—an Italian verb conjugated German fashion?'

'Worthy of Brown, Jones, and Robinson,' said Mabel, laughing, as she retreated.

The brother and sister addressed themselves to their book—untwisted diligently the complex sentences of Freytag's prose, looked out derivations, analyzed new and suggestive words; yet one at least of the readers had not forgotten what had passed just before; and when Hugh got up, saying he must go and write to Mr. Colvin, Ida gave vent to a little malice which had been brewing in her mind.

'Really, Hugh, I can't think why you are so lazy. Any other time you would have been off like a shot on Mabel's errands, instead of turning them over to another person, who, I dare say, can't speak a word of Italian!'

'Oh, anyhow his wife must; besides, of course, any post-master, in

a town like Lugano, would understand enough French. A personal application is the main thing.'

'Yes; but you would be a great deal more 'cute about it. Do go, Hugh. I am so vexed for Mabel's disappointment.'

'I don't know why you are so anxious to get rid of me,' said he, laughing, but a little vexed. 'I am of much more use here, I flatter myself, as *cicerone* for this lake, which I intend all the party to see "thoroughly," as the Colonel says, and leisurely, as befits the climate and Mrs. Fulham's habits.'

Ida felt it would not be wise, or fair to her brother's general good-nature, to say more; and he, still intent upon writing his letter, now asked if she had any message to send Mrs. Colvin.

'Oh yes; pray tell her, with my kind regards, that her knife is safely restored to its owner, and that at last we have met with the lady of the long nose.'

'Mrs. Langton,' corrected Hugh, in a somewhat reproving tone; 'I thought we had agreed quite to drop that absurd *nom de guerre*.'

'Of course we have,' said Ida, looking surprised; 'but it is the only name the Colvins would know her by. Pray say also, Hugh, that we find her quite as delightful as we expected, and—'

'No, I sha'n't stuff out my letter with impertinent remarks. Mrs. Langton does not need our commendation. Well! I'm going in, and here comes Mrs. Fulham to play dragon, quite apropos.'

For a wonder, Ida felt not sorry to exchange companions, for Hugh certainly seemed—either from his early walk or some other unknown cause—in that uncomfortable condition which is sometimes described as 'having got up on the wrong side.' Granny came out fresh and serene; she had despatched the children's lessons, and the rest of the morning was spent calmly under the green canopy which made a strip of coolness along the sunny shore. Soon after mid-day the rays began to kindle the opposite side of the Lake; Bellagio's white houses, emerging from their veil of soft shadow, cast long glimmering lines of light down the placid perspective of smooth water, the slight breeze died away, and two or three hours of oppressive sultriness ensued, varied by occasional growls of distant thunder—so common in the summer of these lakes, that one may be taken by surprise when it occasionally culminates in a grand and terrible storm, shivering the watery mirror into foamy splinters, and lighting all the heavens with an incessant blaze. This time the sombre tokens went no further than to alarm Mrs. Fulham a little as to the expedition on which Tofts had set her heart; but on going to inquire Mrs. Langton's opinion, that lady was found to be already equipped, and conferring with a boatman on the shore.

'My friend Pietro declares it is quite safe,' said she, in reply to Mrs. Fulham's anxious question; 'and I was going to ask if any other ladies of your party would accompany us on the quest of black silks.'

Mabel and Ida expressed a willingness, only restrained by regard for

what might be Mrs. Fulham's wishes. Hugh said, in a somewhat injured tone of voice, that an offer made to ladies only, ought not, he supposed, to be taken notice of by a gentleman; but that he, for his part, was more than ready to go and buy black silks—though not to wear them.

'Hear, hear!' said Ida, clapping her hands. 'That means buying *me* a gown, and thank you kindly,' dropping a rustic curtsey, at which her brother protested.

'Wait till you've got it, Miss Impertinence.'

'Well, but about the boating,' said Mrs. Fulham; 'my dear girls, pray don't think of staying with me; it is only this thunder;' and she glanced again dubiously at the sky. Pietro, being appealed to as he lounged, oar in hand, against the side of his boat, with a face of lazy expectancy for the end of the *forestieri's* colloquy, reiterated with emphatic *mingas*—the patois form of universal negative—that no *temporale* would occur to-day.

'I think you may trust him,' said Mrs. Langton, 'and let your young ladies go with me; but could you not be induced to venture also?'

'Do,' said Mr. Neville; 'it will be the very best way to stave off your fears for the risks *we* are running!'

'Ah, you kindly offer me a share? Well, I *should* like to go over to Bellagio.'

'And there are three villas to see there,' put in the Colonel, Murray in hand.

The end of it was, that two boats were engaged, and the whole party set off for the opposite village. Landing, after a perfectly calm *trajet*, in front of a quaint row of arcades—dark holes burrowed under the tall dwellings, in which tiny shops concealed their wares—Mrs. Langton led the way up some thread-like, hilly, tortuous lanes, to a *merceria* of somewhat more obvious pretensions; and while its proprietor shouted to an 'Agnese,' behind the scenes, to bring '*set' ner', o bianc' e ner'—minga color*,' the English party endeavoured to divide the minute space as fairly as possible, 'front places' being taken, on wooden stools at the small counter, by the elder ladies, while the rest clustered inside or out of the shop door, according to their supposed interest in the business. It was wonderful to see what a variety of handsome silks were by degrees produced from apparently nowhere; it was perplexing, too, to find temporary accommodation for them on the laps of the fortunate sitters, as the tide overflowed, and the talk indispensable to correct trading went on apace, and prices being adjusted after many a remonstrative '*senta, cara Lei*,' the question of quantity was settled by mysterious nods and gestures between the *padrone* and the two maids, while the young people went into fits of laughter, and a kind of Babel was created, which suddenly made all the visitors turn insufferably hot.

'I vote some of us go and look up a café,' suggested Hugh, 'and have ices in readiness to refresh the throats of our eloquent companions. Mrs. Langton, will you empower me to the extent of fourpence? There used to be a shady sort of restaurant under the *Genazzini*.'

The idea was grateful to all; and while some remained behind to transact the payment, and get dirty Lombard notes and clumsy copper in change for their refined French gold, the Nevilles and Marstons made their way to the pleasant embowered garden of the hotel, occupying a point on the Lake.

Ida was in great glee, for her brother had, after all, treated her to the desired silk, entirely, as he declared, in compliment to Mrs. Langton's skill in bargaining, 'For you know you don't want it a bit, little one, and haven't a hole to put it in.'

'Oh, I'll *make* room,' said Ida.

'When you hadn't a possible corner for that chamois skin *I* wanted to buy in Switzerland last month.'

'Perhaps there wasn't *then*. *Chi sa?* It is sometimes a fortunate circumstance that old gowns wear out and can be dropped towards the end of a tour.'

'The *end?* Don't be talking of that yet, for goodness' sake!' exclaimed Hugh.—Now, Colonel, what are we to order for Mrs. Fulham? This terrace is the very place for lounging and *rinfresco*.'

The others soon arrived, and all were disposed to linger round the little marble tables, long after the sirops and Savoy cakes had been disposed of. But there was the Villa Serbelloni to see before darkness should close in the September day. Tofts, who with Mrs. Langton's maid had been sipping cool drinks with much relish in the background, looked dubiously at her parcels.

'You won't carry them up this hill, of course,' said Mr. Neville. 'Give them to me, and I'll put them in the boat. I told Pietro to pull round.'

'If you please, Sir, I'd rather stay by my silks,' pleaded the anxious Englishwoman. 'Me and Miss Gilbert will sit in the boat—we've seen a great many fine views; and I don't trust them foreign boatmen, with silly ear-rings to their heads, and a look just like the brigands.'

Thus she met all Hugh's well-meant arguments; but Mrs. Langton took a different course. 'Not care about the view, Gilbert! you *ought* to care. Why, you'll have to tell your friends that you've seen the whole Lake of Como from one point.—And as to the boatmen, Mrs. Tofts, I can set your mind quite at rest; Pietro brought me back once a pencil-case which I thought had dropped into the water, and had given up for lost. Pray don't be distrustful of my particular friend!'

So they all set off on a climb, by more rough paved lanes, guided by a small ragged urchin, whom Hugh selected from a knot of aspirants, to the entrance of the grounds. It was a continuous steep ascent, and about half-way up Mrs. Fulham and Mabel gave in, declaring their contentment with the beautiful view already gained up the wild rocky reach towards Lecco. The others persevered, saw from the wooded summit of the promontory the three arms of the Lake glimmering in

soft twilight, and then it was time to regain the boats. Mrs. Langton was really tired, and accepted the arm which Hugh offered, 'to keep off those imps of children, who were always hanging themselves on to her,' and for whom she certainly had a special attraction. They consoled themselves by a long chatter with Mabel, who was found sketching; and the Colonel, as he escorted his mother-in-law down the slopes, faithfully enumerated the peaks and villages visible from above: the 'Big Lion,' the 'Little Lion,' 'Napoleon's Head,' the 'Horns' of Canzo, &c.

'All the names here seem to mean something!' cried Edwin. 'How funny!'

After the party had re-entered their boats, the conversation continued, in that where Mrs. Langton, Mabel, and the Nevilles, sat, on the subject of names. From those of places, it shifted to personal appellations, and their probable origin in some individual peculiarity, or profession.

'Very different,' said Mabel, 'from their present unmeaning use.'

'And yet,' observed Hugh, 'they may have an influence still. Would you not anticipate greater pleasure from meeting Walter de Vere than Timothy Huggins?'

'Anticipation is one thing,' said Mrs. Langton, laughing, 'and fulfilment is another. But I confess Timothy Huggins must be *very* delightful to make me forget his name.'

'And I wonder if it *is* more difficult for him to be delightful,' rejoined Ida.

'Names are strange things, when one comes to consider them,' said Mabel. 'They seem such a mere accident of life—of modern life at least—and yet they somehow do impress one, sometimes, in a way that is more real than perhaps one cares to own.'

'Yes,' said Hugh. 'I don't know that the old king-maker is anything to feel proud of; but I certainly am glad to inherit his name rather than the aforesaid Timothy's.'

'I don't believe there *were* any Hugginses in those days!' cried Ida.

'The romance of the past,' said Mrs. Langton, smiling. 'Great names and great deeds survive, and the rest fade—like the view of Rouen from St. Catherine's Hill, where the three grand spires soar up majestically in the air, while all the common life of the narrow streets is merged in an indistinct brown mass.'

'It seems to be a law of Providence,' said Hugh thoughtfully; 'and one can see, even now, that it works for good, where so many old landmarks are of necessity swept away. People feel some obligation to the character their family has borne; it helps, no doubt, to mould their own. Such a name—may I say it? as yours, for instance, associated so honourably with the grand struggle for English freedom, ought to have—*must* have an influence on those who bear it.'

'Doubtless,' replied Mrs. Langton, in a voice suddenly shaken by some strong emotion. 'Only too great—too powerful for the happiness of some lives.'

She leant back; and Hugh, grieved to have jarred some evidently tender and painful chord of memory, became silent, moved to the front of the boat, and began to study Pietro's method of rowing, which ended in his making some not very successful attempts to wield the long oar, standing.

'The others are a good bit ahead,' said Ida, 'and it is actually getting cold. I think, Hugh, you had better defer the practice of those graceful postures.' She shivered a little, for a cool damp breeze had sprung up, and she had come out as lightly clad as possible. Mrs. Langton insisted upon wrapping her in a spare cloak of her own.

As they stepped on the landing-place, where Mrs. Fulham and the Colonel stood awaiting them, Hugh said, 'You had better come with me for a brisk turn in the avenue, little one. It is a horrible bore to catch cold in hot weather.'

Ida was taking off the cloak to give it to the maid, who now came to meet her mistress; but Mrs. Langton begged her to keep it on, saying, 'You need only give it to one of the waiters, who will bring it to the *dépendance;* and you know,' she added laughingly, 'if my name fails, you have a resource, *la signora al naso lungo* would be perfectly sure to find me.'

Mrs. Fulham looked dreadfully shocked. She had not heard the morning's joke on the subject, and would never have suspected that her substantial Thomas was commonly described, both by *padroni* and waiters, as *quel grasso*, or she herself by a pantomimic reference to the little curls which surrounded her forehead!

Hugh and Ida strode away, so fast that she soon begged for mercy; but the pace appeared to suit his somewhat pre-occupied and silent mood, till at length, when she insisted on stopping to take breath, he burst out, 'Oh! little one, isn't it perfectly delicious here? you don't *really* want to be rushing on somewhere else?'

'Oh dear no; I only recollect that Lugano and the Colvins have attractions also, as I thought *you* would have felt.'

'Well, we've plenty of time for both,' rejoined Hugh; adding, with a sigh of reluctant effort, 'let me see, how long is the tether?'

'Three weeks and a day or two: we have been abroad more than a month, you know.'

'Oh, well, there's time enough and to spare; Lugano is a little bit of a lake.'

'Very beautiful though, and the walks there are much more varied than here.'

'But it's a great deal too hot to walk at present; and Lugano is much hotter than Como; Mrs. Langton says so. It will get cooler in a little time, and we can drop down there any day, without so much planning.'

'With all my heart,' said Ida, who, in her inmost mind, thought it rather tiresome that one lake could not be quietly enjoyed, without so much competition with another; but these ordinary little travelling crosses must be cheerfully borne.

'The Hôtel du Parc is big enough for us all at any time we like,' continued Hugh; 'unless, to be sure, Milmankind should rush suddenly down from the Alps and secure all the best rooms!'

'Milmankind!' exclaimed Ida. 'I thought, Hugh, you had left off being ridiculous about that unfortunate family. *I* should be very glad to meet them again—and you know you did like Miss Janet—only not quite up to *edelweiss* point.'

'She is a nice girl, I don't deny,' said Hugh, in a tone of cool consideration; then, kindling up, 'but there are scores of nice girls in the world, and there is only one Mrs. Langton!'

'Take care!' cried Ida, amused at his vehemence. 'She may have a husband in China, you know.'

'She has not!' said he impetuously. 'I know she is a widow.'

'So do I, as it happens; but I never thought you had sufficient idle curiosity to get so excited at the knowledge! Really, it is suspicious.'

'Now, child, don't go and be fancying things,' said Hugh, with a little elder-brother sternness.

'Why, of course,' said she, laughing, 'I'm only in jest. My dear Hugh! what *could* I be fancying, on so very short an acquaintance?'

He did not seem quite pleased, and said remonstratively, 'I don't want you to be quizzing. She has had a very troubled life, I am sure, such as may well give anyone a great sympathy and interest in her. Did you hear what she said just now in the boat about her name? There must be something sad in her story, besides widowhood.'

'I should think,' said Ida, 'she must have also lost a child. She said something, one day, when I was mentioning Mrs. Marston having spared two of hers to Granny, that gave me that idea. It seemed to express "What a treasure to be willingly parted from!" As if it was one *she* had known and lost.'

'Yes, I am sure hers have been heavy trials. And how nobly she bears up!'

They talked a little more on this point; and then Ida, whom excitement had now thoroughly warmed, was obliged to remind her brother of tea-time, and put a stop to the quarter-deck pacing which he seemed inclined to prolong *ad infinitum*.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF MRS. DOROTHY.

(AS RELATED BY HERSELF.)

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER IV.

THE small-pox attacked me very severely, and for some days, as I have since been told, I was thought to be lying at death's door. Like most persons who take this terrible disease, I lost my sight for a short season; but my blindness did not greatly distress me, for I was so light-headed as to be barely conscious of it.

Once, however, I recollect raising my head on my pillow, and crying out in affright, 'Where am I? 'Tis all dark! I cannot see the window! I want to see the window!' There was no answer at first, but before long a hand was laid very gently on mine, and a voice whispered soothing words in my ear, calling me very tenderly by my name, and bidding me not to be afraid. The tones were softer than my father's; but hearing myself addressed as 'dear child,' I felt bewildered, and tried very painfully to open my eyes.

'Papa?' I said; 'is it Papa?'

'No, no, my pretty one,' said another voice, which I knew to be Mrs. Miller's, ''tis only the doctor.'

'Only the doctor!' I exclaimed, and sought to withdraw my hand, saying, very impatiently, 'I don't want you—I want Papa—I don't want you at all!'

So my hand, when it had been pressed, was set free; and I, putting it up to my face, found that it was wet, as though a tear had fallen upon it.

'Who is crying?' I asked; but there was no answer, and I suppose that I fell again into a sort of stupor, for I do not remember anything more.

Long, long afterwards, as it seemed to me, though probably it was only the evening of the next day, I found, on waking up from a feverish sleep, that I could open both my eyes. A candle was burning in the room; and seeing it dimly, and being as yet much confused in my head, I asked, 'Is Rose Allin here?'

'What did you say, dear child?' inquired the same voice which before had so perplexed me.

'I thought Rose Allin was here,' I said; 'I thought her hand was being burnt in that candle. But she died long ago—didn't she?'

'No doubt, very long ago,' was the soothing answer.

'Of course she did!' I cried rather impatiently. 'She was a martyr, and Queen Mary had her burnt. How odd I should think she could be here! but I really thought she was: I thought the wicked people were holding her hand in the flame of the candle—as they did, you know—to try whether she could bear it.'

'Can you see the candle?'

'Oh yes, quite plainly. It was that, I suppose, that made me think of Rose Allin; but it seems very odd!'

I laughed a little at my own strange fancy, and then, being very weak, was quite ready to cry. Immediately someone arose, screened the light very carefully from my eyes, and moistened my lips with a cordial.

'Who is here?' I inquired presently.

'*I* am here, my dear young lady,' answered Mrs. Miller, bending over me.

'Yes, yes, I know that; but there is somebody else, I am sure; who is it?—the doctor?—he—he here still!'

'Yes; you have been very sick, you know, Mrs. Dorothy, and so we—'

'Is he always here, then?' I interrupted.

'You do not mind my being here, do you, my child?' said the doctor.

Though his voice sounded marvellously pleasant, I answered frowardly that I did not want anybody save Papa; but soon I was sorry for my rudeness, and looked up penitently into the doctor's face as he was feeling my pulse. The room being very dark, and my eyesight imperfect, I could not distinguish his features; but I made sure that he was Mr. Richards, the village apothecary. He had sometimes been sent for to physic my little brother; but my health had hitherto been so good, that I had not needed his advice, and could not remember to have even seen him, except at the beginning of my present sickness, when my mind was becoming clouded.

'I did not mean to speak so cross,' I said, as a sort of apology.

'Oh, it was naught,' said the doctor kindly; 'no wonder you want to see about you a face that is doubtless very dear to you. You mistook me before for Sir Ambrose—do you remember?'

'Yes; but it was not so odd as fancying what I did about Rose Allin. You know who she was, don't you?'

'I am afraid I do not very well,' he said, thinking it better to let me talk a little.

'Why, I thought everybody must know about Rose Allin! Mr. Foxe writes of her in his book. Have you never read it?'

'I have, but it is so long ago that I have forgot a great deal of it. Was she one of the "noble army of martyrs?"'

'Yes; and when they came to apprehend her—for heresy, you know—one of them held her hand in the candle to see if she could bear it, and she did, without so much as crying out. I wonder whether I could have borne it rather than say I was a Papist when I was not? I am afraid I should not have been able. It must be so dreadful to be burnt!'

'Yes; but it is more dreadful to do wrong, and this is what many good men and women have felt. So they have remained faithful to conscience, be the cost what it might, and have found that God has

given them strength according to their day. But you must not talk any more, my dear. You must take a few spoonfuls of this pleasant drink, and then you must lie quite quiet, and try to go to sleep. You are much better, but still somewhat feverish, and I cannot suffer you to say another word.'

'But it is night-time,' I said, 'and—and I ought to say my prayers. I have not said my prayers for a long time, I am sure. Please, I must say them now.'

'Shall I say them for you, my dear? You can join in them in your heart; but you will let me say them for you, won't you?'

I was rather surprised, yet did not like to answer 'no.' So he knelt down beside my bed, and said the Lord's Prayer very reverently, adding to it a few words that sounded like a thanksgiving. Then he arose, laid his hand for a moment on my head, whispered, 'God bless you!' and left the room, giving, as he went out, some parting direction to Mrs. Miller.

After he was gone, I fell into a really refreshing sleep, from which I did not awake until it was broad day. Kitty was with me, together with Peggy, the still-room maid; but I was dissatisfied because I did not see Mrs. Miller's good-humoured broad face, so, though I heard that she was resting, I desired that she should be brought to me. Kitty, after some demur, was going to call her, when the doctor—I knew by his voice 'twas the doctor, though the bed-curtains hid him from view—came very opportunely into the room, and forbade most positively that she should be disturbed. I had of late been treated so much like a young princess, having all my whims and fancies indulged, that this interference made me exceedingly angry, and I cried out, 'Nay, but I will have her come! I choose it, I say!'

Upon which the doctor, putting the bed-curtains a little aside, said, very gravely, 'I am sure you would not wish to be unreasonable; good Mrs. Miller has been up many nights watching beside you—will you grudge her now a little rest?'

I have never heard anyone speak as he did: his voice, in reproof, had in it such a marvellous tenderness. Even now, it almost made me cry; but I was disposed to be wilful still, so I only said, 'It is Mrs. Miller's business to wait upon me.'

'I think,' he answered, more gravely than before, 'you will soon wish you could call back those words; I am sorry to find you so selfish.'

I had a mind to tell him I did not care whether he were sorry or no, but I could not, if I would, be pert with him; and after a brief struggle with myself, I murmured, rather tearfully, 'I will not have her disturbed if it would be selfish. I do not wish to be selfish at all.'

'That is right,' he said—'quite right, my child. I knew the right would prevail.'

I was not sure whether I approved of his calling me 'my child,' and thought him not a little presumptuous for venturing to commend me. But soon all other feelings were lost in exceeding surprise; for as Kitty,

at his request, made the darkened room somewhat lighter, in order that he might judge of my looks, I perceived that he was not the person for whom I had taken him.

'Why,' I exclaimed with an eagerness that made him smile, 'I thought you were Mr. Richards!'

'Did you? And who am I, really?' he said.

I was going to reply, 'The quack doctor;' but checked myself just in time, changing my words into 'The man—the gentleman—who spoke to me that day when I must have caught the small-pox. Oh, do you know how that poor baby is?'

'Yes; I found out its mother, and have been to see her: it was then recovering, and I gave it some physic that, I believe, has strengthened it and done it good.'

'I am very glad—I should have been so sorry if it had died. But how did you know that I was ill?'

'I heard it reported in the village, and I persuaded your kind friend, Mrs. Miller, to let me come and see you, for I thought I might perhaps be able to do you good.'

'Oh!' I said, in some surprise, for I had heard Giles speak very slightingly of quacks.

'It is a great blessing to me,' he presently went on, 'to find that you are so much better.'

'Papa will be glad,' I said, 'and I am sure Mamma will be, too, though I am not Tommy. Do they know I have had the small-pox?'

'They must have heard it by this time. Mrs. Miller wrote to them at the beginning of your sickness. Perhaps a letter may come from them to-day.'

'Suppose,' said I, 'Papa should come himself! He has had the small-pox, I know, so he would not be afraid. How glad I should be to see him!'

'No doubt you would,' said the doctor; and he turned rather hastily away.

That day there was great rejoicing at the Manor-house because I was so much better. Nevertheless, my state, as yet, was deemed somewhat precarious. I received from my nurses the most unceasing attention, which I ill repaid by giving them well-nigh as much trouble as possible. I had got into my head a strong desire to see my father; and when, towards evening, his expected letter came, it was a sore disappointment to me to be told that, though he had written about me most tenderly, and had directed that no expense should be spared in the way of providing me with doctors and nurses, he had said nothing of coming himself to see me. I declared very fretfully that he would have come to see Tommy, had he been in my place; and all my old jealous feelings concerning my little brother awoke again, making me peevish and miserable. Only the doctor (whose name, I was told, was Mr. Anthony) had power to control me: a word from him, however, could

at all times bring me to my senses. He had, it appeared, taken up his abode at the Manor-house, so that he was at hand whenever I wanted him. This seemed to me very strange, especially as I had two other doctors to attend to me—namely, Mr. Richards, the apothecary, and a physician from Bury St. Edmunds—an exceedingly pompous solemn gentleman, who wore a flowing periwig, and always carried a huge gold-headed cane. I cannot say that I liked either of them nearly so well as I liked Mr. Anthony, whose name, by the way, I was charged most strictly never to mention in their presence. Ere long, I noticed that he never shewed himself when they visited me; and on my asking the reason why, I was told that they would regard him as a 'quack,' and would not care to consult with him.

That Giles, retaining, as I supposed, his dislike to quacks, regarded him still with exceeding ill favour, I had sure proof; for once, when at my request the old man-servant was brought to see me, he turned his back most rudely upon Mr. Anthony, feigning not to notice the hand which he offered him. Mrs. Miller, on the contrary, always treated my doctor with profound respect, though, when I grew stronger, and was able to look about me more, I began to fancy she was becoming desirous to be rid of him.

One day, when she thought I was sleeping, I heard her say, 'I hope, Sir, you'll grant me grace for being so bold as to mention it, but Mrs. Dorothy is mending nicely now, and—and—I do think it would be as well if you was to go away till we know what my master's pleasure may be.'

'To-morrow,' he answered, 'I purpose returning to the King's Head to board and sleep; but shall still come hither every day.'

'O Sir, the King's Head is a mean place for you to go to, I know; and as for your board, I am sure you can't think—if I may make free to say so—that my master would begrudge you that. I should be very glad if you did stay, only that you'll be getting me into sore trouble if you do. It's as much as my place is worth to have let you into the house at all. And however I'm to tell my master, or my lady either—'

'You need not trouble yourself about that, good Mrs. Miller. I wrote the day before yesterday to Sir Ambrose, telling everything most fully. Sure, if he be such as I remember him, he will not have the heart to be angry with you—specially after all your care of that dear child! I told him of it, I can assure you.'

'Thank you, Sir, for speaking a good word for me; but deary me! who would do less for Mrs. Dorothy than I have done? She is, maybe, a little wayward now and then; but for all that, she is the sweetest little lady—'

I did not think it honourable to let her go on; so I cried out, 'I'm not asleep!' and thus put an end to the conversation. When we were next alone, I asked Mrs. Miller whether she thought my father would be

displeased with her for having called in a strange doctor to see me; but she, in answer, merely bade me not to trouble my poor little head with matters that I could not understand; and I, feeling myself to be rebuffed, resolved to question her no more.

From this time I saw somewhat less of Mr. Anthony than I had hitherto done; but he came twice or thrice a day to see me, and in the evening, when my head was strongest, he would stay with and amuse me as long as I was able to bear it. Sometimes he would sit in the window, and talk to me of the setting sun, or the young fawns gambolling among the ferns, or the rooks flying homewards across the richly-painted sky; sometimes he would sit beside my bed, and tell me stories, perhaps from the Old or New Testament. Of the Bible I knew but very little; my mother had used it as a task-book, often giving me a chapter to learn by way of punishment, and I therefore had acquired a distaste for it, and seldom attended to it when I heard it read in church; but as soon as Mr. Anthony began to explain it to me, my feelings towards it wholly changed. I was never weary of talking to him, or hearing him talk of Martha and Mary, and their brother who was raised from the dead; and he, when he found how greatly I delighted in the eleventh chapter of St. John, told me that it was dearer and more precious to him than it could be to me as yet. And then he went on to say that it had been dear and precious also to one who was gone to Heaven. It was the last portion of Scripture he had ever read to her; and she, as she listened to it, had said very sweetly, she wished she were like Mary, for she thought that (in another sense of the words) the Master was come, and was calling for her; not long after which, with a smile upon her face, she passed away to her rest.

I thought the story very sad, yet very pretty too, and longed much to know something more about this lady, but ventured only to ask her name.

'Twas a long name,' answered Mr. Anthony, 'and not perhaps a pretty one.'

'Sure,' said I, 'it cannot be uglier than mine!'

'Do not you like your own name, then?'

'No, not at all; and I wonder my parents chose it: for as for Mamma, she cannot abide it, because 'tis so amazing old-fashioned. Papa does not mind it so much, because it was his mother's name.'

'Yes; and that was the reason it was given to you.'

'How do you know?'

Mr. Anthony smiled, and, after a moment's hesitation, replied, 'I might surely guess as much as that without being a wizard.'

Thus our talk wandered off, not only from serious matters, (on which my doctor never suffered me to dwell for long together,) but even from the name of the lady who had died. Nevertheless, I did not forget her, but thought about her a good deal, trying to form some picture of her in my mind.

Truly, I had enough to ponder over during my sickness, yet I look back upon it on the whole as a very happy time. I even ceased to regret my parents' absence, though I knew not why, for it would have made me not a little indignant had anyone told me that their place in reality was more than supplied to me by the strange 'quack' doctor.

(To be continued.)

IN TIME OF WAR.

CHAPTER III.

Duke. How dost thou, my good fellow?
Clown. Truly, Sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.
Twelfth Night.

Before despatching Katharine on her errand to Southwell, Mr. Markham waited for more certain knowledge of the King's movements. Towards the end of July, the King, with a small escort, rode through Nottinghamshire, inspecting the towns, and addressing hastily-convened meetings of the gentry and freeholders at Newark and Nottingham; he went as far as Leicester, then returned to Beverley, and thence to York. This hastened the preparation for war; but no definite orders came to Ollerton until the 14th of August. That evening, as they sat at supper, Mr. Thomas Byron rode up, coming from Newark; he joined the meal, and presently, after a glance round the room to see that no servant remained, he said, 'I bring you news at last, Markham, and doubtless you are ready for it. The King has left York for Lincoln, and he will be at Newark within a day or two, with a large following, we hope.'

'At Newark!' they all repeated in surprise. Mrs. Markham, who was sitting next her husband, seized his arm; Mr. Bertie started to his feet; and Katharine flushed like a girl who hears that her lover is near. Small thought had she of lovers then; the King was the hero of her romance.

'Do you bring orders?—where are we to join?' asked Mr. Markham.

'Here are orders for you from my Lord Newark in this packet, and also a copy of the Royal proclamation for loyal subjects to join the King at Nottingham; it is for some days hence, so there is time for you to finish your supper, Bertie, and for me to taste your delicate pastry, Mrs. Markham, before we take to soldiers' fare.'

'Then the standard is really to be raised at Nottingham, and not at York, as was last rumoured?' said Mr. Markham.

'There has been some dissension at York; I believe the gentry there would rather the war began anywhere than in their own county, though for envy they moved the King to reject the Earl of Derby's proposal to

set up the standard in Lancashire; also, the King desires to move nearer to London, and to be nearer his forces in the south and west.'

'Well, we are ready here; and since fighting there must be, I am glad there is to be no further dallying; Dick Bertie here is growing so eager for the fray, that I believe he would join the rebels, if they would march at once!'

'And Markham must needs tilt at me, so weary is he of waiting for a worthier foe!' returned Bertie, laughing.

'I am of your mind: let us fight and have done with it, if the Parliament rascals be men enough to be worth the pains of beating,' said stout Thomas Byron, who in the days to come proved himself a valiant soldier, though somewhat an unlucky one.

'I wish you could begin with that wrong-headed young kinsman of yours, Thomas,' said Mr. Markham; 'he has done us harm enough at Nottingham already.'

'What, John Hutchinson?'

'Ay; Sir Thomas, his father, would hurt us little, but his son rules the house, and you will hardly hinder him and his brother from fighting with the rebels.'

'He is busy enough in their cause now, and will burn his fingers, I doubt not; he would be a good fellow enough, were it not for these notions, which he cannot see misbecome a gentleman. I like not the fine-lady wife he has brought from London; she is prodigiously learned, they tell me; of that I cannot judge, but I know she is ill-favoured and melancholy, and stirs up her husband to disloyal practices.'

Mrs. Markham and Katharine expressed their deep abhorrence of such a character; and neither then nor afterwards did any better estimation of that excellent and gifted but somewhat narrow-minded lady, enter their loyal and equally prejudiced hearts.

When Mr. Byron was gone, Thomas Markham said to his sister, 'Kate, if you be still in the same mind, the plate should go to Southwell to-morrow; you need have no fear—I would not suffer you to go if I thought there might be danger to you; indeed, if your mind misgives you do not go—the treasure may wait another occasion. I cannot go with you, for I must ride to meet the King at Newark; and to send the plate there would be neither so safe nor so convenient. What say you, my girl?'

'I have no fear, Brother: let me do this small thing for the King and for you.'

So Dorothy was let into the secret, and the silver cups and dishes stowed away in different parts of the roomy coach, with Katharine's wardrobe, and a present of home-made wines and conserves for Mrs. Bernard; and with one of the serving-men riding as escort, they set off through the forest lanes—a longer way than the bridle-paths, but still so familiar, that Katharine almost forgot that there was anything unusual in their errand. They passed through one or two villages looking some-

what deserted; and in one place they remarked that the church windows were broken, and the market-cross overthrown. On reaching a small village, about a mile and a half from Southwell, they found a crowd on the little green, who stopped them before Katharine saw what was the reason. Robin, the groom, rode to the further door of the coach, to ask what he should do.

'They are listening to a preaching fellow, who stands yonder on a horse-block—a crop-eared knave!'

'We need not hinder them; let Martin drive on.'

'An it please you, they would hinder us, and are at the horses' heads now.'

'Try; make them leave go!' said Katharine, nothing daunted.

Martin made an attempt to drive on, Robin using his staff freely on the heads of the men who were checking the horses; but they were too many, and returned the blows with interest—the horses could not be urged on against them. Dorothy screamed loudly, and called out that they were all robbed and murdered; and Katharine began to be frightened. She saw that the crowd consisted chiefly of a number of the village folk who had been listening to the preacher; but there was also a number of men in buff jerkins, whose appearance led her to fear, what was indeed the fact, that a party of men enlisted for the Parliament were in the village. Some of these came to the coach door; Katharine bade Dorothy be silent, and putting on a calm face, said to them, 'Will you let us pass, my masters? we desire not to hinder your business, I pray you not to hinder ours.'

'First, we must be certified what your business is,' said one, amid the hootings of the crowd.

'Our business is no concern of yours; let us pass on!' returned Katharine, more haughtily than prudently.

'Let Tim the constable ask her in the King's name!' cried another man, jeeringly.

'Ay, the proud lass will not answer an honest man's asking, so try her in the name of Charles Stuart!' said a third, followed by a derisive shout from the crowd.

'We go to visit my kinswoman, Mrs. Bernard, at Southwell,' said Katharine.

'She is at the point of death—in pity let us go to her, good Sirs!' sobbed Dorothy.

'Ha, ha! why, the good wife has spoken with her but this morning, and she is to take her some fowls to-morrow!' said one of the men.

'Peace, Dorothy!—My woman is frightened, Sir; do not heed her; we go but for a few days visit,' said Katharine, addressing the first speaker, who seemed to have some authority over the rest.

'Visit, forsooth! Is this a time to eat and drink and make merry with your friends? is this a time for soft clothing and vain junkettings, when the Lord's people are in affliction? Fie, young woman!'

This was from the preacher, who had ceased his discourse and drawn near to the coach. He was a coarse ill-looking fellow, with a thin sanctimonious varnish spread over the low cunning of his face. Katharine instinctively feared him more than the crowd, who had been listening to him half idly, half for the excitement, and were now molesting her in much the same spirit. Two or three men had climbed to the driving-seat, and held Martin a prisoner; while others prevented Robin from obeying Katharine's hurried order to ride forward to Southwell for assistance. The preacher's rebuke raised a new idea, and someone cried, 'Let the lasses come down and hear Master Milsom's discourse; a little of his godly doctrine will comfort them in their distress!'

This was relished as a very good joke. Katharine resolved not to leave the coach, unless she were dragged from it, lest it should be ransacked, and her precious charge discovered; but she thought she might temporize by listening to the preacher; so she said quietly, 'I cannot alight, but if Master Milsom will continue his discourse, I will listen willingly from here.'

'Back then to thy horse-block, Master, and let the lady have a little of the spirit-rousing discourse and wholesome doctrine her coming hath cut short,' said the man who had proposed it.

The preacher obeyed; and Katharine from her coach-window listened gravely to his tirade, hoping that when he had exhausted himself and his hearers they would accept some money, and let her go on her way quietly.

The position was almost laughable: there she sat in a sort of state, the heroine of the scene, though a prisoner, horribly frightened in her heart, and painfully conscious that the coach was stuffed with valuables that might very easily come to light, listening to a fanatic preacher whose discourse was chiefly addressed to herself, the crowd lounging and standing about, divided between attention to their bespoken sermon and curiosity to see its effect upon her. Master Milsom appeared to have a considerable flow of language, and worked himself into a great excitement without loss of time. His discourse was a fierce denunciation of every form of existing authority, the King's in particular. 'Down with it, down with it, even unto the ground!' he repeated again and again.

Katharine listened at first with scornful impatience, that quickly changed into hot indignation, only restrained by the prudence which her present dilemma required. The disloyal boors! rebels! traitors! how dared they even listen to such foul words, comparing their noble, pure, and knightly King to Saul, to Jeroboam, to Ahab! and turning the solemn mysterious threatenings of the prophets against the iniquities of heathen nations into wild exhortations to arm against their Sovereign and their Church!

The angry tears coursed down her burning cheeks, but were dried again in pride and shame, when the preacher went on to denounce the corruption and insolence of the upper-classes; and then, becoming still

more personal, referred to her with scarcely a disguise as an impersonation of pride, selfishness, and luxurious idleness—as a daughter of Amalek, of Moab, of Babylon, and even likening her to Delilah and Jezebel—till she hid her face from the jeering crowd, who began to be excited against her, and look as if they really thought she was one of their oppressors! Still more alarming was a muttered proposition among those standing near the coach, to take the horses for the service of the Parliament, which found favour with the men in charge of the newly-enlisted party, to whom five good horses would have been no inconsiderable prize. This was far worse than the sermon, to which, sick with fear, Katharine ceased to listen; but just at the moment of her greatest distress, when, regardless of her entreaties, the men had begun to unfasten the harness, they paused at the approach of a gentleman walking from the direction of Southwell, who spoke with an air of authority, and inquired the cause of the disturbance. He was a tall spare man, with a grave but not stern face, so plainly dressed, that but for his sword he might have been taken for a farmer. His short cloak was, like the rest of his clothes, of dark grey cloth, with no jewel to fasten it; his collar was quite plain, and he wore no buckles in his shoes; but that he was a gentleman was sufficiently clear from his voice and manner, and Katharine did not hesitate to appeal to him. 'I pray you, Sir, to—' then, as he slightly raised his broad hat, she recognized him. 'Ah, Mr. Cludd, you will help me! I entreat you make them release me!'

'How can I serve you, Madam?' stiffly replied Mr. Cludd. He was a gentleman of property and respectability at Southwell, where he had considerable influence, and had become the leader of the Puritan party there; but of this last, Katharine, who only knew him as a friend of Mr. Savage's, was quite unaware, and gladly hailed him as certain to take her part.

'I am Katharine Markham, of Ollerton: do you not remember me at Mr. Savage's? These men have stopped me on my way to Southwell; they have maltreated my brother's servants, and threaten to take away his horses; I pray you command them to let me go.'

'There is no need to hurt or hinder you; the horses only are required for the King's service,' was the grave but courteous reply.

'I cannot go without the horses, and my brother serves the King; the horses are urgently required—indeed, they must not take them!'

'We serve the King against the King,' answered Mr. Cludd, using the quibble with which Parliament were then enlisting their men; but being an honest man himself, he hardly cared, as he said it, to meet the honest young eyes that appealed to him from the coach window.

'O Sir, I grieve to hear you speak thus; but for my brother's sake and mine, will you not help me? You used to favour little Kate at Mr. Savage's; do you not remember how I played the "Carman's Whistle" for you on the virginals one night when you came to see us dance? I learnt it on purpose; and you brought me a pair of embroidered gloves

for it, I mind well,' pleaded Katharine, unconscious that dancing, virginal playing, and even the wearing of embroidery, were little less than grievous sins in the eyes of the party to which her old friend had joined himself.

A gleam of amusement at the incongruity of her plea crossed his grave face. 'I know you, Mistress Katharine, and your brother also; why does he send you thus through the country in these troubled times, when maidens are best at home?'

'I go on a visit to Mrs. Bernard, and also have private business for him.'

'I fear that Thomas Markham's business is not of a kind that I can further; can you not walk to Southwell with your people?—no harm will come to you, and you can send plough-horses for the coach.'

'Ay, ay, Mistress Katharine, let us leave all, if the good gentleman will have mercy, and let us escape with our lives!' cried Dorothy, greatly endangering the success of the negociation.

Her young lady hastily interposed. 'Oh no! I cannot walk, indeed I cannot! I—I am too weak; Mr. Cludd, I pray you let me go—it cannot be right to treat me thus! Oh, let me go!'

Either Katharine's entreaties prevailed, or Mr. Cludd's opinions had hardly advanced to the point of horse-stealing, for he turned from the coach and spoke to some of the strangers, and presently caused the coachman and Robin to be released, ordering the men, whose departure he had come purposely to superintend, to restore his horse to the latter; which was done with a very ill grace, and some grumbling at Mr. Cludd for his favouring of malignants.

Katharine was making her grateful acknowledgements to her friend, and producing some money for her persecutors, to make all as pleasant as possible, when there was a shout from some of the by-standers, and, hot and hasty, up rode Richard Bertie. He had ridden fast, hardly expecting to come up with the coach; and now that he found it drawn to the side of the way, surrounded by strange men and a clamouring troop of country folk, the coachman with his hat gone, Robin with a broken head, and, coming nearer, discerned Katharine with her hood pushed back, and traces of tears on her face, he made no doubt that the young lady was being robbed. So he drew his sword, and riding among the crowd, almost pushed Mr. Cludd over with his horse. 'Keep off, villains!' he shouted; 'if you touch but the door-handle you shall rue it!—Robin, your staff to the rescue!—Have no fear, Mistress Katharine!—Now, Sirrah, stand back!' This last to Mr. Cludd, who, as he recovered his balance, looked to Katharine for explanation. She was little less surprised, and hardly knew her friends from her foes.

'Softly, softly, Mr. Bertie; I pray you be less hasty: this is Mr. Cludd, of Southwell—my friend.'

Mr. Bertie had given a smart blow with the flat of his sword to the who was holding Robin's horse, and was about to give the next to

Mr. Cludd; but a second glance, and Katharine's exclamation, shewing him that it was a gentleman, he muttered, 'Puritan knaves!' and sprang from his horse, prepared for single-combat.

Mr. Cludd did not draw his sword, but said quietly and rather provokingly, 'Be not so hasty, young man; if you come to help the lady, 'twere best not to begin by drawing on her friend.—Back there, cease that!' he continued, as his men were angrily pressing on Bertie, and stones were thrown, one of which cut his cheek.

'Peace, Mr. Bertie!' cried Katharine; 'I pray you put up your sword.'

'What is this, Mistress Katharine? what are you doing among these fellows? and who brought you into this plight?'

'It is all well; no harm has come to me—nor will, unless you provoke it; Mr. Cludd has made it all right for me, and to him I am much indebted.—Robin, we will go on.'—Then to Mr. Cludd, 'I wish you good day, Sir, with many thanks for your kind offices; I pray you to excuse this young gentleman, who is a friend of my brother's, and somewhat over-hasty in his wish to serve me.'

'The Lord be with you, my daughter!' said Mr. Cludd, as the coach moved on. Then he turned to his men, without regarding Bertie, who, much mortified, was fain to ride after the coach.

There was a steep hill to pass over before they came to Southwell; and after hearing from Robin something of what had occurred, Mr. Bertie walked by the coach to make his excuses to Katharine, who, not having got over her fright, was cross, and rated her cavalier soundly for his ill-timed services: ending with, 'See, too, that foolish Robin has got his head broken, and your face is wounded—one would suppose we had been fighting at a fair! Here, take this handkerchief. Ah, it bleeds still! I hope it is not deep; does it pain you now?'

'Less than your words, Mistress Katharine,' he answered, taking the handkerchief with a reproachful look.

(To be continued.)

RAGGED SCHOOL KEEPING IN MINIATURE.

When first we came to live on the outskirts of the little Highland town of M——, in ——shire, there was no Ragged School. For years the thought of the poor children growing up uneducated, and ignorant perhaps of some of the simplest truths of religion, troubled the mind of my eldest sister; and many a time did she ponder the subject, and wonder if—as no one else had tried to get up such a school—it was not *our* duty as Christian people (although not members of the Established Kirk of Scotland) to try to set such a scheme afloat.

There were no *poor* children belonging to St. I——'s (my father's church) for us to care for, and this circumstance seemed to make it all the more incumbent on us to do something for our much neglected brethren amongst the Presbyterians. Long did this desire to better their abject condition revolve through my sister's brain; but it was not till the summer of 186— that the idea gained ground, and grew with such strength that it could no longer be resisted.

A lady, a native of M——, but then only a visitor at her old home, spoke several times about the good such a school might work, saying that if the scheme could be taken up, she would be happy to help. My sister then mentioned to a friend residing near us her desire to begin a Ragged School on a *very small* scale, and met with a kind earnest response. From that time the subject never left the minds of my sister and our friend Mrs. L——; and Wednesday, the 22nd of November of the same year, found my sisters and myself seated in Mrs. L——'s dining room, sorting old half-worn frocks and petticoats, which our Laird's kind wife, warmly approving of our scheme, and ready in any way to promote its welfare, had sent for us to make up into neat clothing for the six little creatures whom we had chosen out of some of the poorest families in M—— to be our future scholars; in proof of which, she, bringing a sister with her, joined us at Mrs. L——'s after tea, and although then suffering from declining sight, she helped us in our work, cutting out and arranging while we sewed. By the end of the evening, we had three comfortable frocks and five warm petticoats ready to clothe the small creatures; and others were put in training, to be finished at home by the 27th, which being the Scotch Term day that year, (the 26th falling on a Sunday,) was fixed upon for the opening of the school.

By this time we had secured a room for the purpose, not an easy matter in such a town as M——. It was situated in a little alley running off the road, at the west end, that went by the name of D——'s Close, and was luckily very near Mrs. L——'s house and our own. The landlady asked £2 5*s*. per annum for the rent, allowing us a little furniture into the bargain, in the shape of a deal dresser and two tables.

Of course our funds were very limited, consisting only of a few subscriptions, collected by Mrs. L—— and my sister, and therefore we could not afford a high rent, such as a better room might have fetched; as it was, however, we thought it right not to take the room now fixed on for more than six months. It was situated amongst the habitations of some of the poorest people, where such an apartment would have served for the dwelling-place of a whole family. It was very dark, the only light proceeding from one small window, only kept open by a piece of wood or other article placed against the frame as a prop. The floor was earthen, and very damp. In one corner was a recess, henceforward to be converted into a depository for the coals laid in as a

provision of warmth for the school. A shelf near the window promised a resting-place for the box of working materials, which was furnished with kind care by Mrs. L——; no grate, only a hearth-stone over which to suspend the pan in which the future dinners were to be cooked for the scholars, completes this description of a very uninviting apartment.

Hiring a room was not the only thing to be done before the school could be opened. A form for the children to sit on had to be procured, also two chairs. Six tin bowls, and the same number of horn spoons, were ordered from the ironmonger; two or three earthenware basons, a knife and fork, the cooking-pan, a ladle, and one or two common soup-plates, are nearly all that I can remember of the simple furnishing of our little school, if I add a large tin pan for fetching water, and a small blue jug with cups to match. All these were paid for out of the funds which had been contributed by a few generous friends. The £1 2*s*. 6*d*., being the half-year's rent, was at once put aside by Mrs. L——, who undertook the entire management of the money.

Our first plans were as follows. To procure six children from among the poorest; to partially clothe them; to provide a dinner, cooked at the school daily by the girls themselves; to assemble them at eleven o'clock six times in the week, give them dinner at one o'clock, and dismiss them at two. We could not afford to pay a school-mistress, so it was settled that we must procure six ladies, each of whom would attend one day in the week, and teach for the three hours required. Two young ladies residing in the town were asked to help, and they kindly consented; Mrs. L——, my two sisters, and myself, making up the requisite number. A poor woman, whom it was a charity to employ, undertook to give our school-room a thorough cleaning and white-washing. A large printed alphabet was hung upon the wall; and a cane —at first often needed to secure obedience and attention, I am sorry to say—was provided.

Monday, the 27th of November, came at last, and brought with it a cold bitter frost. The snow lay on the ground, and it was in this truly wintry weather that our school-keeping began.

Shortly before eleven o'clock a.m., Mrs. L—— called for my eldest sister alone to go down with her to the school, as it was thought advisable on this first day, when there would be a great deal to arrange rather than lessons to be taught, that the fewer ladies at the school than those absolutely necessary the better. The six little ones soon made their appearance—such miserable objects in respect to their dress, manners, and want of cleanliness, although it was perceived that some attempt had been made towards the latter. The first business was to strip them of their ragged garments, which presented such a piteous spectacle, from the little bits of shawls or bodies stuffed in between the frocks and petticoats, which otherwise seemed the only protection to the poor children against the inclemency of the season; and

to clothe them in the warm frocks and flannels which had been provided for them.

And here let me pause for one moment, to relate the feelings of one of the mothers on hearing of our proposal to educate the children. After having consented to let her daughter come to us, she must have listened to some of the gossip of her neighbours; and the result was her remarking 'that she had heard ours was to be a school for the "*lowest of the low!*"' and we could not deny that such was the case—nay, that our very object was to try and redeem the '*lowest of the low*' from their evil habits, and that this was the reason that her child had been selected, as hers was a most miserable home.

But to return. Presently the Laird's pony-carriage appeared in the Close, and his wife alighting therefrom, produced from its depths a quantity of potato-soup, which was served out for the children's dinner.

Much in the way of teaching on that day was not attempted, except telling them how to give respectful answers when addressed, such as 'Thank you, Ma'am,' and 'Please,' in which it was particularly difficult to instruct the youngest child, a little girl of five years old, whom we had often noticed clinging to her grandmother's gown whenever the poor woman did venture outside her house; and Annie, in the tattered fragment of a frock, with her uncombed hair of a bright yellow colour, and contrasting so picturesquely with her blue eyes, looked such a morsel of humanity, it seemed hard to believe that the same pulses which performed their daily functions in every human frame, could possibly beat as regularly in her little fragile body.

Some slight description of each of the girls and their circumstances may perhaps not be deemed out of place here.

To begin. Mary had a painful expression of countenance. It was sharp and care-worn, as if aged before her time, and was moreover marked with the small-pox. I always liked the child, and thought her painstaking; though being deaf, it was somewhat arduous work teaching her. She was one of three children of a widow, and about nine or ten years of age.

Kirstie's father was addicted to drinking and beating his wife, a poor slovenly-looking young woman, who had three children besides Kirstie; and these all inhabited one room up-stairs in a house near us; and in another resided Kirstie's grandmother, who let lodgings, or rather I should say beds, for all the strangers (of a wretched vagrant class) whom she accommodated had to occupy the same apartment with herself, night and day. I went one day to speak to the woman, and shall never forget the glimpse I caught of her *lodgings* and their inmates. In a dirty miserable chamber, I saw a woman and a dark disagreeable-looking man, more like a foreigner than a native of Scotland. I was told that the grandmother had at that time as lodgers a *married couple* and a *single man*, and I therefore supposed that this unprepossessing-looking foreigner was the *single man*. Let those who may perchance read these pages imagine a child brought up in such contact, and they will not

be surprised to hear that the child learnt to swear, nor wonder that she had been chosen as a fit object for the teaching of our school, though difficult might be the task of counteracting such evil influences. Kirstie was ten or eleven when she first came to school, and was a pretty healthy-looking child, but considered to have very bold manners, and to require a great deal of teaching. She, however, was the best reader of the six.

Maggie was about the same age, and certainly the most unprepossessing of all our pupils. Her features were extremely plain; but she had very good dark blue eyes, which were shaded by such handsome dark lashes, that, accompanied as they were by an extremely light head of hair and fair complexion, many a beauty might have envied. But her head and hair had been so neglected, that the latter had been closely cut off, which did not add to her personal attractions. To describe Maggie as I should like would take up too much space here, as hers is a character apparently more developed than those of the rest. We soon began to find out her peculiarities and faults, which were very transparent. If Maggie was given an order, she must always wait a minute before executing it. If told to do a thing, she did not wish to do it. If a thing was not wanted to be done, Maggie would ask to do it. If blamed for a fault, she speedily contrived to lay it on someone else. If asked why she disobeyed, her tongue was ready with a dozen excuses. Maggie certainly required a firm hand—but I must not say more of her here.

Flora, about six years of age, was a tolerably good child, and did not often require to be scolded. She came of a very dirty miserable family. Her father was often far from sober; and dreadful stories have often reached us of his striking his poor wife, and even threatening to kill her, when under the influence of that curse of Scotland—whiskey. Flora was one of five brothers and sisters, who resided in a most wretched house, or rather I should say shed, for it scarcely appeared to be more, with its boarded wall, so loosely put together that the open air can be seen through the wide chinks, which must make it very cold for the poor children in the winter. Moreover, it was grimed with smoke. Was it any wonder, therefore, that Flora scarcely ever came to school with a clean face? She had a lisp which rendered her pronunciation indistinct, and always appeared to be suffering from a cold; and in the winter her wheezing was painful to listen to. She was not at all a stupid child, but on the contrary, bright and clever at her reading, sewing, and knitting; although she too was found to have her faults, one of which was, that she on one occasion stole a reel of cotton.

Margaret was about Flora's age, and was one of two sisters, who with a little brother, since dead, had been deserted by their father. Their mother had died some time before we knew Margaret and her sister, and their father had left them totally unprovided for, and subsequently married another woman. Thus these poor children were left a burden on the parish, and the Poor Inspector placed them under the care of a

woman (or 'the wife,' as Margaret called her) who was very unsteady, often drinking, and being, in fact, totally unfit to take charge of them. She often sent poor Kitty and Margaret out into the streets to beg for her. A friend of ours, who took a great interest in them, and had long been anxious about their neglected state, was accustomed to teach them at the Free Sunday School. For here it should be said, that most of our little ones attended the Sunday School of the Free Kirk, and therefore by this means they had learnt a little on religious subjects, but it was sadly little. Still this was better than none, as in our peculiar position in Scotland this Ragged School must necessarily be a secular one.

We were very glad to get Margaret into the school. She was a pretty child, about six years of age, with blue eyes deep sunk under her forehead, and a quantity of short brown hair in the wildest state of disorder. She was a very bright, and in general happy-looking child, with high spirits; always on the watch for something out of which to extract amusement; even during the few hours that she was under our charge it was very difficult to make her attend to her lessons, and many a cry has been the result of Margaret's school days. Still everyone liked her, for she always seemed a child of so good and affectionate a disposition.

Of our six small scholars, Annie, as I have elsewhere stated, was the youngest, and at the same time certainly the most delicate-looking; and although only five years old when first she came to school, all her teachers agree in saying that she was, and still is, the best of them all. Poor little thing! She had such a fair skin, and such yellow hair, which her aunt took pains to comb and keep tolerably neat for school—for Annie was a pet at home, and would come with some old piece of faded blue ribbon tied round her neck or over her bright hair. Docile and obedient, everyone feels kindly towards her. She seems, as I before said, a mere morsel of humanity, being, as most of our scholars are, painfully thin; and the least thing makes the blood flush into her little face, tinging its delicate whiteness with bright rose-colour. Some while ago, we were afraid that she would slip through our fingers, she became so poorly, coming to school with her lips in a painful state. Still her attendance at school was pretty regular; and when there, the poor child's bleeding lips appealed most piteously to our compassion; so that after sending a messenger to anoint them with lip-salve, and administer medicine to her at nights, my sister S—— bethought of applying to a kind neighbour, well-experienced in cases of sickness. So, after school-hours, S—— would return home, followed by the little yellow-haired lassie, carried on the back of another of the school-children, who trotted after her, and together they proceeded to the Mill Farm, where our kind neighbour resided as superintendant of the Laird's poultry and dairy produce. She pronounced Annie to be very ill—indeed, she thought the child must have been in a consumption—and in the kindness of her motherly heart she regaled all the party with tumblers of milk, and sent Annie home with an egg in each pocket. Subsequently she was taken to

see the doctor, and though she was not ordered many remedies, I am glad to say that she is now much better, and rarely misses a day at school.

The Tuesday after the school was opened, Mrs. L—— attended as teacher, that being henceforth her day in every week. Wednesday was to be the care of S——; Miss T—— provided for Thursday; Friday was settled as my day; Saturday my sister O——'s, and Monday was undertaken by Miss M——. Thus the teaching for the week was provided for, and on Sunday the children went to the Free School, where, of course, we had no control over them. It seemed at first up-hill work, but time and habit have made it much easier. I will, however, describe what were the duties on one of my days, when first we kept school.

In the first place, the children, after having made their curtsies, had to stand (I am sorry to say that it was thought advisable in this Presbyterian country not to teach them to kneel, except by example; that is, I on my days, as teacher, always knelt on a *chair*, (the damp and dirty earthen floor being scarcely suitable for kneeling,) and thus the idea of such an attitude for prayer might at a future time come into the children's minds as the most reverent posture for devotion) with their eyes closed and hands clasped, to say the 'Lord's Prayer.' Then I read to them a short portion of the New Testament; after which I taught them from the alphabet. By this time, one of the bigger girls having fetched in water, and filled the great cooking-pot, which was suspended gipsy-wise over the stone hearth—was set to wash, peel, and chop a turnip and the potatoes for the broth, which was made with a bone, or the scraps of meat, &c., which had been collected from our own dinner-plates at home; and these ingredients, together with some coarse barley, made capital broth. Each teacher had agreed to bring with her something which would make a dinner for the children on her day. Our scraps were not always sufficient for the supply of three days' rations, so on Saturday the dinner was composed of rice and sugar, a quantity of which was provided for out of the school-funds. The three elder children took it in turns to act as cook, and therefore were allowed the key of the school a quarter of an hour before eleven o'clock, that the fire might be lighted in good time. The other little duties were as follows. To chop wood for the next day's fire, to clean the knives, and set the bowls and spoons neatly on the table. After dinner they had to wash up the dishes, clean the pot, wipe down the tables and dresser, and sweep up the floor. All these employments supplied a portion of work each day for the children, besides learning the alphabet, (Kirstie could read, however,) and beginning to sew and knit, for which latter purpose the box of working materials arranged by Mrs. L——, who throughout manifested a great interest in the school, was abundantly supplied. It was lifted from its shelf each day, and placed upon the table near the window, that the little workers seated on the form might have the benefit of the light. Some nice new cloths had been supplied for the children to hem, for the benefit of the school. But what excited the greatest interest in the

minds of the six scholars was the fact, that reposing in the work-box were two dolls. If they were allowed to dress them, Mrs. L—— thought the children might be induced to take an interest in their work; and the plan certainly succeeded. Some scraps of print were found, and gradually the wooden babies were being supplied with minute garments, not at all badly made for a first attempt; the great work of art being a jacket, which Margaret persisted in calling a *paletol*, meaning a *paletot*, and some muffs made of the same print, which was an ingenious invention of Kirstie's; and doubtless the inhabitants of Doll-land would never have recognized the difference between these home manufactures and the best Russian sables! The difficulties of sewing were much lightened by these exciting pleasures; and when the dolls' wardrobes were at length complete, great curiosity was evinced to know who the dolls could possibly be for; and they were much gratified when Mrs. L—— announced that if Flora and Annie were good girls they would be allowed to have them. But how can I describe the pride and delight with which they received them? In especial I remember Flora's raptures, and the beaming smiles which overspread her face, and the ecstasy with which she would say, 'Isn't she bonnie, Ma'am?' As Margaret was also one of the little ones, it was found another doll must be procured for her, and the girls were asked if they would not all help to dress a doll for Margaret. They willingly agreed, and great was the interest manifested by Margaret in this last undertaking. At length it too was finished; and her raptures were at their height when she asked, as if scarcely believing in her joy, 'Is it for mysel', Ma'am?' and understood that she might take Miss Dolly home.

After Mary had been with us some months, the ill-behaviour of her mother in some parish matter (in which Mrs. L—— felt it her duty not to encourage her by helping her child's education) caused us to dismiss Mary, and her place was supplied by a girl named Phemie. She was the daughter of a very poor blind basket-maker, was about ten or eleven years old, and had been in the habit of leading about her father when he took long walks into the country in search of purchasers for his straw manufactures. Phemie's mother, and the child herself, were so anxious that she should have the benefit of our instruction, that we were very glad when she was added to the number of our pupils. Basket-making was anything but a lucrative trade to the blind man, his small wife, and smaller children; and the sight of the confined room in which they used at one time to live, and their own unexaggerated account of their circumstances, was very affecting. A half-witted sister of Mrs. Munro's always lives with her, but, I am sorry to say, she is often very unkind to poor Phemie; and when, as once happened this winter, the blind man and his wife left M—— for a time to stay at another town some miles off, leaving Phemie and a younger sister alone in the house with their Aunt 'Peggie,' as they call her, she treated the child very ill. The two poor girls were left for a time almost

destitute; and when at last their mother did write a letter, enclosing some postage-stamps for her children's use, 'Peggie' got hold of both letter and stamps; and Phemie would never have known anything about them, had she not discovered the envelope in a cupboard, where the poor half-witted creature had put it away in hiding. But then, as good little Phemie herself said, 'She is no' wise, Ma'am;' and when, in talking to her of her aunt, I said, 'Though she is not kind to you, Phemie, you must try and be good to her,' she answered quite readily, and seemed thoroughly to understand that she would not have the same excuse—*i. e.* the want of reason—for behaving badly that her foolish aunt had.

There has lately been a distribution of blankets to the poor of M——, and Phemie's family came in for a share of the much needed charity. A day or two after they had received their blanket, when S—— went to school as usual, it was gratifying to her to learn from Phemie how comfortable it had made them. She said that the blanket had kept them all warm, that it covered their one bed, into which crept *all* the children, (three or four,) as well as their parents; 'and,' she added to me on another occasion, 'they did not feel the frost any more.'

Phemie was, and has continued to be, a very good child, though often painfully slow at her lessons. She is unfortunately deaf, which sometimes prevents her understanding the orders given her; but she is very pains-taking, and often the most punctual in her attendance at the school. She is very anxious to get on with her lessons, asking particularly for them if they have been accidentally omitted or delayed for a time. She tries to come to school with a clean face, and more neatly combed hair than many of the others, and is very obliging, and desirous of pleasing her instructresses.

But in relating some of these facts I have been anticipating, and must go back to New Year's Day, when Mrs. L—— resolved the children should have some treat to keep the day, which is, strange to say, thought a great deal more of in Scotland than the greater feast of Christmas. The treat was to consist of a dinner, to which all the children were invited, and permission was given for each to bring a brother or a sister. The tables were joined to make sufficient accommodation for the twelve little people, and the room was pretty well filled when my father and all the ladies had arrived. The dinner, which consisted of a potato-pie and plum-pudding, was contributed by different friends; and the Laird, hearing of our intended spread, entreated to be allowed to give something towards it, but finding us already so well provided with everything needful, had to content himself with sending down a quantity of apples by way of dessert. Some of the children were rather shy at first, in especial the strangers, who seemed scarcely to understand so civilized a meal; and the plum-pudding was so rare a dainty, that they could hardly eat the portions served out to them, so they were allowed to take the remnants home. And thus ended the first thing of the kind the children had ever known.

Mrs. L—— had never been really satisfied with our school-room, (with its damp earthen floor, which we never felt was thoroughly clean,) and keeping her eyes open, she marked some new houses which were being built near us, and consulting with the landlord, she secured from him a nice room up-stairs, with a little closet attached, for the rather expensive rent of £4 a year, in one of the new tenements, bargaining for a proper grate, fender, &c., to be put in into the bargain. This pleasant airy room we took possession of at the May Term; and glad were we to leave our old room in D——'s Close, especially as the summer was coming on, and our new apartment would be so much more wholesome during the hot weather. By this fresh arrangement some new duties fell to the lot of our scholars, and we settled down into more complete order. There was the floor and stair-case to be scrubbed, also the nice cupboard which contained the stores; and the pinafores and cloths had to be washed on Wednesdays and ironed on Thursdays, for which purposes we had a nice new tub, and a couple of heaters; and a lady kindly gave a set of Italian-irons for the borders of the white caps, which were an after addition to the school costume. On Fridays the grate and fire-irons were polished, Saturday being the grand scrubbing day.

Previous to our occupation of the new room, the children's work had consisted of some summer frocks, which they were to make for themselves. Of course, the work was some months in progress; but the frocks were actually completed at last, and it seemed to me very encouraging that they should so far have helped to clothe themselves. These frocks were only to be put on at the school, to be worn during school-hours, the little closet serving as a dressing-room. This would secure their being kept tolerably clean for a longer space of time, and at any rate, prevent the frocks being torn to rags after a few months wear, which we soon found would be the case, from their reckless habits, which made them run through their garments in so short a time. Thus, as a body, we began to look more respectable. We had a nice clean room, with more conveniences for teaching our scholars the careful and cleanly habits of good servants; we had tidy frocks for them, of their own manufacture, and caps to protect their wild heads of hair.

But there was still a subject which annoyed us much, and which at first seemed beyond our control, and this was the irregularity of our pupils' attendance at the school. Sometimes one or other of them would stay away for more than one day together, and some came unpunctually. Strange it seemed that even the fact of getting a good dinner every day did not prove a sufficient bribe. Kirstie played truant on so many occasions—sometimes wilfully, I am afraid, and sometimes because her mother used to detain her at home to keep the baby—that at last this, together with her general misconduct, (for she was not a good girl, but bold and rude,) made Mrs. L——, with my sister's concurrence, dismiss her; and we filled up the vacancy by taking Margaret's elder sister Kitty, whom we had long wished to include amongst the number of our

scholars. At first it was difficult to persuade Kitty to come, and when she did at length, it was no easy task to keep her to the school-hours. At length Mrs. L—— adopted a plan, which has, I think, answered; she kept a book of good and bad and absent marks, and we now find that the children do not like to have their names marked down in the book as *absent*. Sometimes, when scolded for coming late, one will reply that she was waiting till her mother, or 'the wife,' had given her her breakfast. Another evil which arises out of these late breakfasts, is that the children have hardly time to get up a sufficient appetite for their early dinner; and we have often been annoyed by what seemed their extreme indifference to their food, until we found out that they had only finished breakfast by eleven o'clock.

When the summer had really come, my sister being anxious that the children should be encouraged by some little pleasure to mark the season, asked and obtained the permission of our kind friend, 'the Lady' (as the Laird's wife is termed by the humble classes in the Highlands,) to take the six scholars up to her beautiful grounds, there to be regaled with a regular feast of fruit. Accordingly, for months beforehand they had been excited by the promise of being taken to W——, if they would be very good children. So one fine day in August my two sisters (I was absent at the time,) marshalled their little pupils, (all dressed in their best frocks and white caps, out of which their happy faces peeped so prettily) looking fresh and clean, up the avenue of W——. Arrived at the Castle, the Laird's young daughters came out, and my sisters passing into the luncheon-room, they undertook to pilot the children to the croquet ground. When S—— and O—— rejoined their pupils, they found Mrs. L—— and Miss E—— had also arrived; and the teachers were soon deep in the mysteries of a croquet game, while the young girls plied the six little scholars with gooseberries, which the butler handed down over the high wall (which enclosed the private gardens and divided them from the smooth sward) in large baskets full, besides a goodly provision of currant rolls. Presently the Laird came amongst them, and when they had made him their curtsies, he spoke to them kindly, saying that after this summer treat he should expect to hear that none of them could do a naughty thing again!

Christmas came again; all through the past year we had been teaching our scholars the hymn beginning, 'Hark the Herald Angels sing,' and Mrs. L——, although a Presbyterian, had tried to tell them about Christmas, urging us quite eagerly to do the same, till the children themselves voluntarily asked to be allowed to go to church to see the decorations and coloured windows about which we had told them; but especially they desired to join the choir in singing the Christmas Hymn. Mrs. L—— and my sister gave their consent, and particular orders were issued for an elaborate washing of the children's hands and feet, for here I should mention, that, as a general rule, except in winter, they never wore shoes or stockings, but came running to school with their little bare

feet, as is the custom of the poorer classes in Scotland. On the lovely Christmas morning of 186—, my sisters marshalled the six little scholars off to church; and very nice they looked in their new winter frocks of Hunting Stewart tartan, clean caps and pinafores. The children were brought up to the chancel, and Kitty was desired to read the white letters on a crimson ground, which, surrounding its three sides, formed the text so appropriate to the Holy Festival—'Glory to God,' &c. Then the subjects of the beautiful Resurrection window were explained to them—the Raising of Lazarus and the Widow's Son—as they gazed on its brilliant colours with wondering eyes. Everything was so new to them: the building with its high open-work roof, the painted windows, so taking to a child's vision, the garlands of evergreens, the ornamental letters, Triangles, Labarums, and Crosses, illuminated in the brilliant scarlet berries and smooth shining leaves, must have been so entirely new and so entrancing when viewed for the first time by little children so unaccustomed to anything but their own wretched homes, that I should have liked to have been able to peep into their minds, that I might have ascertained the effect such a sight must have had upon these little Presbyterians. They behaved very well during the service, and I sometimes speculated whether their ears and minds would be arrested by the wonderful account of the Saviour's Birth, as read in the Second Lesson for the day; and from what they afterwards said, I have since had reason to believe it did. The idea that Christ had once been a little Baby, was one which had taken a firm hold of their minds. At last the first notes of 'Hark the Herald Angels sing,' sounded forth from the organ; and now there was no longer any doubt of their attention being awakened. They sung through the hymn with a joy that seemed to know no shyness in raising their voices in what was to them a strange scene; and I fondly hope it may be one which years will not have power to obliterate from their infant minds, should they never again be called to worship in the Holy Catholic Church.

On New Year's Eve we gave the children a substantial tea, when prizes were distributed. In particular, a sixpence was awarded to Annie, as the girl who had the most good marks; but I am sorry to say that Kitty and Maggie were not allowed to participate in any of these rewards, as it was found out that after they had come home from the solemn and beautiful service at St. I——'s on Christmas Day these two naughty children had put down more good marks for themselves than it was possible (according to the days of the week) they could have had, having taken the opportunity when none of the ladies were by to watch their proceedings; but Mrs. L—— promised that if Kitty and Maggie would do their best to regain their lost characters during the following month, the gay picture-books which had been provided for them should no longer be withheld. We were rather affected when, a day or two after this school tea, the children in all simplicity told S—— that after we had all left the school that same night, some of them stayed behind to

help in clearing away the *debris* of the feast; and when their self-imposed task had been completed, they went into the little dressing closet, and *knelt* down and said their prayers! After this, let no one doubt the natural attitude for devotion.

I have now nearly come to an end of my subject for the present, but still cannot refrain from a few remarks, which I think will be interesting to any who may feel inclined to read them, in especial to those, if there be any, who, from this short account of the struggles of a very humble endeavour to snatch Christ's lambs from degradation and ignorance, feel a wish to make a similar attempt. With respect to our teachers, Miss M—— has long given up helping us. Two other ladies, however, have kindly supplied the vacancy, till the illness of one obliged her to give up her valuable assistance, and the other now takes a day regularly. Miss T—— having continued a steady worker with us for more than a year, daily likes her employment more and more, now that she is getting interested in the improvement of our scholars, for that they are improving there can be no doubt. Most of them can read out of Book No. 3 of those published for, and used in, the Scotch schools; and No. 4 has just been added, out of which Kitty and Annie learn. Three of them can write large capital letters in their copy-books, and a little simple arithmetic has been commenced. All can knit the plain stitch, and they are getting to sew very neatly. They have now some idea of self-respect, and although far from clean, delight in nothing more than in being allowed a good scrub in school, and they feel this a luxury which cannot be easily obtained at home, where the poverty is so great, it is no wonder if there is little money wherewith to purchase soap.

During the inclement season, the cold and deep snow are very trying to the poor little things, and in especial to the three youngest, who being totally without such articles as shoes and stockings, would have found it difficult to come to school in all weathers, had it not been for the ingenious plan adopted very good-naturedly by the three elders, who, on the worst days, have generally contrived to procure these necessary comforts for themselves. They carry the little ones on their backs; and a strange and pathetic sight it is to behold them leave the school bearing their shivering little burdens through the snow or ice-bound roads. There was one terrible Saturday, (it was the 12th of January,) and it was my sister O——'s day to teach. The snow was falling as she left the house, and what with the wind blowing and drifting the snow about, she was almost blinded by it before she reached the scene of her labours. Presently, in came Annie upheld by some good creature, who had found her walking with her poor little bare feet on the cold deep snow, attempting her journey to school, and who, seeing her in this predicament and in great distress, kindly took her up and brought her to her destination, but in such a state! She was sobbing and crying as if her heart would have broken, and all with the cold; and although brought to the fire, and kindly talked to and soothed, it was

long before the poor child could recover from her fright of the cruel cold wind and snow, and the suffering they had occasioned her.

But there is an amusing side to this picture, which, at the risk of being considered prosy, I must relate. I came to school one day, and found Kitty in a pair of shoes so large that I could only guess at once that they had belonged to some man, and naturally inquired into her wearing such Brobdignag coverings, and received from her the information that 'the wife's' husband had lent them to her, and that not only had she the shoes on, but *four* pair of stockings! I mentally wondered at the *riches* of the *poor!*

The children are in some common things remarkably ignorant; for instance, they have no idea what an insect means. Margaret was one day asked what an earwig was, and she replied, 'A *wild* beast, Ma'am.' To account for this answer, it will be necessary to explain that in the Highlands every live creature is called a 'beast;' secondly, everyone who is cross, or any creature of whom they have any reason to be afraid, is said to be 'wild,' and as Margaret, in common with many others, was fearful of an earwig, she called it 'wild.' The children's Highland tongues are sometimes very pretty, and the expressions they use amusing. For instance, when Kitty fancies her lesson is hard to learn, she says it is too *dour*, and she has a habit of saying 'haud,' (which means 'hold,') when she wants any of the others to get out of her way, for she is apt to be a little dictatorial with her school-fellows. Margaret's description of what she heard when on one occasion she went to the Free Kirk, entertained us much. She told S—— that 'the Ministers were all *bawling*,' and when interrogated as to whom she meant, she replied, 'the Minister.' 'He was *bawling* and telling them' (that is, his hearers) 'about a woman who was married and was sick,' (some allusion, we fancied, to St. Peter's wife's mother,) 'and a lassie lent her a *whilie* of the Bible, that she might read it for hersel'.' On another occasion she told me that the Minister 'was crying to see so many sinners in the church.'

To conclude. Our encouragements have been greater than our stumbling-blocks; and even in the matter of funds for the support of our small school, we have had sufficient as yet. For the first year the receipts amounted to £14, and the expenditure to within a few shillings of that sum. S—— and those who will not desert her in the cause, can but work on in humble hope and fear, watching and praying that when the 'Lord of Hosts shall make up His jewels' these little children shall be His, whether on earth they belong outwardly to those, who, though denying the Priestly attributes of the power of Absolution and the glorious Apostolical Succession, yet claim for themselves the name of Presbyterians, or whether they have been daily fed and taught in the Church which is built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, and of which Jesus Christ Himself is the Head Corner-Stone.

THE BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL AT BONN.

My dear Emily,

Here we are back again in England, after having left it little more than a week ago, and in that short interval have heard such music as we can never expect to hear again as long as we live—at the Beethoven Centenary Festival at Bonn. I promised you a full description of it when I came home; but on thinking it over it seems impossible to give any but the baldest and most prosaic account of what happened.

Well, after a tiresome journey, we—that is, Edward, Henry, and I—arrived at Bonn very late at night and very miserable. Our lodgings, however, which had been secured a long time before, were very comfortable, and we soon got to bed and had a good night's rest. The next day was Saturday, August 19th, and the first thing we did was to go and have a swim in the Rhine, which was immensely refreshing. It was a lovely calm hazy morning, shewing off the broad swift river and the seven mountains in the distance to the best advantage. After breakfasting at the Star, where we met lots of English people, we went to the ticket-office to get programmes and see what was going on. Our tickets had, of course, been secured a month before. I may here briefly describe the rather curious arrangements that were adopted for allotting the seats. Every seat in the hall was numbered; but instead of choosing any particular seat you liked, you could only buy a voucher for a seat, or for several seats together, and this had to be done before a certain time. After this a lottery was held, by which the tickets were distributed to the vouchers; consequently, everyone had an equal chance of the best seat and of the worst. The price was the same for all; namely, six thalers for the three days, except in the end gallery, where the price was nine thalers. We were lucky, and got three good places near the centre of the room.

At the ticket-office we got programmes of the entire arrangements. We found there had already been one public rehearsal the day before, and there was one going on then, and had been since half-past eight. This was of the Choral Symphony; and we were sorely tempted to spend twenty groschen each on hearing the end of it; but as it was past eleven we decided to wait till the afternoon, when they were going to rehearse the Mass and the C minor Symphony. After securing places at the *table d' hôte* for dinner, we went down to meet the Cologne steamer, by which we expected Wordsworth and Mr. Carter. We got there just as the steamer came up, and there sure enough were the two, waving to us—Wordsworth, a great friend of Edward's; and Mr. Carter, who knew Joachim and Hiller and all the great people intimately. We walked up together through the little narrow streets, all brilliant with long flags of red, black, and white, streaming out of the top windows, and almost

blocking out the sky, there were so many; and after they had deposited their baggage at their lodgings, we all went and had dinner. There was a crowd, as we expected, and dinner was not over till half-past three, so we went straight to the Beethoven Hall for the rehearsal, as the seats were not reserved. Even then the room was more than half full, and we could only get seats quite far back. We were a little disappointed at first at the size of the room, but consoled ourselves by hoping it was good for sound. Certainly it looked as if it was. A simple well-proportioned room, holding about two thousand people, built of wood, and unobtrusively decorated with a gallery round three sides of it, and an ample orchestra at the other end;—such was the hall built expressly for this Festival, which was to have taken place in honour of Beethoven last year, the centenary of his birth. The war, however, of course put an end to all thoughts of festivals, and it was postponed till this year.

'Look there,' said Mr. Carter, as we stood watching the crowds coming in; 'do you see that gentleman just coming in, with the thick grey hair and the face so like Mozart's? that's Niels Gade, the Danish composer.' 'Ah! and there's Hallé,' said Henry, 'and Sterndale Bennett—Sir William, I ought to say.' 'And that's a newspaper reporter, I'm certain,' said Edward; 'that man with all the music—full scores, of course. How odd it is one can always recognize a reporter.'

Meanwhile, several members of the band appeared on the orchestra, and began tuning and practising hard passages. Then the chorus began to come in, taking their places on either side of the band, which was arranged in a wedge-shaped form, with the narrow end in front. Here, and up either side, were arranged the first and second violins; in the centre, the violas; behind them, the oboes, clarinets, bassoons, and horns; next came the violoncellos, all in a row; and behind them again the mighty four-stringed double-basses. Quite at the back were the brass and the drums, and not too many of them. The consequence of this excellent arrangement was, that the strings were never overpowered by the wind, as in so many English orchestras. By half-past four the room was crowded; and in a minute or two appeared the portly form and grey locks of the conductor at his desk. 'So *that's* Ferdinand Hiller!' we, who had never seen him before, exclaimed. No more could we say, for with half a dozen raps on the desk with his bâton, he immediately stopped the burst of applause which had greeted his appearance, everyone was seated, and there was silence. Fancy such a thing happening in England, for an English audience to stop talking, and at a rehearsal too! it was truly refreshing. For a few seconds he stood scanning the orchestra, every eye on his uplifted bâton, and the C minor Symphony began. For you who know it how utterly superfluous, and for those who don't how equally impossible, any attempt at a description of that music would be, you can well imagine. To us, the playing of those 111 men seemed absolute perfection; and why the conductor should pull them up half way through the first movement and begin all over again, besides doing the

repeat as it is marked, we could not imagine, unless it was for the delight of hearing it three times over. Fancy a band, every member of which is a first-rate solo player, and you can imagine, or rather I am afraid you can't, the brilliancy and fire of their playing, the perfect expression in the *cantabile* passages, their grip of the strings at the *sforzando* notes—'catch at the beginning,' as Edward calls it in aquatic phraseology—in fact, the splendid 'go' about the whole performance.

After the Symphony a pause of half an hour, and then everybody came back to their seats for the Mass; not the Mass in C, familiar more or less to English ears, but the far more magnificent *Missa Sollennis* in D, one of the last of Beethoven's compositions, and scarcely ever attempted in England on account of its appalling difficulties of execution. Now for the first time the four solo singers appeared—Frau Alvsleben, Frau Joachim, and Herrn Vogl and Schulze. We had a pianoforte score, and so could follow the music. It began with a most beautiful slow introduction by the band, the chorus soon coming in, 'Kyrie eleison;' and then at intervals the solo voices—first the tenor, then the soprano, then the alto, with the same words. It seemed as if the only places fit for such music were Cologne Cathedral or York Minster. It is no use attempting to describe the music itself any more, for how can the beauties of one language be described in another? As to the performance, we were too much absorbed in the music to notice it much; we did, however, observe the wonderful singing of the chorus, the sopranos having to sing high As and Bs for bars together, which they did really in tune; and also their splendid 'attack,' no dropping in one after another, but each division taking up the points precisely together. The secret of this was, that they knew how to look at their music and the conductor both at once.

Next day was Sunday, and the first day strictly of the Festival, though it seemed as if we must be half through it already. At eleven we went to the English service, performed in the church belonging to the University. It is a nearly square lofty room, highly decorated with white plaster pillars and festoons, and very ugly as you may suppose. After that we dined at the Star, a very long and gorgeous affair, as there were two hundred and forty people at least, and not over till past four. The concert was to be at six; so after dinner we strolled up the Poppelsdorfer Allée, a beautiful avenue of four rows of chestnuts half a mile long, very like the Long Walk at Windsor, on a smaller scale. Then we walked back slowly through the town, for it was very hot, and took our places in the hall. There was no crowd now, as every seat was reserved. Nobody thought of coming in evening dress, except a few English dandies who appeared in white kids and swallow-tails; many indeed came in the lightest of morning suits. The music was the same as the day before, only the Mass came first. It was done, if possible, even more perfectly than at the rehearsal, and was, to us at least, infinitely more comprehensible on a second hearing. What struck me principally

about it was, that Beethoven must have been a Christian, such as few indeed are.

After half an hour's interval came the Symphony, which, grand and colossal though it is, yet sounded refreshingly simple after the Mass. Do not be shocked at the idea of listening to a Symphony in a concert-room on Sunday: I fancy a good many English people among the audience left their seats after the Mass; but they could never have heard that glorious march in the last movement of the Symphony. I am sure it did me as much good as twenty sermons.

Next morning, which promised a still hotter day, we bathed early again, and directly after breakfast went off to the hall for the rehearsal of that evening's concert. We got better places than on Saturday—better, that is, for seeing; all the places in the hall were about equally good for hearing, so well was it constructed. The 'Eroica' Symphony, the music to the 'Ruins of Athens,' the third Leonora Overture, the Violin Concerto, and the Choral Fantasia; these, with a song by Frau Joachim, 'Ah Perfido,' were what we heard that morning. Critics say,—and they all agree in saying, so it must be true—that there never was such a performance of the Eroica heard before. But *the* thing of all was the Violin Concerto. As Joachim was descried in the distance coming down through the orchestra, he was greeted with a storm of applause which lasted at least a minute; and then, after the introduction from the band, he began to play. In England, when a concerto is performed, it is the custom to applaud the solo player whenever he comes to the end of a phrase and the orchestral *tutti* comes in, the accompaniment being utterly ignored. Not so in Germany; the whole was listened to with rapt attention. The band was nowhere too prominent, but was kept well under so as to shew off the solo part, like the golden setting of a splendid diamond. We could scarcely believe it was only a rehearsal we were listening to, and that it was all to come over again in the evening; but so it was: and so far from being tired by so much music, we found it all the easier to listen to at the concert afterwards. Particularly glad was I to hear the cadenza in the concerto twice over. It was his own that Joachim played; and I shall not soon forget the expression on the faces of all those fiddlers behind him, as in the space of twenty or thirty bars he summarized the whole first movement, accompaniment and all, making his fiddle sound like an orchestra in itself. Time fails me to tell you all I could wish about the rest of that day's music; it all seemed like a beautiful dream, with the advantage of being real all the time.

Tuesday was the day we had looked forward to the most, for the programme included the Choral Symphony, the ninth and last that Beethoven wrote—and Tuesday came. We went to the rehearsal as usual, sitting this time in the end gallery, where the effect was most beautiful. In the evening, however, we took our own places below. First came miscellaneous pieces; the overture to Coriolanus, with its grim introduction, followed by lovely melodies and delightful violoncello

passages; then the Pianoforte Concerto in Eb, played by Mr. Charles Hallé; a quartet for four solo voices with orchestral accompaniment, more like a beautiful anthem than a concert piece; then the overture to Egmont—oh, so splendidly played! and then, after the usual half-hour, the Choral Symphony, as grand and appropriate a termination to the festival as the Mass in D was a beginning. Tired indeed must the band and chorus have been with such incessant work, easily accounting for one or two barely perceptible little mistakes in the first part of the concert; indeed, Herr Strauss, the leader, told us between the parts that he felt nearly dead from fatigue, but that they meant to make up in the Symphony for any little slips that had occurred. And make up truly they did; Joachim himself appeared at the front desk with Strauss, and what couldn't a band do with Joachim to lead? I had heard the Choral Symphony at the Crystal Palace two or three times, and thought that nothing could ever come up to that performance; but even Manns' splendid band was perfectly eclipsed by this. The reason I suppose was, that at Bonn they had rehearsed it over and over again with the utmost care and enthusiasm, and had plenty of time to do it in; in London there is no time for this sort of thing; and if a conductor stops his band too often in the one or two rehearsals allowed, the men begin to look at their watches and grumble.

The first mysterious movement is far the most difficult to follow, even with a score, and requires the closest attention; but in the scherzo and trio all such serious ideas are dismissed, and in come the violins tripping after one another, and after them the other instruments, all in the merriest of moods. But, as I said before, it is no use trying to translate music into English. After the slow movement, which seems like a concentration of the loveliest melodies, comes what is perhaps the most wonderful part of the whole. The double-basses play a recitative, interrupted at intervals by the band, which repeats in a few bars each the leading themes of the three first movements, and gives a hint of the last which is yet to come. The way those twelve double-basses played that recitative, like one gigantic instrument, was simply marvellous and perfectly indescribable. Then, after the two full chords on the dominant and tonic, they gave out in unison that simple and beautiful tune which is the prominent one in the last movement. This is worked up with fuller and fuller harmonies, till at last it is interrupted by the solo voices coming in. From this point to the end is by far the most trying and difficult part of the Symphony; Beethoven wrote without apparently the least regard to whether the music could be sung or not, and the consequence is, that the voices are strained in a way that none but the most enduring can stand. How the chorus could sing it as they did, faultlessly, can only be explained by the enthusiasm of each individual; even Joachim got so excited, he began to sing as well as play. And at the end the audience rose and cheered like so many Eton boys, and the ladies threw their bouquets at Dr. Hiller till he had to get behind a desk for protection. At last he made it under-

stood that he wished to speak; and in a voice tremulous with emotion, he disclaimed any special merit for himself, but thanked the audience for their kind attention, and the band and chorus for their beautiful playing and singing.

So ended the Festival proper; on Wednesday morning, however, there was a *matinée* for chamber music, to which you may be sure we went. For this the seats were not reserved, so we went very early, and got capital front seats in the gallery, where we could see as well as hear each player. How those two lovely quartets, special favourites of ours, were played to perfection by Joachim, Königslöw, Strauss, and Grützmacher, and how Mme. Joachim sang 'Kennst du das Land?' I must tell you when we meet, for this letter is already far too long. Of her magnificent singing, I can only say I began to think the story just credible, that Joachim said his name would be known to posterity only as that of her husband.

That afternoon all the artists and their friends went up in two special steamers to Rolandseck for a grand pic-nic; and as they came back, the whole of Bonn, and the river all the way up on both sides, was brilliantly illuminated.

Next day, farewell to Bonn! everybody was off; Edward and Wordsworth to Switzerland; Henry and I back to England. Would that we could live another hundred years!

Your affectionate brother,

FRED.

FIRST taste of undisturbed rest;
  First glory of th' unclouded sun;
First moments of a strange new life,
  In peace unspeakable begun.
We know not what that rest shall prove,
  That knows no wakening of fears;
Our hearts beat never to such joy,
  Our eyes did never shed such tears.
But this we know, we dare not doubt:
  We do most fervently believe,
That in our hearts shall place be found
  For every gift that we receive.

M.

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

L. C. B. refers *Peregrinus* to Josiah Miller's 'Singers and Songs of the Church,' p. 36, for an account of Jacobus de Benedictis. His piece, *De Contemptu Mundi*, begins, '*Cur mundus militat sub vanâ gloriâ.*' The words '*O esca vermium*' begin the seventh stanza. It is given entire by Trench, 'Sacred Latin Poetry,' p. 244, and by Daniel, in his 'Thesaurus Hymnologicus,' vol. ii., p. 379.—Jacobus was born at Todi in Umbria. After his wife's death, he became a lay-brother of the Order of St. Francis. He was imprisoned for satirizing Pope Boniface VIII, was liberated in 1303, and died in 1306.

Concerning '*Pilgrims of the Night*,' *L. C. B.* would say of *C. A. V. D.'s* pretty, but outrageously secular tune, CAVE.

F. M. P.'s tune *may* have been that given for 384 or 385 in the *Appendix*.—L. C. B.

Guinevere would be very glad if any of the readers of *The Monthly Packet* could kindly tell her where Camelot is generally supposed to have been situated.—'Camelot, which is Winchester.'—ED.

J. G. would be much obliged to any readers of *The Monthly Packet* for the names of some books—*not story-books*—suitable for Sunday reading for servants.—*Plain Church Teaching*, (Mowbray); *Plain Words; The Gospel Story*, by the Rev. William Mitchell; *Our Duties in Church*. (Bell and Daldy.)

H. M. F. will be much obliged to the Editor of *The Monthly Packet* to tell her the exact title (and author) of a French book, referred to in the number for August as '*Lucie's Diary*, kept during the siege of Strasbourg.' She has tried to get it, but cannot do so without giving further particulars. She would also be greatly obliged if the Editor can tell her the names of any French stories, &c., that would be perfectly unobjectionable for a child of thirteen years old, who can read French with great ease.—*Lucie's Diary* is not a French, but an English book. It is in Mudie's list. *Le Récit d'une Petite Fille* is English, and is published by Nisbet. Any of Madame Guizot de Witt's tales would answer your purpose.

F. H., in answer to *E. S.*, advises her to buy the tune for '*Pilgrims of the Night*' which is arranged by J. Bowling, and published by F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row; it is an exceedingly pretty tune, and not at all difficult. *F. H.* believes the price is a penny.

F. H. will be much obliged if the Editor of *The Monthly Packet* can kindly tell her of a book on the Collects and Gospels for the Church's year, suitable for a child of ten years old. Also, a simply written book, which may be a help in instructing little ones according to the teaching of the English Church.——Jackson's *Stories and Lessons on the Collects* (Mozley) is excellent for the purpose. We should also recommend *Children of the Church.*

Millicent thinks the hymn that *E. H.* asks for under the title of *Our Holy Dead* must be the following, from *The Book of Praise*, signed '*Anon.* 1861.'—

'Thou God of Love! beneath Thy sheltering wings
We leave our holy dead,
To rest in hope! From this world's sufferings
Their souls have fled!

Oh! when our souls are burden'd with the weight
Of life and all its woes,
Let us remember them, and calmly wait
For our life's close.'

St. Etheldreda's Home, 24, Hoxton Square, August 31st, 1871.

Sir, May I be allowed to make known through your widely circulated magazine a work being carried on in one of the poorest parishes in London, *viz.* St. Peter's, Hoxton, containing seven thousand souls, (chiefly of the poorest class,) divided from the Mother Church about a year and a half since. The Vicar, the Rev. F. Caudwell, feeling the Sisters in the neighbouring parishes were a help to the clergy, accepted our services. We have taken a house (24, Hoxton Square, N.) as a centre for the different parochial works, *viz.* visiting the sick and poor, the Maternity Society, a Man's Night-School, &c. We have a Girl's Guild, which meets once a week at the Home, and a Crèche, where we receive children from one month to three years of age. We are most anxious to commence a Nursing Sisterhood for *London:* to do this we need two things—earnest devout women, and *small* annual subscriptions. Will some of your readers help us, either by personal assistance, gifts in money, or old clothing? The Sisters will be thankful to send for scraps, bread, &c., to help their poor. The Home can be seen any day but Saturday from 4 to 5.30 p.m. *One* visit to our parish will convince anyone that our people are too poor to help us themselves.

Yours very faithfully,

ANN, *Mother Superior.*

Can any of your readers inform my little boy where and how he can dispose of some silk, from silk-worms?—CELINE.

Can anyone inform *Mousie* of the name and authorship of a poem, of which the following are two of the verses:—

'I freighted my bark with the rich and rare,
Alice of Ormskirk, all for thee;
Little I reckoned of cost or care,
But I launched her out on a summer sea.

A summer sea and a smiling sky,
Never a ripple and never a frown,
Never a token of shipwreck nigh:
What did it matter? The bark went down.'

Mousie would be much obliged to any reader of *The Monthly Packet* who can tell her whether there is any reason for believing that the Mary Seton in '*The Queen's Maries*,' by Whyte Melville, and the *Catherine* Seton in Sir Walter Scott's '*Abbot*,' were really the same person, as this would explain a sentence in '*The Queen's Maries*,' which says: 'Let the others marry, an' they must; for her, she would belong to her Queen! And nobly, in after years, Mary Seton redeemed her vow.'——Mary Seton was one of the four Maries. Catherine is probably wholly imaginary.

Lilian would be very grateful if any readers of *The Monthly Packet* could tell her where she might procure designs for embroidering letters on handkerchiefs, or have monograms designed for her at a moderate price. The work is to be done for a church which is sadly in need of help; and *Lilian's* chief difficulty is in getting different designs, as she applied at several embroidery shops without success.—— Tattersalls, 25, Southampton Row, High Holborn, would supply designs.

The interest of the undersigned in the authorship of the line, '*Though lost to sight, to memory dear*,' has been strongly excited. It may not be known to some of your readers that, in addition to three inquiries in *The Monthly Packet*, five unsuccessful attempts to solve the question have been made during about fifteen years in *Notes and Queries*, and that the last inquirer says there is great curiosity on the subject on the other side of the Atlantic. Question arises therefrom—Is it really a quotation from any printed book? May it not have originated in some brief MS. production, or on a tomb-stone, and the phrase being a happy one, been transferred from mouth to mouth, till it has taken its rank as a 'household word'?—Virion Nighton.

A. C. E., seeing so many considerateans wers in *The Monthly Packet*, is emboldened to make an inquiry, hitherto unsuccessful, of the Editor. Is there any place where modern religious books can be had for perusal? *A. C. E.* very much wishes to read the Sermons of Dr. Newman and Mr. Keble, Faber's Poems, 'The Church and the World,' and those sort of books; and would be very thankful, if they are to be had anywhere, to be put in the way of it. Also, she would ask how organ-stops are to be used, as she can only decide by ear, which takes time, before playing on an organ she does not know.

E. B. J.—The first part of *Father Phim* is in Vol. VIII. (New Series) p. 369—No. 46, for October, 1869.

Constance.—We hope to give the full title of the Life of Maria de Fruglaye in our next.

S. P.—Thanks for a Post-office order for the poor of Haggerston.

Four Little Victims—*Dora*, *Nellie*, *Pussie*, and *Willie*—are thanked for their contribution to *The Daisy Chain Cot.*

Elsie and *H. C.*—Your answers are sent direct to *F. M. P.*

A. F. G. S.—*On the Banks of the Thorne* has not been separately published.

M. R. begs to say, in answer to *Dorothea's* question, that the poem, beginning, '*Outstretched beneath the leafy shade*,' is by Caroline Bowles, the second wife of the poet Southey, and may be found in *The Last of the Old Squires*, by the Rev. John Wood Warter, Rector of West Tarring, in Sussex, who married Edith, eldest daughter of Southey.

A. P. would be glad to be told of some work on Astronomy, simple in language, but based on the best scientific facts, fit to read to a little boy, to give him some idea of the vastness of creation. Is Giles's little book good?—Also, the best elementary works on Geography, and the History of England. What of Mrs. Markham's?—— *The Starry Heavens* (S. P. C. K.) is the simplest astronomical book we know for young children. *Pictures of the Heavens* (Mozley) is likewise very good and simple. We do not know Giles's. *First Teachings on the Earth*, by M. A. Ogle (Simpkin and Marshall) for geography. Mrs. Markham's Histories, and Lady Calcott's *Little Arthur*, are entirely left behind as to facts by modern research, and are devoid of Church feeling. For this, in a somewhat one-sided form, Neale's *History of England* may be preferred. Perhaps the *Kings of England* (Mozley) would be best for a young child. *New School History of England* (Parker) is good for the more advanced. Freeman's *English History for Children*, for the earlier times.

G. P. is anxious to obtain a copy of Neale's *Church History for Children*. She finds that it is out of print, and therefore not to be procured of any bookseller. Would anyone possessing an old copy, and not using it, be so very kind as to let her have it? She can find no other which seems to interest children in the same way.

Annie perhaps lives in a country where the guardians of minors can safely venture on investments not in the 3½ per cents reduced. The insurance would not be paid for six months after death. Mr. Thomas Underwood's cheques were to pay the funeral expenses, not in addition to so doing. Felix never used more than £500 of his £1000, with which he bought his shares in the business. The rest was partly spent on Clement's education, partly advanced to Edgar. *Annie* has not reckoned the costliness of invalidism, nor allowed for clothes and journeys as well as education. Of course, the 7*d.* per week was only saved out of the sum allowed for current weekly expenses.

Lenore.—Many thanks, but space is wanting.

Can any of your readers inform me whether there is an English Sisterhood in London or elsewhere, in which a lady could be received for a few months in the year, to be associated in work with the Sisters, without being bound by vows, or pledging herself entirely to that course of life. In the case in point, the lady has home duties which she cannot wholly give up, but could have a certain portion of the year at her own disposal, which with the consent of her family she would wish to employ in systematic work among the poor. On what terms could one be received for a time at Kaiserswerth, to learn nursing, and see the working of the Deaconesses Institution, or to take a partial share in she same?—En Attendant.

Can any Correspondent inform me what are the best books for self-instruction in the Spanish language, and whose is the best Dictionary?—En Attendant.

M. E. H. would be much obliged for some information respecting *St. Saviour's Priory, Haggerston*, on behalf of which an appeal was made in *The Monthly Packet* for last month. She wishes especially to ask whether it is a Sisterhood in connection with the English Church.

I should be much obliged if you or any of your Correspondents would kindly recommend me a book describing Oriental manners and customs, &c. *The Land and the Book*, by W. M. Thomson, D.D., would exactly suit me, had it a more reverent style——*Scripture Manners and Customs, Scripture Sites*, (S. P. C. K.) might suit you. The price (I think) 3*s.* 6*d.*—Ed.

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NOVEMBER, 1871.

THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF DANTE.

In the next Canto we find the poets ascending by a narrow cleft from the gate of Purgatory to the first of the seven terraces that encircle the mountain, that appropriated to the cleansing of the soul from the stains of Pride. Similar ladders connect, as has been said, each terrace with the one below; an angel being stationed at each, to ascertain the fitness of those who present themselves at its foot for passage to the region above. By the time the poets have reached the top, the moon, which is four days past the full, is now setting; so that the time may be fixed at about ten o'clock in the morning, four hours since Dante's approach to the gate of Purgatory effected by the aid of Lucia. The mountain now exhibits sheer precipices bounding the six yards breadth of terrace on either hand. The inner wall is adorned with sculptures representing recorded examples of Humility, as the contrary virtue to Pride; the Angelic Salutation, the entry of the Ark into Jerusalem when David danced before it, and the honourable conduct of the emperor Trajan to the suppliant widow. Our readers will notice a slight error on Dante's part in supposing the Ark to be drawn by oxen instead of being carried by the Levites from the house of Obed-edom; an error from which the designers of modern English stained glass have not been entirely exempt. The punishment of Uzza had occurred three months previously. Line 66 contains the pith of the lesson intended to be conveyed in this sculpture. The legend connected with the story of Trajan and the widow, alluded to in line 75, is to the effect that Pope Gregory the Great was so struck by the emperor's conduct in submitting to the rebuke of the widow, in the midst of his courtiers, and under circumstances so favourable to the indulgence of his pride, that he persevered in intercession for the recovery of his soul from hell, until God heard his prayers, and

allowed the kingdom of heaven to suffer the violence of the saint. On the floor of the terrace are represented, as will be seen hereafter, various examples of pride overthrown, directly under the eyes of those who are undergoing their allotted penance.

Then the poets see a multitude of souls approaching slowly, being weighed down by means of heavy stones placed on their backs, some more, some less, but all in a most pitiable condition. Dante moralizes on the sight according to his wont, and with this the Canto ends.

THE PURGATORIO.—CANTO X.

When once within the threshold of the gateway,
By the evil appetite of souls disused,
Which makes the worse path seem the better, straightway
I heard it crash and close. Had I refused
The warning, and to rearward turned my glances,
How could my fault have meetly been excused?
Forth by a fissured rock our way advances,
Which to the right and left alternate bending,
Seemed as a wave in varying circumstances
Of flight and of approach. 'Now needs expending
Some art, this way or that to cling,' the Master
Began, 'each side its aid alternate lending.'
And this so hindered us from progress faster,
That first the moon's diminished orb had verged
Down to the couch whereon she sped to cast her,
Ere from that needle's eye we forth emerged.
But when we stood there, free and unconfined,
Where in one solid mass the mountain surged,
I tired, and both of us to doubt inclined
Where lay our road, a level did discover,
More lone than paths in desert lands intwined.
This from the brink that o'er the abyss doth hover,
Unto the foot of the high bank that riseth,
Would count the stature of a man thrice over;
And far as eye its vision exerciseth,
Whether to right or left its wings extending,
This cornice naught of difference compriseth.
Not yet our footsteps upwards were we bending,
When of that circle's margin I was warned,
Whose steepness gave no prospect of ascending.
Made of white marble was it, and adorned
With sculpture, such that Polycletus' powers—
Nay, even Nature's own—would there be scorned.

The angel who brought down to the earthly bowers
The announcement of that peace with tears expected
So many years, and oped the heavenly towers
After long interdict, was there erected
In gentle act so true to life before us,
That a mute image none would have suspected.
'One would have thought he said in tone sonorous,
Hail thou, and there was she the keys who turned
Of love divine. In the attitude decorous,
The impress of that speech could be discerned,
Behold the handmaid of the Lord, as clearly
As the seal's figure on the wax is burned.
'Keep not thy mind intent on one place merely,'
Advised me then my gentle lord, who had me
On that side where the heart of man is. Nearly
In rear of Mary's image, as I sped me
To turn my glance aside, I saw displayed
There on the side on which was he who led me,
Another story in the rock; and stayed
No more, but passed across, and got me thither,
That to mine eyes it might be close conveyed.
There in the marble, cart and kine together
Drew on the sacred ark, whereby one feareth
To take upon himself an office whither
He is not set. In front of it appeareth
Much folk, and all in seven choirs divided
Of senses twain made this say, Naught one heareth,
That, Yes they sing. So too the incense glided
In upward wreaths to my imagination,
Whereof in discord nose and eyes decided.
Before the vessel blest, in exaltation
Of spirit came the humble Psalmist dancing,
And more and less than kingly was his station.
On the other hand was fashioned Michal, glancing
From a great palace balcony, and seemed
A lady sad and scornful. Then advancing
On from the place at which we stood, I schemed
To view another record meritorious,
Which behind Michal white upon me gleamed.
Therein the Roman prince's action glorious
Was storied: him I mean whose worth exceeding
Moved Gregory to his high emprise victorious—
The emperor Trajan, and a widow pleading
Hard by his rein, in action to betoken
Full store of tears and bitter dole. Preceding

And following him in full array unbroken
Came horsemen; and the golden eagles o'er him
Were floating in the wind. Then was it spoken
'Mid all that throng, by the poor wretch before him,
'My lord, avenge me for my son, who lieth
New slain, and I in bitterness deplore him.'
And he, 'Now wait till I return,' replieth.
And she as one whose hurry will not let it
Alone, 'My lord, if thou return not,' crieth.
And he, 'Who then shall fill my place will set it
Aright.' And she, 'And what to thee availeth
That others should do well, if thou forget it?'
Then he, 'Now comfort thee, for right entaileth
That justice ere I move me be proclaimed;
So duty wills, and pity's voice prevaileth.'
He who ne'er seeth aught of new hath framed
This visible speech, new to our apprehension,
Whereof the like on earth hath not been famed.
While I rejoiced to fasten mine attention
On such examples of submission lowly,
Dear to see for their Maker's condescension;
'Lo on this side, but yet advance they slowly,'
The Poet whispered, 'many folk: in learning
Our way aloft these will direct us.' Wholly
Intent on gazing round me and discerning
New sights, mine eyes that willingly are spurred
Thereto, delayed not as he bade me turning.
I would not, reader, thou shouldst be deterred
From good resolve, on hearing how the Father
Hath willed that man should pay the debt incurred.
The form of chastisement regard not; rather
That which succeeds: think that at worst the torment
No force beyond the day of doom can gather.
'That, Sire, whereof my vision is informant
Approaching,' said I, 'scarcely human seemeth,
But what I know not; so within me dormant
Is clear perception.' He, 'the woe that teemeth
In their condition low to earth doth hale them,
So that my sight thereof at first misdeemeth.
But lo, with disentangling glance assail them
Beneath those stones advancing: thou art able
To note already how they each bewail them.'
O pride of Christians, wretched, miserable,
Who weak in the mind's vision, have enshrined
Your trust in courses wayward and unstable!

What, know ye not that we are worms, designed
To rear within us the angelic creature
That flies to justice upwards unconfined?
Whereof so proudly boast ye, since in feature
Ye are defective insects, worms remaining
Void of formation, incomplete in nature?
As for a roof or gallery's sustaining
One sees a figure oft in corbel fashion
His knees close upward to his bosom straining,
Which although wholly feigned makes true compassion
Arise in him that looks on it; so placed
I saw them, marking well their degradation.
In truth they seemed more or less abased
As was their load lighter to bear or rougher;
But he in whose look patience most I traced,
Seemed to cry wailing, I no more can suffer.

(*To be continued.*)

PSALM CI.

(Misericordiam et judicium.)

Mercy and Judgement! Mercy first,
Though judgement seems so sore;
My song would tell Thee, best or worst,
I love Thee, Lord, the more.

I turn away my wearied eyes
From all that lies behind;
My path is forward—make me wise,
The perfect life to find.

When wilt Thou also come for me?
Within my house I wait,
And patiently I watch for Thee,
Come early or come late.

And fain would I be done with sin—
The world seems far away;
Come, Lord, and make me pure within,
And fit me for that day.

Apart from slander and from pride
Henceforward would I be;
Thy faithful children by my side,
To serve and comfort me.

And from my heart I would uproot
All evil that I know;
The city that expects Christ's foot
Should not be peopled so.

M. C.

THE JOSEPH OF THE APOSTOLIC BAND.

THE many striking features in the history of Joseph which present him to our notice as a type of our Blessed LORD, may perhaps account in some degree for the fact, that another typical explanation of his life, scarcely less clear, though much less fully detailed, has been entirely overlooked. In the attempt to find an antitype to Joseph among the twelve spiritual patriarchs of the New Testament, we may perhaps be led to set down some smaller arguments which may seem to others far-fetched or over-fanciful. But the real question is, whether, after removing all these, sufficient similarities will not be left to prove the parallel which we seek to establish, between the son who was the special favourite of his father and the 'disciple whom JESUS loved.' The name of Joseph signifies, according to the different pointings with which it is read in the Hebrew, 'He that adds,' and 'He that takes away.' And the writings of S. John exhibit both characters; *adding* in his Gospel the miracles and discourses not hitherto recorded, adding the 'New Commandment,' and adding to and completing the Canon of Revelation. On the other hand, he omits, takes away, and passes by, what others have recorded, and this sometimes (as in the account of the Last Supper) in a very noticeable way. Nor can we forget the form of the warning which he gives (Rev. xxii. 18, 19.) against adding to, or taking from, the words of the prophecy in his last book.[1]

The special favour of Jacob brought upon Joseph the envy and jealousy of his ten elder brethren. So S. John was one of the two against whom the other ten disciples 'were moved with indignation,' (S. Matt. xx. 24.) on account of the higher authority which they imagined was to be bestowed upon them. Even after our LORD's Resurrection, we may trace an almost unkind curiosity in S. Peter's

[1] It is worthy of notice, that Pharaoh's name for Joseph, (Gen. xli. 45.) *Zaphnath-paaneah*, is said to signify in Coptic, 'A revealer of secrets,' or 'The man to whom secrets are revealed.'

question, 'LORD, and what shall this man do?'[1] and in the surmisings of the brethren as to the meaning of our LORD's answer. The purity of which Joseph was so eminent an example, was one of the characteristics which the early Church delighted to attribute to S. John; and Joseph's horror of, and hasty escape from, the presence of the adulteress, may be illustrated by the traditional anecdote of S. John's flight from the contaminating presence of the heretic Cerinthus.[2] Another of the traditions concerning S. John so remarkably corresponds to an incident in Joseph's life, that I should even be inclined to urge the correspondence as an argument for the truth of the tradition. As Joseph, having been cast into the pit and drawn out unharmed, was sold into exile, so was S. John, having been thrown into the cauldron of boiling oil and taken out unhurt, banished to the Isle of Patmos.

It should be noticed, that as Joseph often appears the youngest among his brethren, so does S. John: 'Thy beloved, Thy latest born,' Keble calls him. And in each case there is one really younger brother, the Benjamin of the two families; the ἔκτρωμα,[3] whose birth caused the death of his mother Rachel, answering to the Benjamite Apostle S. Paul, who so styles himself.

It would far exceed our proposed limits to trace minutely the correspondence between the visions interpreted by Joseph and those shewn to S. John. But it may not be too fanciful to suggest, that in the seven epistles to the Churches S. John does, as it were, lay up a goodly provision against the seven years spiritual famine which are foreshewn by the seven trumpets and the seven vials filled with plagues.

Again: Joseph closes the first of the books of the Old Testament, the Book of Genesis. And S. John closes the last book of the New Testament, in a somewhat different sense, it must be confessed, but yet with words which speak a similar truth. 'GOD will surely visit you.' 'He Which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly.'[4]

The Israelites enjoyed peace and prosperity so long as the name and the benefits of Joseph were remembered. But 'another king arose who knew not Joseph,' and then their troubles began, their lives were made bitter by hard bondage, and their male children destroyed. And here, too, we have a sufficiently close correspondence in the parallel history of the Christian Church. The evil days of the Church began when heretical teachers arose, ignoring S. John's teaching, spurning his writings, and denying their inspiration and authenticity. Then were men's lives spent in the profitless labour of building treasure-houses for the enemies of GOD, instead of strengthening the bulwarks and setting

[1] S. John, xxi. 20–23.

[2] Unfaithfulness to GOD is spiritual adultery. (See Ezekiel, xvi.)

[3] See 1 Cor. xv. 8, and Wordsworth's notes *in loc.* Compare Phil. iii. 5.

[4] Gen. l. 25; Rev. xxii. 20.

up the houses of the spiritual Zion. Then the noble manliness, the guileless simplicity, of the Church's Faith were drowned, so to speak, by the muddy stream, the angry waters, of fierce controversy.

We need not pursue the histories further; but one or two less marked correspondences than those already set down may be just mentioned.

Joseph's bringing to his father the evil report of his brethren (Genesis, xxxvii. 2.) may remind us of S. John's appealing to our LORD against one who was spiritually a brother of his—the man who was casting out devils in CHRIST'S Name. On the other hand, both the later practice and the teaching[1] of Joseph strongly enforce those lessons of brotherly love, on which S. John delighted to dwell.

The garment of Joseph was brought to his father stained red with blood, and Joseph was accounted slain, although he was not only alive, but uninjured. So has the Church ever accounted S. John one of her noble army of martyrs, though his martyrdom was in will alone, and not in deed.

Joseph provided a refuge for his father, and at Pharaoh's bidding received him to his home in Egypt. So, for her whom he was taught to regard as his mother,[2] did S. John, at his Master's command, find a home in her time of distress.

Joseph was sent before to provide food for his father and brethren. S. John was one of the two[3] sent before to prepare the Feast of the Passover for their Master and their fellow-disciples. *Simon* (Peter) was with him; and *Simeon* was with Joseph for some time before the second visit of his brethren to Egypt.

Other points of similarity may possibly suggest themselves to those who study and search the sacred narrative. And if it be asked, Of what *use* is it to draw out such a parallel? we would answer that there is at least one benefit to be gained from all such study, if it be pursued in an humble prayerful spirit. Whether our discoveries be intrinsically valuable or not, nay even whether they be real or only fancied, so long as we seek them not for our own glory, we shall be led by them through a more intimate knowledge, to a closer following of those saints whose coinciding footsteps have formed the object of our careful scrutiny.

LOUIS COUTIER BIGGS, M.A.

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[1] Compare Gen. xlv. 1–24, with 1 S. John, ii. 9–11; iii. 10–18; iv. 7–21.

[2] Compare Gen. xlv. 17, 18, with S. John, xix. 26, 27.

[3] Compare Gen. xlv. 5, with S. Luke, xxii. 8.

ETERNITY.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE HYMN BOOK OF THE DIOCESE OF TRÈVES.)

ETERNITY! Eternity!
How vast art thou, Eternity!
Life hastens swiftly on to thee,
As war-horse to the battle-field,
As stranger to his native land,
As arrow to the mark,
As vessel to the strand.
Then lift thine eyes inquiringly—
Mortal! what is Eternity?

Eternity! Eternity!
How vast art thou, Eternity!
Like as a rolling ball, whose form
End nor beginning hath;
Entrance we cannot find,
Nor exit trace along
Thine everlasting path.
Then lift thine eyes inquiringly—
Mortal! what is Eternity?

Eternity! Eternity!
A circle spread immeasurably;
The centre of thy space is time,
For every age and clime;
No name can e'er be spoken,
For thy periphery immense,
Which ever is unbroken.
Then lift thine eyes inquiringly—
Mortal! what is Eternity?

Eternity! Eternity!
For every thousand years that flee
Could we but drop one single tear,
Until the earth should be
Too narrow for the flood,
The heavens too small
To hold that boundless sea—
No shallower, narrower, wouldst thou be.
Mortal! what is Eternity?

Eternity! Eternity!
No lapse of time is aught to thee;
For could the smallest bird we know
Once in a thousand years return,
And bear this world, not day by day,
But age by age, at last
In grains of sand away—
Nor less nor shorter wouldst thou be.
Mortal! what is Eternity?

Eternity! Eternity!
We may, the drops that fill the sea,
The sands that lie upon the shore,
In numbers comprehend and reckon o'er,
But thee no numbers read;
Wisdom and human love
Fall shattered on thy boundary.
Mortal! what is Eternity?

Eternity! Eternity!
How vast art thou, Eternity!
O man! as long as God shall be,
So long the pains of hell shall last,
The joys of Heaven endure:
Oh, grief profound and vast!
Oh, joys immense and pure!
Then lift thine eyes inquiringly—
Mortal! what is Eternity?

Eternity! Eternity!
The twinkling of an eye shall be
The measure of that joy's duration,
Which works our endless woe;
We also know
The pains through which we come
To our salvation,
Like the same twinkling of an eye shall flee.
Bethink thee, Man! What is Eternity?

M. M.

SONGS OF OTHER CHURCHES.

BY LOUIS COUTIER BIGGS, M.A.

X.

ITALIAN HYMNS. *(continued.)*

We give three more examples, translated by 'Janet,' from Rossetti's 'Arpa Evangelica,' with her own comments upon her versions.

V.—HYMN TO DEATH.

Around my feeble artless lyre
What zephyr bland will wake a gale?
And touch with song the lifeless wire,
Nor bring from thence a mournful wail,
But there a glorious hymn inspire,
A thankful, grand, enkindling tale,
Whose balmy melodies may rise
Like incense to the lofty skies?

First will I bless God, wise and just,
And give to Him Who formed me, praise:
Through life's rough path in Him I trust,
He cheers my soul with sun-bright rays;
He, when my body turns to dust,
Shall bear my soul where nought decays;
In storms He brings me heavenly calm,
And crowns the conqueror with his palm.

Full oft, amid the dust and heat
Of life's long race, the Christian sighs,
And mourns the briars that pierce his feet:
Full oft for swift release he cries,
For that long night when none shall beat
The awakening drum ere morning rise—
That lasting night, no end which knows,
Till that long day which ne'er shall close.

Then welcome Death, whose touch shall bring
That longed-for rest so sound and sweet:
Some count thy form a ghastly thing,
And fear thy pallid glance to meet;
To me thou hast nor dart nor sting,
Thou seemest but a calm retreat;
To thee my lips would chant an hymn,
As fairest of the Seraphim.

But in thy hands I see thee bear
Two wondrous keys of massy size:
That in thy right, of gold most rare;
That in thy left affrights mine eyes—

'Tis iron dark; and each doth wear
Strange letters graved, and mysteries;
To them who read the writings well,
These mystic words seem—'Heaven and Hell.'

Reward to every pious mind
Thou bringest—to the lost their doom;
Thy hand destroys not, but doth bind
Whom GOD sends down to earth's dark womb;
Who seek while here CHRIST'S grace, will find
Thy gift is joy in place of gloom:
To us Thou gales from Heaven dost send,
Beginning life which ne'er shall end.

VI.—FIAT VOLUNTAS TUA.

To the Olive-garden
Christian soul, repair,
Wouldst thou learn from JESUS
What indeed is prayer.
When a bitter chalice
Thou wouldst fain refuse,
Learn thou here His pleasure,
Not thine own, to choose.

'FATHER, best and dearest,
If Thy Will it be,
Let this cup of suffering
Pass away from Me.'

'SON, I see Thee prostrate
On the blood-stained sod;
Yet Thou needs must suffer,
Bleeding SON of GOD.'

To the Almighty FATHER
Spake the obedient SON:
'I will drink the chalice;
Let Thy Will be done.'
Man, when sudden sorrow
Comes to break thy heart,
Bow thy head in patience,
Act thy SAVIOUR'S part.

VII.—HYMN OF THE DYING.

Farewell, Sun! no longer
Shall thy trembling rays
Glad my pilgrim-journey,
Meet my weary gaze.
Farewell, Earth! from henceforth
But a grain of sand
To mine eyes in Heaven
Thou wilt seem, sad land.

Stretch thy wings, my spirit,
To the heavenly spheres,
For thy home immortal,
Quit this land of tears.
Fearst thou for the future?
Hath it not sufficed
That thou art besprinkled
With the Blood of CHRIST?

Cast thyself on JESUS
With thy latest breath,
Know thou art the purchase
Of His pangs and death.
Hast thou not the echoes
Of His sweet words caught,
'Come, oh! come, beloved one,
Whom My Cross hath bought'?

Thou wilt sing His praises
'Mid the saved ones soon,
Where nor morn nor evening
Breaks the eternal noon.
'Praise,' thus sound their anthems,
Echoing through the height,
'FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT,
Wisdom, Love, and Might.'

In the last two specimen-translations, we have taken the liberty of somewhat altering the metre from the essentially Italian character of the original to a measure sanctioned by use in 'Hymns Ancient and Modern.' We have, we fear, done but scant justice to these hymns,

and are afraid that our translation has occasionally been *free* where it ought to have been *literal*, and *literal* where it ought to have been *free*. But we trust we have enabled the reader to see something of the elegance and spiritual fervour of Rossetti's sacred songs. Probably every reader of them, either in the original or in a translated form, would be inclined to say that they have too much *prettiness* to be consistent with *vigour*. The two last verses of the Hymn to Death, however, have something of Dante's imagery, with a degree of Dante's sternness. Perhaps the simile of the figure with a key in each hand—one gold, one iron—may recall to some Tennyson's line, in which he calls Death the angel

'That keeps the keys of all our creeds,'

though it is only the *image* which is identical, the line of thought being different. For the benefit of those who would desire to acquaint themselves with the volume in the original, it may be desirable to state that Rossetti's 'Arpa Evangelica' is a small octavo, published at Genoa by Dario Guiseppe Rossi, in 1852.

No article on the sacred poets of Italy would be complete without some allusion to a living writer—Terenzio Mamiani, who, besides his services to literature, has played no inconsiderable part in Italian politics. One of his most celebrated idyls, a poem upon the Flood, was written when he was a prisoner on board an Austrian man-of-war. His hymns, though on Christian subjects, are more like Pagan odes in style and imagery: it is of Mamiani, we believe, that Silvio Pellico's friend Maroncelli writes, that if in his verses in honour of the saints the name of Mercury or Diana were substituted for S. Raphael or S. Gertrude, no one would detect the difference between them and any classical heathen poem.

In the preface to his 'Arpa,' Rossetti enumerates several Italians who have preceded him in the endeavour to present Christian thought 'wedded to immortal verse;' but their efforts, however laudable, all proved more or less failures, principally from the inappropriate *forms* into which they threw their sacred sentiments. Lemene, Magno, and Cotta, into the pastoral form; Tornielli into monotonous rhymes; and the two canonized poets, S. Alphonse Liguori and S. Jacopo di Todi, into mere skilful metrical *tours-de-forces* '*giaculatorie*,' as Rossetti calls them.

We now proceed to notice at some length the sacred poetry of Guiseppe Borghi, one of the most successful imitators Manzoni has yet found. Born in 1756 at Biennina in the Tuscan territory, Borghi devoted himself to sacred poetry, and entered the priesthood, but found himself unable to avoid the suspicions of disloyalty which in those days attached themselves to all literary men in Italy. He therefore spent some years as a refugee in France, but returned to Italy in 1841, and died in 1847 in the Papal territory.

The first specimen of Borghi's sacred verse which we shall bring before the reader is an Evening Hymn, which we have somewhat abridged, leaving out verses which, besides being of little beauty and taking up an undue amount of space in proportion to the length of this article, might be offensive, from their alluding to Purgatory, and from their containing an invocation to the Blessed Virgin. We have again slightly altered the metre.

Thou, Whose ageless sceptre
Rules eternity;
Thou, to Whom at evening
All must bend the knee:
Calm and pure, O FATHER,
Thou dost make the day
Round the tents of Israel
Now to die away;
While Thy loving children,
All Thy faithful ones,
Raise their chants alternate,
Sacred antiphons.

Blest is he whose spirit,
Freed from mortal chains,
Like the shade hath vanished
That on earth now reigns;
Blest is he above whom
Blooms the churchyard flower,
Sweetest scents exhaling
At this evening hour,
Whispering to the traveller
Who doth cross the sod,
'Here his flesh reposes,
But his soul with God.'

Thou, Who spoil'st the spoiler,
Tak'st from death the prey,
Gladden all our spirits
With the True Sun's ray.

Man, through Adam's trespass,
Lay o'erwhelmed in shame;
Earth lay plunged in evil
Till the Helper came.
Now, their labours ended,
Saints before the Throne
Sing how faith has vanquished,
Tell what CHRIST hath done.

* * * * * *

Thou, Whose thoughts toward us
Are but peace, O LORD,
Who to pure deeds givest
Hundred-fold reward;
Drive from out our homestead
Variance, strife, untruth,
Make the elders docile,
Sober make our youth.

* * * * * *

Like a hungry lion
Eager to devour,
Prowls the ancient spoiler
At this evening hour;
Keep him from our dwellings,
Let life's evening be
Free from dread or anguish,
Met, like this, in Thee.[1]

Borghi's other hymns are addressed to the FATHER, the SON, and the SPIRIT, to the Blessed Virgin, to Faith, to Hope, to Charity, to the Divine Word, (rather an imitation, both in style and idea, of Manzoni's 'Pentecost,') to the Holy Eucharist, and to Night. That to the FATHER is very fine.

To the Eternal and the Holy,
From Jerusalem on earth,
(On the wings of faith uprising,)
Sound forth hymns of pious mirth;
'Fettered captives though we be,
Man's unshackled soul is free,
And in loftiest flight she springs
Upward to the King of kings.

[1] This verse ends in the original with an invocation to the Blessed Virgin.

'Thou alone no bounds hast set Thee,
LORD, in power, or time, or space;
All the abyss of the For Ever
Thou dost fill, and dost embrace;
For in heights unsealed, unknown,
Thou didst build Thyself a throne,
And *Thyself*, for mate or friend,
Thou didst love and comprehend.

'Then it was the Sole-begotten,
The Divine, Almighty WORD,
Indefectible and wondrous,
Drew from Thee His being, LORD;
He Who, clad in mortal weeds,
Came to earth to help our needs,
In the uncounted years on high,
Knew not birth, and could not die.

'From the Twain, two flames in one flame,
Came the Eternal SPIRIT'S birth,
He Whose energetic influence
All things formed in Heaven and earth.
Our presumptuous mortal eyes
May not pierce such mysteries;
Human eloquence is weak
When of such high things we speak.

'Yet forgive, Triune JEHOVAH,
When a mortal man essays
To an earth-born lyre and feeble
To make known Thy three-fold praise.
Thou, Who borne on pinions bright
Of the glorious hosts of light,
Rul'st the worlds, and dost restrain
Winds and lightnings, storm and rain.

'Thou dost make the fountains tell Thee
All the secrets of their birth;
Thou dost pierce the caverns winding
Through the bowels of the earth;
Thou dost count, with reckoning true,
All the stars that stud the blue;
Flower, nor blade, nor sandy grain,
'Scapes Thy sight on shore or plain.

'To the haughty soul that dares Thee,
As a scorching Fire Thou art;
But a soft and cooling zephyr
To the saint of humble heart.
Thou didst from Thy palace high
Hurl the first proud enemy,
In the realms of might and hate
All his sin to expiate.

'But the angels who were faithful
In that dread celestial war,
Ministers Thou hast appointed
Of Thy boundless love and care.

In the never-ceasing strife,
Waged with hell through all man's life,
If the LORD were not our Shield,
Foiled we were in every field.

'For with many a lying promise,
Many a flattering blandishment,
Satan came to man in Eden
With an evil dark intent.
Banished from the flowery shade
Were the twain who disobeyed;
Yet no *hopeless* exiles' doom
Filled man's life with rayless gloom.

'For the LORD is all compassion;
Turn not then Thy face away,
LORD of truth and loving-kindness,
From the helpless sons of clay.
Seest Thou how we pass our years
In this darksome vale of tears,
Burdens o'er our shoulders bound,
Clanking chains our feet around?

'Seest Thou how we vainly labour?
Wouldst Thou have Thine Israel's seed
In the service of a stranger
Evermore to smart and bleed?
Wilt Thou not his face make bright
In the sunshine of Thy light?
Standeth not his name enrolled
In Thy book since days of old?

'Though my father and my mother
Should forsake and pass me by,
Well I know the Ever-faithful
On me looks with pitying eye.
To the penitent that erred
Speaks He many a pardoning word,
But the hard unyielding heart
Pierces with contrition's smart.

'From the cradle to the coffin
Thou hast measured out my days;
To the thoughts of Thee and Heaven,
Less than nought earth's grandeur weighs.
Why then faint, thou trembling heart?
Wherefore sink 'neath sorrow's smart?
Break the chains that pressed thee sore,
Rise, and be a slave no more.

'Oh, then, praise the LORD, my glory,
Praise the LORD, my lute and lyre,
While the pinions of my spirit
To the gates of Heaven aspire.
When I reach those portals blest,
Every storm will sink to rest;
One sight of the true Sun's ray
Every cloud will chase away.'

(To be continued.)

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

REASON AND FAITH.

My dear ——,

You have taken up my words—which were only meant to be an expression of my wish to aid you in your perplexities—as if I proposed to answer all your difficulties. But indeed this was far from my mind when I begged you to let me know if I could be of any further use to you. I should be the most presumptuous of human beings, if I imagined that, in an age when the wisest are at variance, I could make all things clear. I can but give you the thoughts which help myself. In so far, however, as they are not my own, but have been made mine by reading, and intercourse with persons of superior intellect, I believe them to be true; and even if they do not help you, they will be a proof to you of my sympathy.

You say you are distressed by the conflicting claims of Reason and Faith. They appear to you contradictory.

This is by no means a new difficulty; but it seems to me, that like many others, it is based upon the want of a clear comprehension of the words we use.

Reason, I should say, is the power given us by God, by the aid of which we are able to deduce—from things seen, or heard, or felt, or in any way made evident either to the senses or to the mind—certain conclusions as to things invisible, future, and abstract.

Before Reason can act, there must always be some ground of evidence for it to act upon.

If I come to you and say I expect a friend to arrive to-morrow, you will naturally ask me why I say so; and according to my answer you will consider my expectation reasonable or the reverse.

Reason having thus established the ground of our conviction, the conviction itself becomes belief; and belief, intensified and urging us to action, becomes Faith.

It is not Reason, then, alone, which makes me prepare for the arrival of the person I expect. All the reasoning in the world would not induce me to do so if I did not believe in the conclusions of Reason, and if the belief were not strong enough to deserve the name of Faith. Without Faith therefore Reason is useless.

On the other hand, if we allow ourselves to act on Faith, without the foundation of Reason, we open the door to superstition.

To believe that a friend is coming to us, with a conviction so strong as to become Faith, and to make preparation for him, when we have no ground for our belief beyond the fancy of our own minds, is folly.

Reason and Faith, therefore, must never be separated, if we wish to

judge and believe and act rightly; yet they must be kept distinct, or we shall fall into grievous error. It is in the endeavour thus to distinguish without separating them that the difficulty is found. It might be less perplexing if we would bear in mind the relative position of the two mental acts. Reason the foundation, Faith the superstructure; both expressed in words very common among us—Reasonable Faith.

We have comparatively little difficulty in recognizing the distinction in matters belonging to this world; or rather, they are of such minor importance that we do not for the most part trouble ourselves to analyze the action of the mind with respect to them.

If, for instance, we are setting out for the first time on a voyage to America, we think that we are merely exercising our Reason when we make adequate preparation for it. We scarcely perceive the part which Faith takes in inducing us to act. But just think for a moment. We have never seen America. How do we know there is such a country? We have been told of it, you will say; but how can we be absolutely assured that what we have heard is not a lie? We have seen persons who have been there, yet still our evidence is but second-hand. Reason, indeed—arguing from experience—leads us to accept the testimony given us; but if reason can give us good grounds for our conviction, it can also, in the hands of a clever sophist, give us grounds for doubt on questions the most surely established; witness the work of the late Archbishop Whately, by which he all-but demonstrated the non-existence of such a person as Napoleon Buonaparte.

Let Reason, in fact, be in any case as clear and as conclusive as she may; let her give us the very strongest evidence for our belief, yet she can never bring us to the point at which, with regard to the unseen and future, we must not exercise Faith if we are to act at all.

The Church of Rome assumes that it has solved the difficulties of the human mind with regard to the claims of Reason and Faith, by the doctrine of infallibility; and I do not deny that it might have been the Will of the Almighty to give His creatures such an assured guide. But assumption does not make infallibility; and when, following the dictates of Reason, I inquire into the evidence of infallibility, I meet with nothing which can be called testimony to the fact, but rather the reverse—one papal statement contradicting another, and the claim itself never having assumed its position as a dogma of the Church until nearly the end of the nineteenth century.

I am compelled, therefore, on the evidence of Reason, to reject it. But in like manner, I am compelled reasonably to reject the assumptions of Rationalism when it pronounces, as to the Divine Nature, that certain statements respecting it are inadmissible because they cannot be understood by man.

How can the finite fully comprehend the Infinite? How can man's reason fathom the mysteries of the Being of God? Do we not indeed find that in matters of every-day experience, and in points which we all accept,

this wonderful gift which we so justly value, though it can lead us to certain undeniable conclusions, absolutely fails in enabling us to understand them?

Let me give you one or two instances in illustration. Man, it is universally allowed, includes in his nature three things—Body, Soul, and Spirit: the physical powers residing in the Body, the mental powers in the Soul, and the moral in the Spirit. Reason and experience have taught us this; but the moment we begin to define and explain, we are met by innumerable perplexities. What is the Soul? What is the Spirit? In what way do they affect each other? By what machinery, if I may use the expression, do they act upon the Body? When I say I will use my hand in writing, what makes my fingers follow my will?

Questions like these have been studied and argued for hundreds of years by persons of the clearest intellects; and we are as far from a satisfactory answer now as we were at the beginning. And that simply because Reason, though it can witness with certainty to the existence and possession of Soul and Spirit, is utterly ignorant of their essential nature. It can tell the conditions required for their manifestation, but what they are in themselves is left in the deepest mystery.

And so again with regard to Life—that wonderful intangible essence—What is it? What makes the distinction between animal and vegetable life, or is there any distinction? Where can we draw the line between them? When men of science reason from experiments as to the origin of life, have they advanced—can they advance—one step beyond the discovery of the various conditions under which it is exhibited? Has not life its origin in the God who is Life, and must not its nature be always inscrutable to man?

And once more, with regard to the words we use.

We speak of Infinity and Eternity. We know perfectly well what we mean, and we think we express our meaning when we define the words. But what is the value of our definition?

Infinity, we say, is that which has no limit. Anything therefore which does not admit of addition, cannot be infinite, because it has reached an end. But the moment addition is possible, that which admits of it is not infinite, because it admits of increase. We arrive, you see, at a contradiction. Reason utterly fails us in our definition. Infinity cannot be a thing. What is it? We answer, 'We do not know.' Yet there is no one capable of reason who does not recognize Infinity as a fact.

And so with Eternity, which is a word that to us simply means Time without beginning or end. But Time must have beginning and end. If it had not, it would not be Time. What then is Eternity? Again we say, 'We do not know.' Do we therefore disbelieve in Eternity? Nay, that is impossible, for its existence is a necessary conclusion of the very same Reason which is utterly unable to comprehend it.

The fact that Reason testifies to its own insufficiency, is therefore to me

indisputable; and I regard it as a most merciful provision of God that we are disciplined—as we undeniably are—from our earliest infancy, to act upon Faith. We might have been so framed as to be influenced by nothing but the seen and tangible, (it would appear that such is the condition, more or less, of the brute creation,) and in that case we could never have been able to grasp the realities of a future state. But in the world, as we find it, the education we unconsciously receive, so singularly disciplines us in the action of Faith, even in temporal matters, that a thoughtful mind can scarcely, one would think, fail to recognize the training of loving wisdom, leading us from its exercise in the things of Time to those of Eternity.

It is there that Faith meets us with demands which seem hard to satisfy, and there that Reason is apt to intrude with a bold self-confidence which does not hesitate to 'rush in where angels fear to tread.'

And yet the principles and limits of Reason and Faith are as marked in religion as they are elsewhere.

Religious Faith is nothing but delusion when it is not based upon Reason. This is the grand distinction between right faith and superstition. Our Blessed Lord makes the appeal to Reason when He says, 'Though ye believe not Me, believe the works.' (St. John, x. 38.) The man healed of his blindness draws the natural conclusion of a reasoning being when he says, 'Since the world began was it not heard that any man opened the eyes of one that was born blind. If this Man were not of God, He could do nothing.' (St. John, ix. 32, 33.)

A religion therefore which comes to us with the claim of belief in that for which there is no evidence, cannot be a true religion. Evidence is the ground of Reason, as Reason is the foundation of Faith.

But Reason—when it has sifted evidence, and drawn its conclusions—must there be contented to stop, or it will intrude upon the province of Faith, and lead us to ruin.

For instance, when we have acknowledged as true the evidence given by the Bible and the Primitive Church to the facts of our Lord's Incarnation, and the existence of a Trinity in Unity in the Divine Nature, we may not dare to reject these facts because Reason cannot comprehend them; for, as I have before said, Reason teaches us that the Essence of the Deity must of necessity be an inscrutable mystery to man. If the Scriptural statements as to the Being of God and the Nature of our Blessed Lord were fully within the reach of the human intellect, it would indeed be to me an argument against, rather than for, their truth.

In such questions as these, Reason can judge of the evidence of the asserted fact, but not of the fact itself; it can decide whether the servant who brings the information is faithful and true, but it is no competent judge as to the information itself.

I know there are many who will be ready to dispute these statements as to the limits of Reason. They have brought themselves to regard the

human intellect as capable of indefinite expansion, and therefore as the ultimate judge of all Truth.

I can only say, that from inquiries into the conditions of the human mind, I see no evidence which would lead me to any such conclusion.

On the contrary, I meet with the most complete ignorance, the deepest perplexity as to facts of every-day experience. Philosophers argue and theorise, but what one sets up another pulls down; and when, in order to understand their systems, we go back to the definitions of the words they use, we find human reason brought face to face with contradictions which absolutely baffle it.

I deny, therefore, the omniscience of Reason. I cannot be a Rationalist, or one who makes Reason the ultimate judge of Truth. Rather, guided by the testimony of Reason itself to its own insufficiency, while fully accepting its guidance as to the *evidence* of Divine Truth, I will accept it no farther. The question of *external* evidence is to me, therefore, of primary importance. At the first thought, you will be inclined to say it is so to everyone. But after-consideration will, I think, lead you to a different conclusion. If you were to inquire into the grounds of the scepticism of the day, you would find, I am convinced, that by far the larger portion may be traced to some foregone conclusion of human reason, some difficulty of comprehension, or some unwillingness to receive doctrines unacceptable to human nature.

Reason has obtruded into the province of Faith, and the result is unbelief.

The possibility of miracles is denied. Why? Because they are said to be impossible, as being violations of the laws of nature. No evidence for them is therefore to be accepted. But what are the laws of nature? Who knows their extent? Where was man when the Almighty 'laid the foundations of the earth?' Where was he when God 'shut up the sea with doors, and said, Hitherto shalt thou come and no further?' What does man know of the ordinances of heaven? Can he 'bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?' Can he 'bring forth Mazzaroth in his season, or guide Arcturus with his sons?' (Job, xxxviii. 31, 32.) Surely, it is the very folly of Reason to argue from the infinitesimally small portion of scientific knowledge which has been acquired by the study of centuries, to the possible acts of an Omnipotent God!

Intellectual difficulties of this kind are no doubt insurmountable to those who hold them. If we say such a thing cannot be, because my Reason does not enable me to understand it, no external evidence will have any effect upon us. But the difficulty may be of our own creation. We may have made Reason a judge where it is no judge. And so also with regard to difficulties as to doctrines, such as the Atonement, or the extent and duration of future punishment;—there are, no doubt, moral perplexities involved in these subjects; but they stand distinct, apart

from questions of external evidence. And in common fairness they ought not to be mixed up with them.

It is impossible, indeed, to say how greatly our inquiries as to the evidences of Christianity would be simplified, if we would all candidly examine the workings of our own minds, and ask rather *why* we disbelieve than *what*.

I fear, however, it is vain to hope for any such fairness in the generality of mankind. Mixed motives and feelings are to be found with us all more or less; only as we journey on, and find ourselves rapidly nearing the day which is to set our doubts at rest, the necessity must, it would seem, force itself upon us, of being ready with a reply to the question which, if revelation be true, may one day meet us at the Judgement Seat of God—Why we disbelieved.

It is looking at the possibility of such a question awaiting us, that I have ventured to give you the grounds of my own conviction as to the separate and limited jurisdictions of Reason and Faith.

If what I have said should in any degree have tended to render the subject more clear to you, I shall be very thankful.

Believe me, ever sincerely yours,

ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

Bonchurch,
September 5th, 1871.

HYMN TO BE SUNG AT HOME ON SUNDAY EVENING. *

BEFORE the close of His holy day,
A song to our Lord we fain would sing,
And those who are near or far away,
Whom our hearts love well, before Him bring:

Those who on Sundays long gone by
At the holy altar knelt by our side;
Who, though in body no longer nigh,
In love and memory still abide.

Jesus, who givest to cheer Thine own
Foretaste of bliss that will end the strife:
Jesus, to whom all hearts are known,
Whose are the issues of death and life!

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* May be sung to the chant given for Hymn 145 in 'Hymns Ancient and Modern.'

Thine we are by the cleansing flood,
  Thine we are by our trembling love,
Thine we are by the Precious Blood,
  Thine may we be at last above.

O for their hearts that are sorely tried,
  Worn by a grief they only know,
Sick with the sins which Thy Church divide,
  Pressed by the wiles of the ancient foe!

Hear us for them, that Thy Spirit's balm
  Sweetly may rest on their souls to-night;
Hear us, that they may be brave and calm,
  All of us fighting the same long fight.

Those who to-day have longed in vain
  For the Sacrifice, and the Food Divine—
Comfort their hearts, and let their pain
  Be turned to joy through the power of Thine.

And if there be who once were true,
  And sang with us to Thy glory here—
Who have lost the joy which then they knew,
  The joy that comes from Thy holy fear:

With fear for ourselves let us pray for them—
  Pray for them to Thee by Thy saving Cross,
By Thy five dread Wounds, and Thine Agony,
  That they may escape the endless loss.

Each time that we sing we are older grown,
  And the night, when none can work, draws near;
But out of the darkness light shall be shewn,
  And perfect love shall rejoice o'er fear.

There, where no fear for the future can be,
  Thy Name, O God, shall be ever blest,
By the Tree of Life, and the crystal sea,
  And in perfect work shall be perfect rest.

SKETCHES FROM HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'COURAGE AND COWARDS;' 'IVON,' &c.

XIX.

FIRST ENCOUNTERS WITH THE TURKS.

A. D. 1387 TO A. D. 1396.

SIGMUND was nineteen years old, when he found himself at last seated upon the Hungarian throne; but his elevation does not seem either to have strengthened his character, or to have diminished the strange restlessness of disposition, which, it may be, he inherited from his grandfather.

The condition of his unfortunate queen, apparently, affected him in no very great degree; but, on being informed that she was certainly still alive in her prison, he induced Venice to send a fleet to besiege Novigrád by sea, while Gara, son of the late Palatine, led an army into Dalmatia, and succeeded in defeating the rebels and driving them from many of their strong-holds. Horváthy, being at last sore pressed on all sides, and seeing the hopelessness of attempting to hold out any longer, surrendered Novigrád to the commander of the Venetian fleet, after obtaining from Maria a promise that he should be allowed to retire unmolested into Bosnia. Great was Maria's gratitude to the Doge for her deliverance from her eight months captivity. In the letter of thanks which she wrote to him, she calls him 'her most faithful friend,' and promises never to forget what she owes him; and on hearing that De Monacis was about to write a poem on the events of which she had been the passive heroine, she bids him not forget to mention that it was by the assistance of the Venetians that she had obtained her release. Sigmund meantime, having allowed his wife to be freed from prison by foreigners, without having raised his own hand to strike one blow in her cause, now came to meet her at his leisure some three weeks after her restoration to liberty. From Agram, where the meeting of the royal pair took place, their progress to Buda was one long triumphal procession. High and low, rich and poor, came forth in all the towns and villages through which they passed, to greet their Queen, and to offer addresses of congratulation at her release. Still, however, the insurrection was far from being subdued. Many of the strong castles were yet in the hands of the rebels; and Twartko King of Bosnia, while he supported them, was likewise bent on improving to his own advantage the opportunity afforded by the distracted state of the country, to annex Dalmatia to his own dominions. The royal exchequer was very low, and what little money was forthcoming, Sigmund was obliged to pay away as interest on his numerous debts. The sale of

Brandenburg, which he effected about this time, did indeed enable him to hire a few Bohemian troops, and to gain some temporary successes; but so long as the rebels found an easily accessible refuge in Bosnia, it was hardly possible either to exterminate them or to reduce them to a state of quiescence. For the time, however, public attention was diverted into another channel. The Princes of Bulgaria and Servia, whose allegiance to Hungary had long been wavering, had lately found it politic, or perhaps we should rather say necessary, to acknowledge the Sultan as their suzerain. In a sudden fit of repentance, however, they determined to throw off the Turkish yoke; and by the union of their forces, succeeded in inflicting a defeat upon the Infidels. Of course it was to be expected that the Turks would seek to revenge themselves for this humiliation, and in her hour of need Servia sought a reconciliation with Hungary. By the mediation of Gara, her advances were graciously received, and some troops were sent to her assistance. Twartko also, recognizing the fact that Servia alone stood between himself and the Sultan, and that her overthrow would be the signal for an attack upon his kingdom, laid aside his schemes of annexation, and hastened to the assistance of his neighbours. All these efforts, however, were in vain; for there was a traitor in the Servian camp, no less a person, indeed, than the Prince's son-in-law, George Brankovics, who betrayed the army into the hands of the Turks. The Sultan, who was present at the battle in person, received a death-wound, which did not prevent him, as he lay dying, from ordering the unfortunate Prince Lazar to be strangled before his eyes. His successor, Bajazet, after dividing Servia between Brankovics and the son of Lazar, departed for Constantinople, a circumstance of which Twartko availed himself to declare that the Turks had sustained a defeat; although, as a matter of fact, he had been obliged to acknowledge himself their vassal, and had consequently received permission to take Turkish soldiers into his pay—a somewhat doubtful privilege, but one of which he appears to have availed himself. All the sea-coast towns, but Zara, soon found themselves obliged to submit to Twartko; and Sigmund let them go, without an effort, for in truth he was more concerned about the defection of Moldavia and Wallachia, whose Vajdas were secretly renouncing the suzerainty of Hungary for that of Poland; possibly, because they felt that, in case they were attacked by the Turks, the latter country would be the more likely to afford them effectual assistance. The army, which Sigmund led against them in person, very quickly brought them back to their allegiance, though only temporarily; for Myrxa, the Vajda of Wallachia, soon after found himself compelled, by the nearer approach of the Turks, to do homage to the Sultan. Still Sigmund was not relieved from his fear of Poland, whose increasing prosperity made her, in his eyes, a formidable neighbour. Gallicia, which had since 1189 been a bone of contention between the two countries, was, as we have seen, demanded by the Poles as the marriage-

portion of their Queen, and promised by the Hungarian government. But the promise had never been fulfilled; and now, in 1390, the spirited Hedwig determined to take the matter into her own hands. While Sigmund was busy with his rebellious vassals, and her husband Jagello was leading an expedition against the Lithuanians, she raised an army, entered Gallicia, drove away the Governor, easily overcame the small Hungarian garrisons left in the principal places, and rapidly made herself mistress of the whole country, which henceforth, till 1773, remained united to Poland.

Yet no hostilities ensued between Poland and Hungary. On the contrary, Sigmund undertook a journey to Cracow, where he formally renounced Gallicia, and endeavoured by fair words to gain the good-will of Hedwig; for indeed, in the midst of his own unpopularity, and the wavering loyalty not only of the dependencies, but even of Hungary proper, he could not but fear lest the death of his constantly ailing wife should be the signal for this same spirited sister-in-law of his to make common cause with the discontented nobles, drive him from the throne, and carry out her father's design by once again uniting under one sceptre the vast territory over which Louis the Great had ruled.

Nor was the danger an imaginary one, for Sigmund made no advances in the favour or esteem of his subjects. Even a successful campaign against the Turks, who in 1391 had made further encroachments upon the Hungarian borders, did not serve to diminish the general dislike with which he was regarded. In the same year (1392) he succeeded in bringing both Croatia and Dalmatia back to their allegiance. Horváthy was caught at last, and put to death with most revolting tortures; but still the greater number of the conspirators had escaped, and as they were, for the most part, men who were both loved and respected, peace was not likely to be of long duration until they were captured or reduced to obedience. Bosnia no longer afforded them a sure refuge, for their powerful friend Twartko was dead, and Dabischid,* who had been chosen by the Bosnians to succeed him, having to contest the throne with the late king's illegitimate son Twartko Scurus, had sought the friendship of Hungary. The Croatian revolt being therefore at length quelled, Sigmund despatched General Vajdafy in pursuit of the fugitives, who were wandering, houseless and homeless, from one forest to another in search of shelter. Vajdafy's troops far out-numbered them, and yet he hesitated openly to attack them, for they were all brave men, and despair, as he well knew, would lend a superhuman strength to their arms. It was late one evening, that, having discovered their hiding-place, he came unexpectedly upon them in the Forest of Syrmia. Shrinking from a trial of strength, he promised on his oath that they should receive a free pardon, if they would surrender to the King; and the weary wanderers listened to his proposal. They set out with him

* Last representative of the family of Kotromanovitsch, who had received Bosnia as a fief from Hungary.

for Buda, but had not proceeded far on their way, before Vajdafy changed his demeanour. He had begun by treating them less as prisoners than as friends; but now he disarmed them, and even threw them into chains. They were thirty-one noble warriors, and the best and noblest among them was Kont, son of the once distinguished Palatine. The unworthy treatment they had received embittered them; and on the way to Buda, they determined that, when brought before the King, they would speak no word, and render no homage. Sigmund did not understand the Magyar character, long as he had lived in Hungary. The conquered chiefs of Bulgaria, Moldavia, and Wallachia, would kneel before the victor, weeping and begging for mercy; but the Magyar, in similar circumstances, would be silent, and utter neither lamentations nor entreaties. There was a further difference between the nations. The former, so soon as the danger was past, would, not unfrequently, again kindle the flame of rebellion; but the latter, if once he laid aside his hostility, was more faithful than an ancient friend.

'Down on your knees!' cried Sigmund.

But the thirty-one nobles drew up their heads, and not one of them bent his knee.

Enraged at their silent insolence, Sigmund ordered them all to be beheaded in St. George's Square, and before his own eyes, without trial or judgement, and in spite of the pardon which had been promised by oath in his name. When Kont's turn came, he laid his head, face upwards, on the block, saying, 'I have faced death a hundred times, and I do not fear him now.'

His esquire Csóka, who was standing close to the scaffold, broke forth into loud lamentations, as he sobbed over the dead body of his master. The youth's fidelity pleased the King, and he said kindly, 'Do not weep, my son; henceforth I will be your master, and give you more than your former one.'

'Never!' cried the youth, his grief suddenly changed into fierce resentment against the crowned murderer of his master. 'I serve no Bohemian swine!'

And his was the thirty-second head which fell on the block that day.

'These,' says the chronicle, 'were the nobles whom we call the "thirty-two knights," who died rather than live under a king whom they could not bear. Their death fanned into a flame the sparks of hatred against Sigmund, which still smouldered among the ashes, and for ever robbed his government of all stability.'

The people noted the names of the dead, and wrote verses about them, which they sang in all parts of the country; and thus Kont and his companions became infinitely more dangerous to Sigmund by their deaths, than they had been by their lives; for it is always an impolitic proceeding to make martyrs of one's enemies. The families to which the murdered nobles belonged, felt themselves deeply insulted; and all who had taken no part in Sigmund's election, all who honoured the law,

looked on him with horror as a blood-stained tyrant, who, without respect for the sanctity of justice, had sacrificed a large number of persons, merely for the gratification of his own passion—persons who had not been brought to trial, and whom the multitude considered justified in their rebellion against a king who had been forced upon them, and who had no scruple about breaking his oath whenever to do so suited his purpose. Queen Maria was visibly fading day by day, and many entertained the idea of calling her sister Hedwig to the throne after her death; while others, having no confidence in the government of a woman, turned their eyes upon Ladislaus of Naples. And in spite of all this, Sigmund went on his way, making himself daily more obnoxious to his people, by his dissipated habits, his expenditure of public money, and by sales, mortgages, or even gifts, of state property. Little did he seem to trouble himself about his unpopularity, for, at a time so critical as this, when all his energies were required at home, we actually find him at Znaim, plotting for the crowns of Rome and Bohemia, at present worn by his brother Wenceslas. He soon, however, received a tolerably clear proof of the general mistrust felt towards him, for the Diet of 1394, while voting a sum of money for the prosecution of the war against the Turks, especially provided that it should not fall into Sigmund's hands.

Bajazet had been appropriating several places on the right bank of the Danube, some of them belonging immediately to the Hungarian kingdom; and an embassy was sent to demand their restoration. The ambassadors found the Sultan at Brussa, and were received by him in a room, the walls of which were hung with the spoils of Bulgaria. Pointing to these, he said, 'Go home, and tell your king that I too have a sufficient right to the land.'

War being unavoidable, the ambassadors, according to their instructions, returned home by way of Constantinople, to make an alliance with the Emperor Manuel II.; whose assistance could not, however, be of any great value, as his possessions were now included within the walls of the city. Preparations went on apace, and help was promised both from France and Burgundy; but Sigmund, without waiting for his allies, who could not arrive till the following year, pushed forward at once with a small army, and succeeded in taking Little Nikopolis. He was prevented from following up the victory by the news of the death of his wife, who had closed her short and joyless life at Nagy-Várad. The Archbishop of Gran was at once despatched to be present at the funeral, and also to take immediate measures for securing the throne to Sigmund. Apparently some danger was apprehended from Poland, for immediately after the ceremony the Archbishop set out with an army for the north, either to defend the boundaries, or to keep down Hedwig's adherents, who were numerous in that part of the country. Sigmund's presence was of course required at home; and Myrxa, the Vajda of Wallachia, who had just renewed his allegiance to Hungary, was so terrified to

think of what would befall him, when he was left, unprotected, to the mercy of the offended Sultan, that he tried to make it appear he had not broken faith with the latter, but had only yielded to compulsion in furnishing the King with troops. He therefore placed armed men in the defiles through which Sigmund had to pass, and these poured upon him a shower of poisoned arrows, from which he was only protected by the shields of some French knights.

Strictly speaking, Sigmund's connection with Hungary was dissolved by the death of his wife, for he had been appointed regent only as being Maria's husband; and it was entirely to his union with her that he owed his subsequent election as King—an election, moreover, in which but a very small fraction of the nation had taken part. Maria had left no children, and Sigmund was generally mistrusted and disliked; yet no attempt was made to drive him from the throne. The truth was, that, whatever might be the rights of the case, or the wishes of the people, the nation had been accustomed for some years past to look on him as her king; for Maria had, since her release from captivity, lived in great retirement, and without taking any part in the government. Moreover, his enemies were, for the time, paralyzed by their defeat, and by the executions which had followed it; Jagello of Poland had his attention fully occupied by the Lithuanians; there was a common enemy already upon the borders; and, to crown all, Sigmund was just now at the head of an army which would easily have suppressed any partial revolt. Sigmund was therefore allowed to continue, for the present, in quiet possession of the throne; and he, as if there were nothing to be done at home, turned his attention to Bohemia, to see what advantage he could gain for himself from the bad terms on which his brother, the king, just now was with his subjects. Wenceslas invited him to Prague, sending him what he well knew would be acceptable, a large sum to defray his travelling expenses. Sigmund was appointed his Vicar-general for the whole Roman Empire, and soon after hurried away to take command of the allied armies against the Turks.*

The allies came chiefly from France and Burgundy, and were led by many distinguished knights, among whom Jean Sans-peur, son of Philip the Bold of Burgundy, and the Count de Coucy, were the most conspicuous. They were joined, on their march, by a few thousand Bavarians and Swabians, and by some of the Teutonic Knights; and besides these, Englishmen, Italians, Poles, and Bohemians also came, in larger or smaller numbers, to fight for the cause of Christendom. Count

* Wenceslaus, King of Bohemia and Roman Emperor, was incapable and feeble in character, wanting both in courage and energy, yet extremely self-willed. His bad management, injustice, and violence, had roused the indignation of the German and Bohemian States; and general wrath was excited by his ill-treatment of the chief Bohemian clergy, especially of the General-Vicar of Prague, Johann von Pomuk, whom he tortured with his own hands, and then caused to be thrown from the bridge into the Moldau.

Hermann Cilly, whose name was to be so well known and hated throughout Hungary, likewise arrived from Styria at the head of a troop of soldiers. The whole army, which amounted to nearly eighty thousand men, approached Bulgaria in two divisions, one advancing through Servia, the other through Wallachia, and both, unfortunately, indulging in the acts of plunder and devastation for which many of the old Crusaders had been noted. Orsova, Widdin, and some neighbouring places recently taken by the Turks, were soon recovered; and then the two columns met near Great Nikopolis, Sigmund assuming the command of the whole. But many a better general than he would have found it no easy task to control and direct so vast an army, composed of such various elements, and containing moreover so many proud and ambitious knights, each of whom was so eager to rule that he would not obey.

Bajazet was busy laying siege to Constantinople by land and sea; but on the first intimation of the danger which threatened him, he hurried northwards, with two hundred thousand men, to meet the Christian army. The Governor of Nikopolis was aware of the Sultan's approach, and defended the city with the greatest obstinacy.

As for the Crusaders, their self-confidence was unbounded, not to say fool-hardy; and they permitted disorder and license to reign unchecked in the camp. As Bajazet drew near, Sigmund, in the pride of his heart, is said to have exclaimed, 'What need have we to fear a man? If the very heavens were to fall upon us, we would support them on the points of our lances!'

The Burgundian and French knights were persuaded that Bajazet must either fall or fly, and were already reckoning the time when they should visit Constantinople and free the Holy Sepulchre. In their eagerness they were for hurrying on the attack, while the graver Magyars were for awaiting it in their strongly entrenched position. The Magyar generals, who had had some experience of Turkish warfare, advised that the more undisciplined squadrons, such as the Serbs and Wallachians,* should be placed in the van-guard; and De Coucy agreed with them. But Jean Sans-peur and the Constable d'Eu, considering that this would be an affront to the many noble knights in the army, strongly urged the placing of the best troops in the foremost ranks; and unfortunately they were allowed to have their way. At the end of September, the camp before Nikopolis was abandoned, and each division of the army took up its appointed place. Foremost of all stood the French, Burgundians, Italians, and English; behind them the Magyars with their king, and in the rear, the Germans, Bohemians, Wallachians, &c., under the command of the Palatine Gara. Two days later, the outposts announced the approach of the Turks. Most of the young French knights were sitting at table when the news arrived, and were somewhat heated by wine; but they started at once to their feet, seized their

* Myrxa had joined the army with a contingent.

armour, mounted their horses, De Coucy with the consecrated banner at their head, and off they dashed in hot haste against the enemy, as if afraid of being obliged to divide the glory of the victory with others. As might have been expected, they speedily broke through the lines, and put to the rout the undisciplined squadrons of which Bajazet's vanguard was composed, covered the field with dead and wounded, and reached the hills to which the fugitives had retreated. The rest of the army was far behind them; but thinking that nothing more now remained than utterly to destroy an enemy who was already defeated, on they went, some even dismounting in order to climb the hill by the shortest way. Then suddenly they found themselves confronted by the main body of the Sultan's army, forty thousand lances drawn up in battle array. The unexpected sight destroyed their presence of mind, and they turned to fly. But it was too late! The lines through which they had broken so easily had closed up behind them, and all that remained to them was, to cut their way back with their swords. Seeing their retreat cut off, their courage returned, and they fought bravely for their lives, trusting that the rest of the army would speedily come up and release them. It was a vain hope! The sudden advance of the van-guard had taken the Hungarians by surprise, and some time elapsed before they were ready to follow. One division which Sigmund sent forward to the relief of the French troops, caught sight of the riderless horses of the latter, turned back, and terrified the rest of the army by announcing the utter destruction of the van-guard, in whose prowess and valour so much confidence had been placed. It was in vain that Sigmund led his centre to the rescue of the knights; he was surrounded and overpowered by superior numbers, before he could reach them; and soon twenty thousand Christians lay upon the battle-field. Thousands of prisoners had fallen into the hands of the Turks, the army was entirely routed, and the Sultan's victory was complete; yet, as he gazed on the multitude of his own killed and wounded, which far out-numbered those of the allies, he could not but feel that his victory had been dearly bought.

Sigmund, as soon as he saw the destruction of his army, fled with a few followers to a ship and escaped. When he found himself at length beyond the reach of the Turkish arrows, he appointed Bubek Palatine of the kingdom, and sent him and Gara János back to Hungary, to acquaint the nation with the happy escape of her king, and to continue the government in his name till he should return. Then he went on his way to visit the Emperor at Constantinople, to conclude, as he said, a league with him against the Turks. Possibly, like other vain and feeble men, he was afraid to face his subjects till they had somewhat recovered from the news of the defeat.

Meantime, Bajazet, enraged at the loss of so many of his warriors, and still more at the recent slaughter of Turkish prisoners by the French,*

* The French had put to death their prisoners, on leaving the camp before Nikopolis.

ordered all the Christian prisoners above twenty years of age to be beheaded before his eyes. The heir of Burgundy he spared, in the hope of obtaining a large ransom, and he allowed him to choose four-and-twenty of his fellow-prisoners, whose lives should likewise be granted to them. The slaughter lasted from morning till evening, and so inflamed the blood-thirsty tyrant, that he would have slain even the youths whom he had at first intended to spare, but for the intervention of his officers. The young soldiers were divided among their captors as slaves; and one French knight was chosen to go to Paris, with the dismal tale of all that had happened, and to endeavour to procure the release of the captives, who meantime were obliged to follow the Turkish army on its marches, and were exhibited to the Mussulmans of Europe and Asia as trophies of victory.

The King of Cyprus sent to the Sultan a very valuable salt-cellar of gold; and Charles VI. of France sent a number of Norwegian falcons, six horse-loads of scarlet cloth, fine linen from Rheims, and tapestry from Arras representing the battles of Alexander the Great—all to effect the release of the prisoners. But presents and entreaties only served to shew Bajazet that his captives were persons of importance, and it was long before he would accept a ransom. At last, however, they were set free, all but the Constable d'Eu and Guy de Coucy, who had died in prison.*

After his victory over the Christian army, Bajazet threatened that he would take Buda, subdue Germany and Italy, and feed his horse on the altar of St. Peter. Nor were these empty threats; for he at once advanced to the Drave, laying waste all the land through which he passed, as far as the boundaries of Styria. Hungary, with her army annihilated, her king fled, her people discouraged and split into parties, was hardly in a fit state to resist him; and when once Hungary was conquered, whom would he have found able to oppose him? Germany was in a state of confusion; the feeble-minded Charles VI. sat on the throne of France; in Italy there was a strife between the republics and the princes; and, to complete the picture, the whole of Catholic Christendom was divided between two Popes.

There would have been small hope for Europe had Bajazet pushed on; but fortunately he was prevented by a severe fit of the gout from so doing, and soon after, his power was destroyed by another conqueror even more terrible than himself. When Sigmund's messengers returned to Hungary, bearing the news of the great defeat, they found few persons

* One of the conditions of their release was that they should never again bear arms against the Sultan; but Bajazet himself cancelled it, saying, 'I despise your oaths as much as your arms.' Before their departure they were invited to the court, where their admiration was excited by the splendour of the Sultan, who hunted with seven thousand huntsmen and as many falconers. The barbaric justice of the tyrant likewise astonished them, for he one day slew in their presence one of his chamberlains, who was accused by a poor widow of stealing the milk of her goat.

who would believe that the King had not either perished on the battle-field or in the Danube. Had he been alive he might have returned safely by way of Transylvania, and it seemed incredible that he should have chosen to go round by Constantinople. The general opinion therefore was that he was dead; and the malcontents improved the opportunity to the utmost. Croatia was, as usual, their head-quarters, and their leaders were Láczfy, or Laczkovitsch as the Croatians called him, and Simontornyay, who had secretly taken part in former insurrections. By them the throne was offered to Ladislaus of Naples, who promised to come over as soon as circumstances should permit, and meanwhile appointed Láczfy and his colleague his vice-regents. The ambassadors were at Kuin, giving an account of their expedition to Naples; Zara had declared for Ladislaus; and Ostoja, the chief of one of the two factions into which Bosnia was just now divided, had likewise proffered his homage. Ladislaus was unanimously recognized as King by the whole assembly. Then, suddenly, like a thunder-bolt, came the intelligence that Sigmund had landed at Ragusa.

(To be continued.)

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

BY J. M. WILSON, M.A.

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THERE are not many phenomena which excite curiosity and attention so universally as a display of the Aurora Borealis. It happens often enough to be seen several times—perhaps many times—by most people; and yet not so often as to dull our curiosity by its very commonness. It is a less splendid sight than many a sunset sky; and yet, for one who wonders why the sky shews those rainbow tints in the evening and not in the day, you may find twenty who speculate on the cause of the Aurora.

It happens, moreover, to be a subject in which one or two steps are being made forwards, and one which may serve to illustrate the methods by which science attacks that commonest of all questions—*what is the cause* of a phenomenon; and one which is capable of being fully comprehended, as far as the investigation has yet gone, by anyone who will give it the *necessary attention*.

Let us first, then, observe an ordinary Aurora Borealis as closely as we can. There is seen, as twilight is getting fainter and fainter, a portion of the northern or north-western horizon to grow dark; but the darkness is not a cloud, for stars can be seen through it. It is soon bounded by an arch of faint light, like thin cloud lines, except that it

too is transparent. The light is seen to flicker, and shoot out beams of light and shade up into the sky, which move from side to side, and suddenly disappear and re-appear again. Sometimes there are splendid colours shewn: red, green, yellow, and purple, may all be seen in the same Aurora.

A somewhat closer observation shews that the rays which dart from the arch do not diverge from it in such a manner as to spread over the sky, (as they are generally shewn in drawings,) but converge to one point in the sky; and occasionally they may be traced until they meet in it. This was very well seen in the fine Auroras of the 24th and 25th of October, last year, in which the *Corona Borealis*, as it is sometimes called, was finely exhibited. The streamers seemed to meet from all sides, at a point nearly overhead, like a gigantic umbrella of rays.

Another form of Aurora is the Auroral arch, which is less frequently seen. It spans the sky like a huge arch, and may be seen either overhead, or north or south of the observer, extending, roughly speaking, from east to west. This is a definite luminous object, whose height above the earth may be determined, when it is seen, and its position accurately noted, at two distant places on the earth. One such arch was seen by Sir John Herschel at Hawkhurst in Kent, by Mr. Lowe in Nottingham, and by myself at Rugby, on the night of March 9th, 1861; and from these three observations, each of which checks the other two, its height was computed by Sir John Herschel at 83 miles, and by myself at 82. Others have been similarly shewn to be respectively 106, 175, 218, 454, and 553 miles above the surface of the earth. It is probable, therefore, that the ordinary Auroras also are at very great heights above the surface of the earth, although they are too ill-defined to admit of geometrical measurement.

Strangely enough, it is still a moot point whether Auroras are accompanied by any sound. On the one side, we have the assertions that sounds have been heard like 'a rustling and brushing of silk,' 'a crackling noise,' which always coincided with the appearance of a streamer. On the other hand, Gmelin, Pallas, Patrin, Lyon, Franklin, and others, lived long in the arctic regions, and have left it on record that they never heard any sound from the Auroras they witnessed. It may therefore be an illusion, but it is more probably a somewhat rare and delicate phenomenon.

Another sense seems occasionally to be affected when the Aurora is brilliant, and that is the sense of smell. In the Faroe Islands, and elsewhere, the peculiar odour of ozone, that generally accompanies electrical discharges, has been noticed.

Such are the essential facts, as may be known to everyone. And into these it is our business to examine more minutely, and see if they, and further observations which they suggest, will yield any indications of a cause.

The dark segment, and the luminous arch, were spoken of as in the northern or north-western horizon. Let us be more exact. It is about twenty-three degrees west of north. But this instantly suggests to us that the magnet, which here in England at present is pointing about twenty-three degrees west of north, points to the centre of the arch. This might be an accident, if it was only true here; but it is equally true in other countries, where the magnetic deviation is different. This, therefore, indicates a community of cause to magnetism and the Aurora, such a general coincidence of direction being beyond the possibility of occurring by chance.

Again, the Auroral arch, described as spanning the heavens in a direction, roughly speaking, from east to west, when more accurately observed, is found to extend from a point about twenty-three degrees north of east, to one about twenty-three degrees south of west, or in a direction at right angles to the magnet.

Let us examine now into the position of the *Corona Borealis:* it was said to be *nearly* overhead. On the night of October 24th, 1870, the point of convergence was observed at Rugby to be close to the star η Pegasi at 8.30 p.m., which indicates a point twenty-two degrees south-east of the zenith. The importance of this observation is at once seen by anyone who knows that a magnet, when *freely* suspended, so as to point in *any* direction, always points its northern end downwards, and, as is shewn by proper instruments, is inclined about twenty-two degrees to the vertical. Its southern, or upper end, would therefore point very nearly indeed to the point of convergence of the Auroral streamers. This coincidence is still more striking than the former, and teaches us that the Auroral rays are in reality straight rays, parallel to the freely-suspended magnet, darting upwards in the upper regions of the air; and that their convergence is only an effect of perspective, like the convergence of railway lines and telegraph wires, or like the beams of the sun, visible in misty air when the sun is concealed behind a cloud. It is not difficult to present this distinctly to the mind, that in an Auroral display over the northern hemisphere, the higher regions of the air are illuminated by flashes of light, parallel, or nearly so, at each place, to the direction of the freely-suspended magnet on the earth below.

The curvature of the Auroral arch is similarly an effect of perspective; it is, in fact, a straight, or nearly straight, beam of light, perpendicular to the magnet.

Another indication of the connection between magnetism and the Aurora is easily explained. When a very good magnet is carefully watched, it is found to be not perfectly still, but subject to both regular and irregular movements. Towards eleven o'clock p.m., the north end of a magnet moves from its average position, towards the east, until eight o'clock a.m., when it begins to return, and goes westward till towards one o'clock p.m.; then it moves east till towards eight o'clock p.m., and westward till eleven o'clock p.m., and then

begins its oscillation over again. These are some of its regular movements; but besides these, it has sudden movements—shivering fits, as they are called—and an Aurora is sure to bring one on.

The Magnetic Observatory of Greenwich is supplied with an apparatus for perpetually photographing a magnet, and thus preserving a record of all its movements. A small mirror is attached to the magnet, and a beam of light falls on the mirror from a lamp; the reflected beam is brought to a point on a horizontal reel of sensitized paper, turning slowly by clock-work, and thus leaves a trace on the paper as it unrolls. Any movement in the magnet produces a much larger movement of the reflected ray, and therefore of the spot of light; and thus the deviations of the trace from a straight line are a perfect record of the movements of the magnet. Now it has long been known that the magnet is violently disturbed when an Aurora takes place; and this is true, even when the Aurora is so far distant as to be invisible at the place. Perturbations of M. Arago's magnet, at Paris, were shewn to coincide with the displays of Auroras as far north as Scotland.

The knowledge of this effect of an Aurora on magnets is not only the result of delicate observations, but is popularly known through the derangement of our telegraphic system when a great Aurora takes place, such as that of last October. The magnets quiver under its influence, and these quiverings disguise or destroy the motions that convey the message. There was a great magnetic storm of this kind on September 24th, 1847, which lasted many hours, the needle oscillating under its influence through more than half a right angle. So also on October 18th, 1841, as I learn from an article in 'Nature,' the signals could not be sent from Star Cross to Exeter, and the superintendent at Exeter reported that some one was playing tricks with the instruments.

We may consider it, then, as proved, by a variety of strong concurrent testimony of facts, that magnetism and Auroras are closely connected, either as cause and effect, or as simultaneous effects of the same cause.

How can the next step be taken in such an investigation? Let us consider what it is that we want to ascertain. We want to know why the Aurora is seen on some nights and not on others; why it is luminous, and what the substance is which is luminous; and why it is seen best in northern latitudes.

The only chance of finding out why the Aurora is seen on some nights and not on others, is to make or consult a catalogue of Auroras. Such a catalogue, or list of displays of the Aurora, was made by Arago, and an analysis of it yields some interesting results. Contrary, I think, to general belief, it appears from this catalogue, as well as from other meteorological works, that the months of autumn and spring—September, October, April, and March—are decidedly more favourable for Auroras than the winter or summer. It must be

observed, moreover, that these months are more favourable for *splendour* of Auroras, as well as for their *number*.

There is, moreover, a diurnal, as well as an annual period for Auroras. They are finest in the evening hours, generally dying away in the morning hours, but have been seen at all parts of the twenty-four hours.

Further, there is a longer period, which is as yet ill defined, from want of continuous observation.

It may, however, be noticed, that the most splendid Auroral years have a tendency, apparently, to recur in cycles of eleven years. We shall not soon forget the splendid Auroras of October 24th and 25th of 1870; there are only two in this century which rivalled them; but it is singular that their dates are October 24th, 1847, and October 23rd, 1804, happening, that is, at intervals of nearly multiples of eleven years.

Now this period of eleven years, or more strictly, the ninth of a century, confronts us in many variable phenomena. It is the period in which the magnet goes through its change of intensity. For a suspended magnet, if drawn aside from its position of rest, does not always tend to recover its position with equal force; this varies from hour to hour, and especially varies through a period of eleven years, at the end of which it is what it was at the beginning. This coincidence, however, only brings us back to a connection, previously established, between magnetism and Auroras.

But there is another variable phenomenon of eleven years period, and that is the amount of solar disturbance, as estimated by sun spots. When these are observed, as they were observed by Schwabe for many years, a decided period is found to govern them; and this period is identical with the former. This, then, throws us on a new scent. Auroras are in some way connected with, and therefore produced by, (for the contrary connection is inconceivable,) the state of the solar envelopes, so that disturbances in it produce effects on our magnets and our Auroras.

To examine into the nature of this action, we must investigate into the nature of the luminosity. It is known by experiment, that when electrical currents or discharges are allowed to pass through attenuated air, or gas of any description, the gas then becomes luminous. Some of my readers have probably seen such vacuum tubes, as they are called—tubes from which almost every trace of air, or other gas, has been removed by the air-pump, and then used to pass currents of electricity through; and those who have seen them will remember the beautiful and varying colours, and the apparent motion of the luminous bands. Such tubes do, in fact, contain miniature Auroras. It is therefore a fact, that electrical discharges in rarefied atmospheres do produce luminous effects. Further, it is well known that magnetism and electricity are intimately related; so that any change affecting the earth's magnetism would set up electrical currents in the earth

and its atmosphere, in directions at right angles to the magnet, round which the bands of light would tend to revolve, if the discharge were intermittent. We learn, then, that the source of disturbance is the sun; and that the earth and its atmosphere form a magnetometer and electroscope for studying a certain part of the effects of these solar disturbances.

But a further question is still waiting an answer. What is the substance which is rendered luminous in the Aurora? We cannot have light without a luminous substance; what is that substance?

To explain fully how an answer to this question is sought and obtained, would lead me far into an optical and chemical discussion: it would be necessary to write a paper on spectrum analysis. The elements of this mode of analysis are known to some readers of this paper; and any who are not acquainted with it must accept for the time the assertion, that by an examination of the light emitted by luminous bodies, it is possible to declare that the bodies have the same or different chemical compositions. It is possible to distinguish at a distance between two flames, and to say that substances are being burned in one which are not in the other. A star can be studied in this way, and be pronounced to consist, as some do consist it seems, of hydrogen; the sun-light can be examined, and be made to reveal what substances are burning in the sun, and moreover, through what kind of atmospheres that light has passed in travelling to us.

Now this method has been applied to the Aurora Borealis—at present, indeed, with results not entirely conclusive, but sufficient to shew that there is an element luminous in the Aurora which is not known to exist on the earth, (or existing under circumstances which have not yet been reproduced in experiments:) in other words, in the upper and outer regions of the atmosphere there exists at the time of an Aurora a gaseous element not yet found in any substance on earth.

But by the same method of analysis, it is shewn that this same unknown element exists in three other luminous bodies—in the zodiacal light, possibly in some comets, and in the corona of the Sun. What a marvellous horizon is opened to us from this fresh point of view! Let us examine it in a little more detail.

The zodiacal light is a rarely seen phenomenon in these latitudes, though fairly conspicuous in the tropics. It consists of a faint luminous cone of light, seen in spring or autumn near the rising or setting sun, and would seem to suggest a faintly luminous disc, of extreme tenuity, surrounding the sun, and slightly inclined to the plane of the ecliptic, and so situated that we see it most favourably, *i. e.* are in the plane of the ring in spring and autumn, and therefore see it nearly edgewise. The examination of this faint light led Angström to conclude that the luminous gas, whatever it is, is the unknown element in the Aurora.

Moreover, on some nights when the sky has seemed unusually luminous with a kind of phosphorescent or diffused light, the same

element has been detected in the same way, as being present in the luminosity, whatever and wherever it was.

It is impossible not to put together the facts that the great Auroras, and the zodiacal light, appear in spring and autumn, now that we see that the substances rendered luminous are identical in both: and it may therefore be hazarded, as a not improbable speculation, that the Earth, at those parts of its orbit which correspond to our October and March, passes through the luminous ring; and if at that time there is any solar disturbance, the Auroras will be of unusual brilliancy.

Finally, the identification of an element in the solar corona with the unknown element in the zodiacal light and the Aurora, establishes another interesting connection between the Earth and Sun, and the inter-planetary spaces. Some gas probably of extreme lightness occupies the upper portions of the solar atmosphere, as of ours, and fills a large space, in an annular form round the Sun.

The examination of a comet, when a good one appears, will probably yield very interesting results from this point of view. The tails of comets probably contain the same unknown element, and belong therefore to the same system of matter, which in a solid state makes meteors, and in a gaseous state makes Auroras, and in a combination of both makes the zodiacal light and the corona of the Sun.

Lastly, why is the Aurora a specially *northern* phenomenon? It is very frequent in the Arctic regions, not very uncommon in our own latitudes, but extremely rare in the tropics.

It must be remembered that it is just as much a *southern* phenomenon as a northern one; that is, it is seen in the neighbourhood of the poles of the Earth. Now the magnetic axis of the Earth lies near its axis of rotation; and hence it is to be expected that magnetic phenomena, and therefore Auroras, should be most conspicuous in the neighbourhood of the poles. There is at present, as far as I know, no catalogue of southern Auroras; but it is known that the finest northern Auroras have been accompanied, as they were in October last, by correspondingly fine southern Auroras.

If the earth could be viewed from outside during a great Auroral display, there would be seen diverging from its two polar regions streamers of light, like the curves assumed by iron filings scattered over a sheet of paper under which a bar magnet is placed.

Whither, then, have we gone? From an examination of the Aurora as roughly and unscientifically observed, we have passed to exact observations of its place and form, and thus, by an obvious step, to its connection with terrestrial magnetism: by closer and continued observation and registration of its occurrence, we were led to the Sun as the disturbing cause, and compelled to regard our Earth as a delicate, though large, solar electroscope. The analysis of the Auroral light has led us to a cosmical rather than to a local explanation of the Aurora; its substance, and its periodicity, alike point to the remoter

regions of our atmosphere, and to matter occupying inter-planetary spaces, as the region in which the electrical discharges take place.

As the Earth rolls in its orbit round the far distant Sun, it is sensitive to every variation in temperature of its ruler, and to every solar storm. Its magnetic power varies, and throbs of electricity circulate round the Earth, at every variation of magnetic intensity. These electrical currents affect, and render luminous, the highly rarefied gases remote from the surface of the Earth, and have already begun to give indications of the nature of the inconceivably attenuated gases that occupy cosmical spaces. Such, then, is an Aurora—no isolated and mysterious phenomenon, but one closely connected with others, and requires a considerable extension of chemical and astronomical knowledge before it can be fully understood. It is well to study branches of science in this state. They excite the curiosity, they stimulate to research; they give us glimpses into the fields of the unknown, but not unknowable, which are the true domain of science.

THE PILLARS OF THE HOUSE;

OR,

UNDER WODE, UNDER RODE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SMOKE-JACK ALLEY.

Launce. It is no matter if the ty'd were lost, for it is the unkindest ty'd that ever man ty'd.

Panthino. What's the unkindest ty'd?

Launce. Why, he that's ty'd here—Crab, my dog.

Shakespeare.

JOHN HAREWOOD returned, bringing with him what Alda took for a dressing-case, and Cherry for a drawing-box, but which proved to contain a wonderful genie to save the well-worn fingers many a prick. To Lance he first administered the magical words, 'All right,' and then making an opportunity, he put five sovereigns into his hand. Lance's first impulse was, however, not to thank, but to exclaim, 'Then Poulter has not got it?'

No, Poulter's conscience had forbidden him to purchase 'little Underwood's' treasure at what he knew to be so much beneath its value; but he had given Captain Harewood his best advice and recommendations, and by that means the violin had been taken at a London shop, still at a price beneath his estimate, but the utmost that could be expected where ready money was the point. Lance ought to have been delighted, and his native politeness made him repeat, 'Thank

you;' but he could not quite keep down his regret—'Now I shall never see or hear her again.'

However, the next day, when Bernard flew upon him at twelve o'clock, asseverating that there was shade all the way, he allowed himself to be persuaded, prudently carrying with him only ten shillings, and trusting to his blue umbrella rather than to Bernard's shade, which could hardly have been obtained by sidling against the walls.

Bernard did not seem to have enjoyed much more of Stingo's society than Lance of his violin's—the produce of the same bounty. He confessed that he had only ventured on taking the dog out three times in a string, and on one of these occasions he had broken loose after a cat, on another had fought with Nares's dog, and on the third had snapped at Angela.

'You didn't take Angel into these places!'

'No, she came to meet me.'

'That's a sign of grace; but, Bear, I can't stand these diggings at all. I've a great mind to turn back.'

'You won't!' cried Bernard. 'You must have been here often when you were a grammar-school fellow.'

'Not we! This is a cut below us! Fulbert would never have been caught here!'

'But you are going to get me out of this fix?'

'Haven't I said I will? only hold your tongue, and let me alone to manage the rascal. If you open your mouth, I've done with it.'

Bernard was forced to acquiesce, though Lance's manner vexed and irritated him. Popular and valuable as Lance had been with the choristers, he was not dealing as well with his brother, perhaps partly because he was more consciously trying to influence him; and likewise because the state of his health and his prospects so far affected his manner, that though never ill-humoured, it had lost some of the easy careless sweetness of high spirits, and assumed an ironical tone, exasperating to a child who could not brook ridicule. He was ashamed and dismayed at the place where Bernard was leading him, so low and disreputable that the boys of his time had never haunted it, and his own *gamin* propensities had never extended so far. It was a tumble-down quarter; the houses, deplorable hovels, run up hastily for the workmen at the potteries, and every third or fourth a beer-shop; and in the midst dwelt Mr. Sims, a maimed poacher, who kept a large live-stock with which to trade on the sporting tastes of the youth of Bexley.

Probably he was gratified to see that 'my brother' meant nothing more imposing than the chorister; but Lance had so cultivated his opportunities at Dick Graeme's home, as to be more knowing on the subject than Felix would have been. Indeed, it did not take much science to estimate the value of the 'real animal,' whose market price seemed to have fallen considerably. Lance, as he looked at the pied, bandy-legged, long-nosed cur, felt it impossible to set his cost against his keep, nor was he

designed by nature for driving bargains; but Sims's expectations were founded on the probable, and the debt was annulled for three-and-sixpence and Stingo himself. Much civility was expended on Lance; dogs, rabbits, and other curiosities, were exhibited, and an invitation given to come with the other young gents to admire the favourite terrier's exploits upon a cage of rats shortly expected, admission free.

'You will come, won't you?' cried Bernard eagerly, as they went out.

'What? To all the vilest sports in the place!'

'But, Lance, you told me about the rat-hunt at Mr. Graeme's.'

'What? Turning out the barn, with Mr. Graeme himself, and Bill, and all the rest? Do you think that's like letting a lot of wretched beasts out of a trap to be snapped up by a cur of a dog, with no end of drinking foul-mouthed blackguards betting on him?'

'You are always so savage, Lance; and now you've gone and paid away all the money.'

'What more?'

'There's the shooting-gallery, you see.'

Lance did see a public-house called the Flying Stag, where Bernard had contrived to incur a debt of a few shillings under Nares's patronage. While inquiring after the amount, he saw Mr. Mowbray Smith coming along the alley, and was more amused than shocked at the amazement his own presence there would cause the Curate; but just then he perceived that men were standing scowling at their doors, and slovenly women thronging out like ants when their hill is disturbed; and asking an explanation from the damsel in ear-rings who attended to him, he heard that 'the chaps are determined that that there Smith shall not have the impudence to shew his face here again, for a hypocrite, defrauding of the poor. You'd best be away, young gents, there will be a fracaw!'

'A row!' cried Bernard, between excitement and alarm. 'Shall we stay and see it? Won't Smith spy us?'

Lance deigned no reply, but seeing the rough-looking men gathering as if to obstruct the curate's way, he shot across the street to shake hands with him.

'You! I am sorry to see you!' said Mr. Smith severely; at which Lance gave what, under other circumstances, would have been an impudent smile, and asked, 'Have you anywhere here to go?'

'I am just come away from a sick man. But you know how wrong it is to bring your little brother here. Take him away,' he added, trying to prevent them from joining him, and at the same time a voice shouted, 'Let him alone, young gents, he aint your sort;' and a hissing and hooting broke out all round, 'A parson as ought to have his gown pulled over his head!' 'What's gone of the coals?' 'How about the blankets?'

Bernard got a tight grip, out of sight, of Lance's coat; Mr. Smith grew red and bit his lips; but Lance walked close to him, and as they began

to be jostled, took his arm, holding the blue sun-shade over both their heads. Unsavoury missiles began to fly; but a woman screeched, 'Bad luck to ye, ye vagabone! ye've ruinated the young gentleman's purty blue umbererella!'

'Down with it, young chap,' called another, 'or ye'll be served with the same sauce!'

'Serve un right too!' was the rejoinder. ''Tis they Underwoods, as never stands up for poor men's rights, and is all for the tyrants!' (All this full of abusive epithets.)

'Who said that?' broke out Lance, beginning hastily to close his umbrella, and trying to wrench his arm from Mr. Smith; 'I'm ready for him.'

But Mr. Smith, with an angry 'Are you mad?' held him fast; and his struggles provoked a good-humoured laugh at the little champion, still so white and slight.

'No, no,' said a big powerful man, collaring a great lad who had been thrusting forward at Lance's defiance, 'we don't have no mills with natomies like you! Go home and mind yer own business. Your father was another guess sort of parson, and I'll not see a finger laid on you. Be off, till we've given that other bad lot a bit of our mind.'

'Not I!' growled Lance. 'I'll have it out with that rascal there.—Nonsense, Mr. Smith; I can, I say—and I will!'

But the big man and Mr. Smith were perfectly in accordance this time; and without a word between them, the impulse of the coal-heaver's weight somehow opened a path, where, shoved by the one, and dragged by the other, Lance was at the corner—then round it—the crowd followed no further.

'A plucky little chap, that!' quoth the coal-heaver to Mr. Smith. 'You may thank your stars that he's his father's son, or it would have been the worse for you! And if ever you shew the face of you here again, you know what to expect.'

'I expect nothing but what I am willing to receive in my Master's service,' said Mr. Smith, firmly meeting his eyes. 'Meantime, thank you for the help you have given me with these boys. Good morning. You will judge me more fairly another time.'

The man added another contemptuous oath to those with which he had freely laden his discourse; but Lance paused a moment to say, 'Thank you too, you meant it well, but I wish you'd have let me have it out with that foul-mouthed cad.'

'Wait till ye're a match for him, and welcome,' said the man. 'Bless ye! what could that fist do with Black Bill?'

'Forshame, boys! come away,' said the infinitely disgusted Curate; and not a word was spoken down the first street; Bernard was still trembling with excitement, and Lance, conscious perhaps that though his interference had answered his purpose, he had been betrayed into what he now saw to have been absurd.

At last the Curate spoke, his naturally harsh voice wavering a little between reproach and acknowledgement. 'I am very sorry for all this, Lancelot Underwood. I believe you joined me out of a kind and generous feeling, of which I am sensible; otherwise, I should feel it my duty to report to your brother where I met you.'

'You are quite welcome,' said Lance coolly.

'And I must say,' continued Mr. Smith, 'that if your whole training, as well as your recent severe illness, do not withhold you from such associations, at least I entreat you to pause before leading your little brother into them.'

Lance made no answer, except to halt at a public drinking-fountain, to wash away the damage his umbrella had sustained; and there, with a serious 'Take care!' the Curate left the brothers.

'Catch me going to his help again!' exclaimed Bernard, entirely unconscious that his own gratitude to Lance was on a par with Mr. Smith's. 'He may get out of the next row as he can!'

'Ah! Bear! You see how you are corrupting my innocent youth!'

'A meddling donkey! I wish he had a rotten egg in each eye! Now it will all come out.'

'What will?'

'Where we have been.'

'That's the best thing that could happen.'

'You don't mean that you mean to let it out?'

'If you expect me to tell lies for you, you are out there.'

'But, Lance, Lance,' in an agony, 'you wouldn't be such a sneak, when I trusted you?'

Lance laughed. The bare idea of betrayal seemed so absurd, that he scarcely thought it worth removing.

The two were slackening their pace as they saw Felix at the carriage-door of a lady customer; and Lance said gravely, 'I'll see to Mother Goldie; but now, Bear, that you are out of this scrape, I give you fair warning, that if I find you grubbing your nose into that sort of thing again, I'll put a stop to it, one way or another.'

'I'm not a bit worse than the rest. All the other fellows do it.'

'Oh, I suppose, if you think Stingo the right thing in dogs, you think Nares the right thing in fellows!'

At that moment the customer drove off, and Felix having spied the blue sun-shade, tarried at the door to administer a remonstrance to Lance on being so foolish as to venture into noon-day sun. He was not able to come in to dinner till it was half over, and then it was with a merry look and question, 'What's this, boys, about Mowbray Smith being mobbed in Smoke-jack Alley, and your making in to the rescue?'

'Oh,' said Lance, 'there was an attempt at getting up a shindy, but it was of the meanest description. No one knew how to set about it. There was only one Irishman there, and he was a woman.' (This with a wink to Sibby.)

'And you didn't offer to fight big Ben Blake?'

'Ben Blake, on the contrary, elbowed us all safe out, because my father was another guess sort of parson!'

'And there was a horrible little cad making faces,' exclaimed Bernard, unable to resist claiming part of the glory, 'and I was just going to have pitched into him—'

'What—you saw the row getting up, and went to stand by Smith?' said Felix.

'Yes,' said Bernard boldly; 'and nobody durst lay a finger on him when we were on each side of him!'

At which everybody burst out laughing, including Mr. Froggatt, and Lance most of all. 'Who was it, then,' he struggled to say gravely, 'that pulled so hard at the back of my coat? I suppose it must have been some little cad. I thought it had been you.'

'Well, it was time to hold you back, when you were going to fight that great lout!'

'For my part,' said Lance, 'I think it must have been Smith and I that were holding the Great Bear back by his tail from fighting big Ben Blake. Eh?'

Bernard, never able to bear being laughed at, looked intensely sulky; and a true description of the affair being asked by Mr. Froggatt, Lance gave it, exactly enough, but with so much of the comic side that everyone was in fits of merriment, all of which, in his present mood, the younger boy imagined to be aimed at him. He was too full of angry self-consequence really to attend, so as to see how entirely disconnected with himself the laughter was; all he cared for was that Lance should not betray him; and to assure himself on this head, it must be confessed that he hovered on the upper stairs out of sight, while Felix was lingering on the lower to say to Lance, 'Of course it was only Smith's affair that took you into Smoke-jack Alley?'

'Not exactly,' said Lance.

Bernard trembled with resentment and alarm.

'I don't want to ask questions, but you know it is not a nice place for yourself or for Bernard.'

'My dear governor, I know that as well or better than you do, and it won't be my fault if I go there again.'

'Don't let it be anybody's fault,' returned Felix, and vanished through the office door; while Lance, sighing wearily, was heard repairing to his refuge in his own room, and Bernard grimly and moodily swung himself down-stairs, on his way to afternoon school, believing himself a much aggrieved party. Here was Lance, whom he had believed a fellow inhabitant of the Alsatia of boyhood, turned into one of those natural enemies, moral police, who wanted to do him good! True, Lance had helped him out of his scrape, and guarded his secret; but Bernard could not forgive either his own alarm, or the 'not exactly;' and the terms of confidence so evident between him and Felix, seemed to place them in

the same hateful category. Worse than all, Lance had laughed at him, and Bernard was far too proud and self-important not to feel every joke like so many nettle-stings. He had expected an easy careless helper; he had found what he could not comprehend, whether boy or man, but at any rate a thing with that intolerable possession a conscience, and a strong purpose of keeping him out of mischief.

To detect which purpose was to be resolved on thwarting it. Nor, it must be allowed, was Lance's management perfect. He wanted to make himself a companion such as would content the boy instead of the Nareses; but to cross the interval of amusements between sixteen and ten required condescension, that could not but be perceived and rejected, nor did he perceive that ridicule was an engine most fatal in dealing with Bernard. Of course nothing like all this passed through the boy's mind. Lance simply saw that his little brother was getting into mischief, and tried to play with him to keep him out of it, but was neither well nor happy enough to do so naturally, and therefore did not succeed. Yet if he had abstained from shewing Bernard a picture in the style of Punch, of the real animal and no mistake, and Bernard himself pointing to Felix and observing that the governor didn't know what's what, he might have prevailed to prevent the boy from eluding him and going to Mr. Sims's rat-hunt.

Of all this Felix knew nothing. He still had much lee-way to make up, in consequence of his absence, and the excitement in the town told upon the business.

Mr. Bevan's reply had been a timid endeavour at peace-making, which foes called shuffling, and friends could only call weakness, so that it added to the general exasperation. Then came the Archdeacon's investigation, which elucidated the Curate's moral integrity, but shewed how money subscribed for charity had gone in the church expenses, that ought to have been otherwise provided for. It was allowed that the Rector had been only to blame in leaving the whole administration to the Curate under his wife's dominion, and as the lady could not be put forward, Mr. Smith was left to bear the whole brunt of the storm.

His obsequiousness to Lady Price had alienated his brother clergy, and his fellow curate allowed himself to be kept aloof by his mother, in a manner that became almost ungenerous. Half petulant, and wholly ungracious, as Mr. Smith's manner was in receiving assistance, only strong principle could lead anyone to befriend him; and his few advisers found it difficult to hinder him from making a public exposure of 'my Lady,' or from throwing up his work suddenly and leaving the town, which would of course have been fatal to his prospects.

The Pursuivant had a difficult course to steer. Mr. Froggatt would fain have ignored the strife altogether, but the original note of defiance having been sounded by his trumpet, this was not possible, and the border line between justice and partizanship was not easy to keep. Whether the young editor did keep it was a question. To Mr. Smith,

he seemed a tame lukewarm supporter; to Mr. Froggatt, a dangerously conscientious and incautious champion; and the vociferous public despised the dull propriety, and narrow partizanship, of the old county paper. Finally, on the first Saturday in October, there appeared the first sheet of the Bexley Tribune, with a cutting article on bloated dignitaries and blood-sucking parasites, and an equally personal review of all the Proudie literature. On the Monday morning, one hundred and twenty-nine Pursuivants remained on hand; Redstone took the trouble to count them, and to look into the office to ask Mr. Underwood where they should be stowed away.

'I wish he was smothered in them, the malicious brute!' said Lance, grinding his teeth, when Felix had given a summary answer. 'What a blessing to see the ugly back of him on the 1st of November!'

'I'm not so sure of that,' said Felix, as he sorted the letters of the Sunday post.

'Do you think he can do us any harm?'

'No; but he seems a specimen of an article hard to supply at the same price.'

'Are those answers to your advertisement?'

'Yes, and very unpromising.'

Lance came to look them over with him, and to put aside those worth shewing to Mr. Froggatt; but it seemed that an assistant suitable in appearance and intelligence was so costly as to alarm their old-fashioned notions. He must be efficient, for Mr. Froggatt was equal to little exertion, and never came in on bad days; and to give an increased salary when the paper was struggling with a rival was serious; yet the only moderate proposal was from a father at Dearport, who wanted his son boarded, lodged, and treated as one of the family.

'That is impossible,' said Felix, 'unless the Froggatts would do it.'

'Eighteen!' said Lance. 'I'm sixteen, and up to the ways of the place! Why don't you set me to work before I have eaten my head off?'

'It would not do for you afterwards,' said Felix; 'I don't like your rushing out to serve.'

'But really, Felix, I mean it. I can do all Redstone does, except lifting some of the weights; and I am as old as you when you began.'

'No, no, Lance; your line is cut out for you.'

'It was,' said Lance, 'but I'm off it, and no good as I am; and if you could save Redstone's salary, you might send Bear to Stoneborough, instead of letting him stay here and go to the dogs.'

'Ah!' groaned Felix, 'it is hard that all this should come to upset his chances!'

'Are you really afraid those rascals can do us much harm?'

'We have a sound county circulation beyond their reach, but every copy they sell is so much out of our pockets; and there are so many people possessed with a love of the low and scurrilous, as well as so many who differ in politics, that it must thrive unless they stultify

themselves. Don't look so appalled, Lancey boy; we aint coming to grief, only it will be a close shave at home this winter.'

'Then, Felix, let me help! You don't know the comfort it would be.'

'Not so loud,' said Felix, stepping into the shop. Lance stood thoughtful, then hearing more footsteps, ran out, and found two or three boys come for school materials, and some maids waiting to change volumes for their ladies. He gave his ready help; and there ensued a lull, for it was a wet day, such as to make Mr. Froggatt's coming doubtful. Felix took a second survey of the applications.

'Now, Fee, do think about this; I am in earnest.'

'So am I, Lance; I am very thankful to you, but it is not to be thought of.'

'Why not? Am I too small? For that's mending. There's one good thing in being ill, it sets one growing. My thick go-to-meeting trousers that I left at Minsterham, are gone up to my ancles; I must ask Wilmet if Clem hasn't left a pair that have got too seedy for Cambridge.'

'It is not that, Lance, but the disadvantage it might be to you in after life.'

'If I took to it for good?'

'No, no, Lance; one is enough.'

'Stay. Don't shut me up that way. Recollect what this horrid do-nothingness is doing for me. I am losing all chance of the exhibition, and they can't keep me on at the Cathedral without, for my voice has got like an old crow; and besides, if I can't read, what's the good of standing for scholarships?'

'You will feel very differently when your head is stronger. Besides, if there should be anything in what we were told at Ewmouth, it would be a pity to get more involved with trade.'

'I thought that was never to be spoken of.'

'And this is my first time. Don't take it as a license.'

'I could see the sense of that, if it were you,' said Lance, 'but not for No 5.'

'No. 1 would have his place and work found for him, but No. 5 might not find it easy to turn to something else.'

'Well!' said Lance, considering, 'you said that possibility was not to make any difference to us. Wouldn't it be making the wrong sort of difference, to let it keep a great lout like me in idleness, while Bernard is going to the bad?'

'What do you mean about Bernard?' said Felix, now thoroughly roused. 'Is it worse than you and Fulbert were in your *gamin* days?'

'I am afraid so,' said Lance. 'Ful took better care of himself than he seemed to do, and his friends were decent fellows, not like the lot that have hooked in poor little Bear.'

'I suppose it was some scrape of his that took you into Smoke-jack Alley. I thought you would get him out best without me.'

'The little dog, he was always after me when I didn't want him, but

now I can't get at him. In short, there's nothing for it but cutting the connection between him and Jem Nares.'

'Just tell me how far it goes. What has he been doing with him?'

'Taking him to see rat-killing at Sims's in Smoke-jack Alley.'

'You couldn't hinder it?'

'No. Indeed, Felix, I did my best,' and the tears sprang into the boy's eyes; 'I did all but go after him, for I knew that would be worse than no good.'

'You need not apologize to me,' said Felix, laying down his pen; 'I have been very wrong. Between this business of Smith's and all the rest of it, I have hardly known which way to turn. I knew that I had not taken the right line with Fulbert, and interference made him worse, and I thought you had taken him in hand. Why, Lancey, I never meant to upset you. You have done all you could.'

'I *did* think I was good for that,' said Lance ruefully, 'after all our old swells at Minsterham said about influence on the choir, and bosh. That when it comes to one's own brother—'

The tears were almost girl-like, and Felix's comfort was in the tone that suited them. 'Indeed, Lance, you may be doing him more good than you know. I thank you with all my heart; you are a much more real help and comfort to us all than you guess.'

'That's what you say to Cherry!' said Lance impatiently. 'Now I can be real help, if you would only let me, and then Bernard could go out of the way of these fellows.'

'That he shall do, if I have to sell out.'

'Better take my way,' said Lance, reviving; 'a young man with good references, only wants board and lodging.'

'It is not possible, Lance. It would not be respectful to the Bishop or the Dean, who have strained a point to keep you. There—I hear Mr. Kenyon's voice in the shop. I must go.'

'Only one thing, Felix. Will you hear what Jack Harewood says to it?'

To this Felix readily assented. He was hurried and harassed nearly to the extent of his time and capacity; he could not pause to give full consideration to his young brother's project, and was glad that the ungracious task of silencing it should be imposed on one less immediately interested.

John Harewood was always at Wilmet's side after four o'clock. Before that time he sometimes went to his home; he often spent the afternoon with Geraldine, but he was not usually about the house in the morning. So Lance, in a fever of impatience, wandered till he hunted him down writing letters, in the coffee-room at the Fortinbras Arms.

'Jack, I say, come and have a walk.'

'Pleasant weather!'

'You want to be watered, after all that parching in India. It isn't raining now, and such a jolly cool day!'

'Jollier for you than a finer day, mayhap,' said the good-natured soldier, who greatly commiserated Lance's enforced idleness, and only wondered at his not making it a greater misery to everyone else. He also understood, what the inured ears of the family never guessed, since Lance never complained, the distress of Theodore's constant hum and concertina to sensitive ears and excited nerves; and had observed that Lance had flagged ever since the journey to Minsterham, with less of vigour and more of sharpness. Sure that something was preying on the boy, he deferred his least important letters, to splash away with him in mud and mist, and hear him explain his views, with the fullness often more possible towards friend than family.

John was greatly surprised, but did not make any crushing objection, and listened with thorough sympathy. He doubted, however, whether Lance would be doing any real good, and not only throwing more, instead of less, work upon Felix. Sensibly enough the boy went into the matter. He said that when Felix had begun, the staff had also consisted of Mr. Froggatt, Redstone, a lad called Stubbs, and a boy. Now Felix did much more than Mr. Froggatt had then done, and Stubbs was a useful piece of mechanism without a head, and Lance believed himself quite able to fill the place Felix had taken at the same age; indeed, he had far less either to learn or to overcome, and though his arithmetical powers were still in abeyance, he had rather excelled in that line at the Cathedral school.

'I know, of course,' said Lance, 'that a man from a London house would be of more use; but there's this awful salary, and he would never care to look after Felix.'

'I allow that; but even if you can be of much present use, is it not at the expense of greater usefulness by-and-by?'

'I am sick of that! Edgar and Clem both mean to be of use by-and-by, and what comes of it? Edgar has spent Felix's two hundred pounds that he borrowed, and now has got his own, to repay when he is a great painter. And he is six years older than I am! Now if I earned my guinea a week, as Felix did, it would be real good now, and I should be learning the trade for the future.'

'That's the question. First, would the guinea a week make so much appreciable difference?'

'Is that all you know about it, Jack? First, I should be earning my keep, not eating my head off; and then Bernard might be sent safe off to school.'

'You don't mean to say that otherwise he could not?'

'It has been a terribly costly year. There's Edgar. Then Clem couldn't settle in at Cambridge for nothing; there's been Alda turned back on Felix's hands; there's been illness, and goodness knows what the doctors may charge; and there's Felix's outing and mine!'

John answered by opening his pocket-book, and shewing Dr. Manby's account receipted.

'O Jack! You don't mean—'

'Considering that Will was the sole cause of one doctor being wanted at all, we could only wish to bear the damages.'

'I hope you have told Wilmet. It would be a ton weight off her mind.'

'I hoped she would think the Chapter did it; but if you think she is anxious, let her know that it is all right.'

'You are a brick, John! But Felix himself said it would be a close shave. I wish I could throttle that Bexley Tribune, and all its dirty supporters!'

'Do you know, Lance, I am very much struck with your brother's—ay, and old Froggatt's conduct in this matter.'

Lance flushed with pleasure. 'Go ahead, Jack!'

'Of course, for a paper to keep its politics is nothing; but to take up the cause of an unpopular man, whose slights have been marked—'

'Who has been a malicious little cad,' chimed in the chorister.

'To take up his cause, simply as a matter of justice, and therewith of the Church, without truckling to public opinion, at absolute risk and loss, seems to me generosity and principle quite out of the common way.'

'You're about right there,' said Lance, intensely gratified; 'and doesn't it make one burn to help the old fellow?'

'Quite true. The question is, which way to help him; and while I grant you that the being idle at home just now is a terrible trial, whether it might not be better to be patient under it, than to disqualify yourself for a line in which you might do more—that is, if it does disqualify you.'

'What line do you mean?' said Lance.

'Scholarship, the University.'

'That wasn't what I wanted most,' said Lance; 'and as for that, I'm disqualified enough by all this waste of time.'

'What was your wish, then?'

'I'll tell you,' said Lance, with lowered voice. 'When I used to lie catching notes of the chanting, and knowing that the organ was quiet for me, I used to feel that if I got well, I must give up my life to it, and study music in full earnest, so as to be a real lift to people's praise, perhaps in our own Cathedral. I thought maybe I could get in as a lay-vicar when my year is up, and work at harmony under Miles, and take a musical degree. But then came that day when the organ seemed to be crushing and grinding my head to bits—and of all Psalms in the world it was the forty-second! and Manby telling me on my life not to try to do anything for I can't tell how long.'

'Was that the reason you sold your violin?'

'No, of course not; except that it was a sin and a shame to keep it for no good, when I thought a pound might pull that little ape Bernard out of the mire. And I've been asking questions, and find it would

take huge time and cost to study music so as to be worth anything; and here am I, a great lout, not doing that or any other good on the face of the earth—as much worse than Theodore as I am bigger. So if I can help Felix, when he is fighting the fight in the Pursuivant for God's honour and good and right, wouldn't that be a sort of service?'

'So undertaken,' said John, with a huskiness in his voice. 'Well, Lance, I will talk it over with Felix, if you like.'

For John Harewood, not having any strong musical bias, did not greatly appreciate the career that Lance had chalked out for himself; and while thrilled by the boy's devotional feeling, thought it tinged by enthusiasm, and had seen enough of Cathedral singing-men to have no wish to see him among them. If the loss of time was to prevent a University career, he thought book-selling under Felix's eye the preferable occupation.

Discussion was, however, deferred by the arrival of a home friend, who had sought him out at the hotel; and Lance had to go home without him, and wear through the day between dawdling, drawing, and playing with Stella, as best he might till after school-hours; when, eager to turn to the account of his wardrobe these moments when Wilmet was free from her Captain, he drew her into his room.

Presently after, Felix heard the most amazing noises to which his family had ever treated him, and thankful that the wet day had reduced the denizens of the reading-room to one deaf old gentleman, he hurried up-stairs, and beheld through the open door of Mr. Froggatt's room, Bernard raving, roaring, dancing, and stamping, in an over-mastering passion, and tearing some paper up with teeth and hands. Just then Lance grasped his collar, and tried in vain to rescue the paper; but he fought with fists, bites, and kicks, like something frantic, until Felix, with a bound forward, suddenly captured him, and dragged him back, still tearing and crunching the paper.

'Forshame! Be quiet! You are heard all over the place.—Shut the door.'

The door was shut by Wilmet, while Bernard stood quailing under the stern face, strong hand, and tone of displeasure in which Felix demanded, 'What is the meaning of this?'

'That Bernard refuses to wear Lance's outgrown clothes,' said Wilmet.

'Do you mean that this is the cause of this disgraceful outbreak?'

'I—I don't see why—' growled Bernard, 'why I should wear everybody's beastly old things.'

'It is right you should hear the whole, Felix,' said Wilmet. 'When I shewed him that Lance would have some still shabbier clothes of Clement's altered for him, he said if Lance chose to be a snob, he would not. Lance answered that it was a choice between that and petticoats; and then he fell into this extraordinary state, when I can only hope he did not know what he was saying or doing.'

'He was drawing me,' bellowed Bernard, 'drawing me in his brute of a book!' and he was so infuriated, that words never before heard by his sister followed, as he quivered and stamped even under Felix's grasp, which at length forced him into desisting; but the command, 'Go up to your room this instant,' could only be carried out by main force, amid tremendous kicking and struggling, Felix carrying him, and Wilmet following to unfasten the hands that clutched at the rail; while Lance stood aghast at one door, and Cherry in an agony at another, and Stella crept into a corner, and hid her face in terror.

'Well, we never had the like of this before!' said Felix, coming down, having locked him in, and heard him begin to bounce about the barrack, like prisoners in the breaking-out frenzy. 'Can it be all about the clothes?'

'I don't think you know what a grievance the having to take to old ones has always been to him, poor little boy!' said Cherry, very nearly crying, for Bernard was so much her own child, that in spite of his having cast her off, she was in full instinct of defence; 'and he dislikes Lance's most of all, because of the Cathedral peculiarities.'

'Ah! you have always humoured him by taking off that chorister's frill,' said Wilmet; 'but there *could* be no objection to those trousers. They were almost new when Fulbert left them, and Lance has only had them for best one winter.'

Felix could not help laughing. 'Long had she worn, and now Belinda wears,' he quoted. 'My dear Mettie, the effect is better than the detail. You should spare us the pedigree, however respectable.'

'Well, I said nothing about it,' said Wilmet. 'Was it what you said about petticoats, Lance?'

'Lance does teaze and aggravate that child unbearably!' exclaimed Cherry, too much vexed not to be relieved to turn her blame upon somebody; 'and it is very unkind of him, for he knows Bernard cannot bear to be laughed at.'

'Hush! Cherry,' said Wilmet; 'if Lance did, he didn't mean it. It has been quite too much—'

'Indeed it has,' said Felix. 'You had better lie down at once, Lance.'

A good deal more than Bernard's outbreak had gone to the pain and dizziness that prevented Lance from even attempting to reply to Cherry's accusation, but made him turn quietly back into his room; while Felix was obliged to hurry down-stairs again; and Alda made her frequent remark that 'those boys were really unbearable.'

'Poor Lance! it was not his fault,' said Wilmet.

'You don't know, Wilmet!' said Cherry indignantly. 'I did hope that when he came home my poor little Bernard might get better managed—he used to be so fond of him; but he has done nothing but worry and laugh at him, and I don't at all wonder it has come to this. I shall go up and see about the poor little fellow.'

'Do you mean to let her go and pet him after such outrageous naughtiness?' asked Alda, as Cherry moved to begin the difficult ascent.

'I should not do it myself,' said Wilmet; 'but I dare say she will do him good.'

Alda held up her hands in wonder. How many quarrels might have been going on at that moment, if three of the family at least had not exercised the forbearance she so little understood.

Cherry and her Lord Gerald mounted the attic stairs. It was for the first time in her life, and she was so imperfect in the geography of the upper floor, that she had to open one or two doors before she found 'the barrack,' with Bernard lying kicking his heels fiercely at the beam across the low room. The amazing presence of Geraldine suspended this occupation. 'How did you come here?' he gasped.

'I came to see you, Bear. My poor Bear! I am so sorry!' said Cherry, sitting down on one of the beds; 'how could you go on so?'

There was rebuke and pain in her voice, and Bernard resented it. 'They've no business to bait me,' he said. 'I've no peace in my life!'

'But that doesn't make it right to fly into such dreadful passions.'

'I wouldn't do it if they'd let me alone. I don't see why I should be the one to wear everyone's nasty old clothes.'

'Why, Felix and Clement couldn't well wear yours!'

'It was all Lance's doing. Lance has bothered me out of existence ever since he came home.'

'But you should try to bear it, if he *is* a little cross and tiresome. You know he is not at all well yet, and all this has quite knocked him up.'

'I'm glad of it!' said Bernard viciously. 'Served him right, for setting Wilmet on, and then drawing his abominable pictures; as if it wasn't enough to have spoilt all my pleasure, and sold Stingo!'

'What was Stingo?'

'Oh, just a dog—'

'A dog!'

'Yes, my dog; and Lance went and sold him, and then drew a beastly picture of him and me.'

'But, Bernard, how could you have a dog?'

'Oh, I bought him with some money Travis gave me, and a cad down in the town kept him for me; but then Travis didn't give me any more—'

'But, Bernard, you must have known you ought not. Did you get into debt?'

'Ay, just for a few shillings; and the brute threatened me so that I just asked Lance—'

'Was he such a dangerous dog? O Bear!'

'No, no—the man that kept him. I thought Lance would tackle him without making a row.'

'And did he?'

'Ay. He said he hadn't got a penny, and he kept me waiting ever so long; but I fancy he got it from Harewood. He might as well have let me keep Stingo!'

Cherry's views of the relations between Lance and Bernard had begun to adjust themselves, and she began to reason on the impropriety of keeping the dog; but she soon perceived that this was only ranging herself on the side of the enemy, and exciting the obduracy of her favourite, who was determined to be a victim. In truth, Bernard was not repentant enough to treat her with confidence, and his world was so entirely beyond her knowledge, that she did not possess the threads that would have led to it. All that she did perceive was, that much of Bernard's irritation was at the endeavour to keep him out of mischief, and that her own gentle persuasions were almost as distasteful as Lance's jests. She sat on, arguing, talking, entreating, till it had long been quite dark; and Wilmet at last came up to say that she must not stay any longer in the cold, and to ask Bernard whether he would say he was sorry.

'I didn't want her to come here bothering,' was Bernard's grateful remark.

'Well, I advise you to take care you are in a better mood before Felix comes,' said Wilmet.—'Come, Cherry, it is not safe for you to go down alone.'

Cherry could only entreat, 'Do, Bear, do,' and try to kiss the averted cheek.

She did not know that as soon as the door was shut on him and the little flicker of gas, Bernard fell into an anguish of sobs and tears, the work of her persevering love, softening and lessening the obstinate pride so far that the next visitors met with a much better reception than they might have done. The first came stumbling up with a weary step, and pushed open the door, saying, 'Here, Bear, don't bear malice. I'm awfully sorry I ever drew that thing! I'll never do you again. So shake hands and have done with it.'

'All right,' returned Bernard, outstretching his hand as one who felt that amends were made him, but could not receive them graciously; and Lance's weary and confused senses were satisfied. He never perceived hard lumps of offence unless he ran his head very hard against them, and even now little guessed the amount of annoyance his raillery had given.

And next came a quick resolute tread that made the little fellow shiver with apprehension, never guessing at his brother's self-debate whether obstinate impenitence ought not to bring the rod, and wondering recollection of his own displeasure when Mr. Audley recommended its disuse in the fatherless household. Felix held by the spirit rather than the letter, and had decided that unless he found submission signal punishment must ensue.

It was an immense relief to him to detect by eye and ear that the

child had been crying, and to be able to say that seeing that he was sorry made it possible to attend to Lance's kind entreaty not to be hard upon him. Absolute words of penitence Felix did not try to exact; but after a few words of sympathy, which Bernard had by no means expected, on the hardship of the second-hand wardrobe, and a reminder of the necessity, he proceeded to rebuke for the passionate behaviour, and above all for the language Bernard had used; expressing to the full how much it had shocked and appalled him, by shewing what sort of associates the boy must have chosen to learn such words at all, and what a shame and disgrace he felt it that one of the brothers should ever have uttered them. And Bernard—who had learnt that Satanic primer with a certain shame and repugnance, under the strong desire to shew himself neither girl, muff, nor choir-boy, and certainly would never in his right senses have betrayed his proficiency at home—was a good deal impressed, and finally began to cry again, and to promise to cure himself.

Relieved to have thus fulfilled the least pleasing of all his duties, Felix went down to his long-delayed evening meal, and therewith to a family council. Lance was gone to bed, and his proposal was the more freely discussed, as well as his relations with Bernard.

'That boy must go at once to Stoneborough,' said Felix. 'I shall write to Dr. Cheviot to-night.'

Wilmet sighed. 'I suppose I ought not to have objected,' she said; 'but I did think Lance would have kept him in order.'

'He has tried,' said Felix.

'O Felix!' cried Cherry, turning to him with tears in her eyes, 'I am afraid I was unjust to Lance just now, and I am so sorry! Do you know, the naughty little fellow had been keeping a dog, and got into debt; and Lance paid all—I can't think how!'

'That I believe I can tell,' said John Harewood, 'though I am afraid it is a breach of confidence. He sold his violin.'

'That violin that I was so angry with him for buying!' said Wilmet. 'Well, he is a dear little fellow!'

'And I scolded him for being unkind!' cried Cherry in despair. 'Oh, is he asleep? I should like to beg his pardon,' and her hand clasped Lord Gerald.

'About the worst thing you could do to the poor boy, Cherry,' said Felix, 'when he is only lying there trying to get his head quiet enough to let him sleep.'

'Nor must you betray me,' added John, smiling at poor conscience-stricken Cherry.

'And it is a mercy the fiddle is gone!' said Alda. 'I used to hear him playing it somewhere among the out-houses in the spring, and it was enough to distract one, added to Theodore's dronings.'

'It must have been like parting with a bit of his life,' sighed Cherry; 'and yet Bernard would not mind him, and they *did* quarrel!'

'Boys who deal well with juniors at school do sometimes fail with little brothers,' said John. 'Besides, I observe that where there is pride there is always a distaste and dread of those who have much power of ridicule.'

'I suspect, too,' said Felix, 'that Lance has made the turn in life when one gets superfluously earnest, and nothing so upsets influence. I have felt it myself.'

'So all this trouble and vexation has been weighing on the dear little fellow,' said Wilmet. 'No wonder he is not half so well as when he came home!'

'No,' said Felix; 'I wonder whether the Froggatts would let him come to them for a week or two, or whether it would be too dull to be good for him.'

'If his mind were settled about the future, it would be rest rather than dullness,' said John; 'but I think a good deal of his trouble is caused by Manby's verdict, and for that perhaps the best cure would be letting him have his wish.'

'You, John!' exclaimed Felix; 'I thought you would have put that out of his head!'

'On the contrary, he made me think there was a good deal in his arguments. First, as regards you, would he be of any real use?'

'Never mind that,' said Felix. 'I heard something to-day that would make it practicable; but I can't have that boy wasted.'

'The point is, what is waste? Now his strongest aptitude never was for classical work; and if he is not to touch a Latin book till Christmas, and then only cautiously, I do not see what chance he would have, even if Will were out of the way.'

'And if not at Minsterham, so much the less anywhere else,' said Wilmet. 'Besides, it might be a dreadful risk if his head were to be overstrained.'

'And in the meantime, the being kept here doing nothing, and vexing himself, is wearing his spirits, and hurting him more than any light occupation, especially what he felt to be a labour of love.'

'That is quite true again,' said Felix. 'I quite believe he would be much happier if he began working with me to-morrow; but it might be letting a mere fit of impatience and despondency fix him for life in an uncongenial business.'

'I thought you preferred it!' exclaimed Wilmet.

'Oh yes,' said Felix, with a sort of half contempt in his tone; 'but these boys of ours are a different sort of stuff, and we have seen that it will never answer to pin them down to plod.'

'Lance would never be like Edgar!' exclaimed Wilmet; 'as if Edgar ever thought of doing anything so unselfish in his life!'

'O Wilmet! indeed he *thought!*' cried Cherry.

'Yes, but always of five or six years hence!' said Wilmet.

'Lance is very like Edgar,' said Felix. 'He has what I believe

belongs to the artist temperament; and that he is the bravest, the most uncomplaining little fellow I ever came across, and probably would never break off what he had begun, makes me the more anxious not to let this access of generosity—ay, and tedium—lead to taking any decided step while he is so young.'

'When you come to artist temperament, I don't understand,' said Wilmet. 'Lance doesn't even draw anything like Cherry or Edgar—much good does that do! and as to his music, it would not be much of a living.'

'I believe he thinks that the alternative,' said John.

'For goodness sake!' cried Alda, 'he doesn't want to get taken on in London! To have him singing and fiddling in public would be worse than anything. You put that out of his head, I hope, John. Even if he changed his name—'

'It never was in his head,' said John. 'He never thought of anything but his old line—Cathedral music; and the sacrifice to him is of that, not of the chance of the University.'

'That's not so bad,' said Alda, 'because it is a great chance whether anyone ever heard of it.'

'But I doubt if it be a very desirable life, as things are at present constituted,' said John. 'I am not sure that it is not better to give the musical talent freely for that service, than to make it one's trade and livelihood.'

'I think you are right there,' said Felix. 'I suppose there is always some degree of disenchantment.'

'What did you say made his notion practicable?' said Wilmet.

'I've had Mr. Lamb with me this evening—'

'Mr. Bruce's managing clerk,' explained Wilmet to the Captain. 'Does he want you to have Ernest?'

'Yes. He has missed the exhibition from the Grammar-school; and as he can't go to Oxford, fancies (deluded youth!) that he will get more reading in this line than any other. He is ready to give a premium with him, and spoke what Mr. Froggatt would call very handsomely about our house being one where he could trust him. I believe Mr. Froggatt will be gratified, and accept him.'

'Ernest Lamb—Serious Mutton,' repeated Cherry; 'doesn't he look very heavy?'

'Yes; he is bookish without being quick. I don't expect he will be of much use just yet, but he is as steady as old Time; and though he and Lance would neither of them do alone, yet together I think we could get on.'

'Then,' said John, 'does it not seem to you, Wilmet, that it would be a greater positive benefit to accept Lance's offer for the present—on trial, as one may say—than to leave him to the depression that is certainly doing him harm?'

'And if Lance was there,' said Wilmet, 'I should have some comfort that Felix would be properly looked after.'

'Whatever happens,' said Felix, 'I shall send Lance out to Marshlands for a fortnight, and see if he is in the same mind when he comes back. After all, it depends on Mr. Froggatt; and he will be afraid people will say we have turned in the whole Grammar-school behind the counter. I wonder if Lance is safe not to laugh in the old ladies' faces when they ask—What number of what magazine, how many years ago, had a receipt for washing anti-macassars?'

By which they knew him to be very much exhilarated.

That fortnight at Marshlands was not wasted. Lance had faculties for never being dull. He pottered about with Mr. or Mrs. Froggatt, fed their chickens, gathered their apples and nuts, petted their cats, tried to teach words to their parrot and tricks to their dogs, played cribbage and back-gammon with them in the evening, never had a head-ache, never was at a loss or upon their hands, gained their hearts completely, and came home wonderfully benefited by the respite from noise and harass, and quite decided to stand by his proposal, to which the partners, with some hesitation, had finally acceded.

(*To be continued.*)

DOMINIE FREYLINGHAUSEN.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

CHAPTER XI.

THE Schuylers had not been long at home before they became fully convinced that matters in Albany were past their mending, and that the only hope of restored harmony lay in the probability that Colonel Trelawny's regiment would be called into action as soon as the frost broke up. The struggle between the French and English subjects in America had been going on in a tedious, lingering way for some time; but in the previous year greater energy had been put forth on the English side than before, and important operations were in prospect for the year which had just begun—1757. The limits of the territories of the two nations had been left undetermined at the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle; and though commissioners chosen by both had met at Paris in 1748 to determine the boundaries, no decision had been arrived at. Pending this settlement, it was the policy of each to gain possession of all the important places to which they had any pretensions, and hold them until actually forced to give them up. The French had planned to join their distant settlements in Canada and Louisiana by a chain of forts and posts extending from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi, and also to advance their possessions in the eastern part of Canada, so as to command navigation in the winter, when the St.

Lawrence was impassable. This double chain interfered with English rights not a little; and the colonies of Nova Scotia, New York, and Virginia, which were chiefly encroached upon, had made their complaints known in the mother country.

The English Government was inclined at first to leave the colonists to fight their own battle, but finally gave some limited assistance; though it was not till 1758, when Pitt took the matter in hand, that a really considerable British force was sent out to attack the French at once by sea and land.*

Albany, which in the early days of its settlement had owned allegiance to Holland, had been taken by the English in 1664, had been obliged to exchange its Dutch title of Oranien-burgh for its present one, in compliment to the English Duke, and had ever since remained, like the rest of the 'New Netherlands,' in loyal subjection to the British crown. Since the commencement of the war with the French, it had risen in importance; the Commissioners from the various states had met there in 1754, to consider their project of union; the regiments raised in New Hampshire had passed through it on their way to attack Crown Point, and a good many hangers-on of the army had taken up their residence there, though, except the regiment of American militia which was quartered in the fort, no soldiers had been actually stationed in the town till the coming of Colonel Trelawny and his men.

The old people who remembered Albany as it used to be sixty or seventy years before, felt that it could never be quite the same again, even if the English soldiers were got rid of; the new residents were of a different stamp from the original inhabitants of the place, and their style of dress and manners was not without its influence on the rising generation, which was prone to be attracted by novelties in other things besides amusements. Old Barentse, and a good many other members of 'the Society,' shook their heads over the inevitable degeneracy of the place; but Colonel Schuyler and his wife, who were not so wedded to antique fashions, and believed to a certain extent in progress, felt that they could be satisfied to see a little more independence of judgement—a little more life and liberty—among the younger citizens, if only they could put away from them temptations to licence. Without adopting the harsh sweeping judgements of Elder Jansen, they had come to believe in the worthlessness of *some* at least among the officers; and when Madame saw Anna Gronow's complacence under Colonel Trelawny's bold glances, she was half inclined to echo the elder's sentiment, that the sooner he was out of the place the better. But Franzje and Mr. Vyvian! she could by no means find it in her heart to fear for them, or condemn them in anything like the same degree. The girl

* By an unfortunate oversight, Wolfe was spoken of in Chapter II. as if *then* in command of the British forces opposed to Montcalm; it should have been '*Loudon*.' Wolfe was not appointed to the command till 1759—the very year of his glorious death on the Heights of Abraham.

was so little altered, as far as Aunt Schuyler's charitable eyes could discern, by the admiration she had received; so simple and so true; so open and so loving; so nobly superior to the small coquettish arts in which Anna and others indulged, that it was impossible to believe her admirer had done her any harm; it was a thousand times easier to fancy that she had done *him* good.

'I really believe that he is a great deal better than the rest,' said Madame in confidence to her husband; 'and I am quite sure there is no use in abusing him to my little Franz; it only enlists her generosity on his side, and makes her like him all the better. I wish I could bring our Dominie and him together, without Marte Jansen to make mischief between them; I really think it might be the means of removing prejudice on both sides. I give up the officers as a body; but I still fancy that Mr. Vyvian and Major Berkeley, and that bashful young ensign—is not his name Charlwood?—might become worthy members of society, if our best and most cultivated citizens would take them in hand, instead of turning their backs upon them.'

So, as a last attempt at achieving in a small way what she found impossible on a large scale, and reconciling a portion, at least, of the opposing parties, Madame planned a sleighing expedition, which should end in a grand tea-drinking at the Flats, promising that her company should be very select, and that all should be conducted in a friendly but at the same time unexceptionable manner.

M. and Madame Cuyler and their family; M. and Madame Ryckman, Franzje and Evert; the Renselaers, and one or two other dwellers in the country; the three officers she had named; and last, but not least, the Dominie—were the guests whom she at once decided to invite; but by-and-by she made up her mind that she must ask one or two others, whose presence she less desired. She had always been on friendly terms with the Bankers; and though she did not approve all their recent doings, nor admire Cornelia's manners, she felt it would be scarcely possible to invite Mr. Vyvian, who was living in their house, without including them in the invitation. Then Killian Barentse—he was such a good pleasant fellow, so perfectly unexceptionable, and such a favourite with the Dominie—it would be difficult to leave him out, and yet she doubted whether Mr. Vyvian and he ever appeared to advantage in each other's company. It would not do to have them shewing off their rivalry about Franzje under the Dominie's very nose. After some cogitation, she decided to let Killian's invitation wait, but to make sure at once of the people she chiefly wanted—the Ryckmans, Mr. Vyvian, and the Dominie; and for this purpose she determined to spend the next day with the Cuylers, in Albany, and go about and invite her friends herself. 'And then, if one day does not suit them, I can fix another; my convenience can easily be made to defer to theirs,' she said cheerily to her husband, as she set forth on her drive the next morning, her face beaming with benevolence.

Just before she got to M. Cuyler's door, she met Mr. Vyvian, walking quite alone, and stopped the sleigh to speak to him: it was as well not to lose the opportunity of securing one of the indispensable elements of her party.

He accepted most politely—eagerly even—and declared himself quite disengaged for the day she named; so, encouraged by her success, she said with a sudden impulse, 'I am on my way to my sister's, but I have a great mind to drive on to Madame Ryckman's first, and ascertain that Wednesday will suit *them*.'

A smile came into his eyes as he answered, 'I was just going there myself—to the door, at any rate. Old Jan Ryckman slipped down on the pavement yesterday, and I had the honour of picking him up and helping him home; so I thought it would be but civil to go and inquire after his bruises.'

Was it wonderful that Madame Schuyler thought him a very kind-hearted young man, and did not at once remember that being in love with a young lady often makes men singularly considerate towards the young lady's relations? And could she do less than offer him a seat in her sleigh, even though it was possible that they might meet the Dominie and Elder Jansen as they drove along the street?

He was very agreeable *en route*, and though it was rather early for calls, and she was not quite sure how it would be taken, she felt as if she could hardly avoid asking him to come into the house with her. The Ryckmans could scarcely be offended at her doing so, since he had been of such service to their uncle.

There was no one in the parlour when they were shewn in; and though Madame Ryckman soon appeared, and was very gracious and kindly, they seemed likely at first to see no one else; but in a few minutes in rushed Arij.

'Uncle Jan wants to thank Mr. Vyvian, so he is to come up-stairs, please!' he shouted; and then, as the young officer readily rose, he continued, 'I'll shew you the way; I saw you from the window driving up with Aunt Schuyler, so I ran straight off to tell Franzje; but I couldn't find her till I thought of looking in Uncle Jan's room, and then he said you were to come up.'

Good, proper, demure Madame Ryckman felt her darling to be somewhat of an '*enfant terrible*' at this moment. 'Tell Franzje to come down and see Aunt Schuyler,' she said, with as much composure as she could command.

'She's coming!' shouted Arij, who was out of the room again before his mother had finished speaking; and then he ran up-stairs as fast as he could go; and Mr. Vyvian, who did not wish to lose sight of his guide, was obliged to run after him.

And so, instead of meeting Franzje on her way down, they found her re-adjusting some bandages on her uncle's head, and trying to make him look more presentable for his visitor. She had not reckoned on

Arij's extreme haste; and some writing, on which she had been engaged, was still scattered about the table, together with some little girlish belongings which she had meant to remove; so when she had shaken hands with Mr. Vyvian, she paused to gather up these, her cheek tinged with a soft flush of embarrassment which was exquisitely becoming to her. She thought she had never seen Mr. Vyvian look more elegant—more splendid even—than he did as he came, all in brilliant uniform, into the bare carpetless room; but to him the room was not bare by any means. He scarcely noticed how little furniture there was, and what a quaint dismal figure old Jan Ryckman looked as he sat in his arm-chair, wrapped up in a cloak, with his head enveloped in linen bandages; his young love, with her sweet noble presence, made the whole scene delightful to him—his one thought was only how to detain her for a while.

He spoke kindly to the old man, and asked after his hurts; then waiving aside, as it were, his grave courteous thanks, he turned to the table, and offered to assist Franzje in her task.

'Let me put these papers together,' he said, taking some scattered pages in his hand as he spoke. 'French! what! are you a French scholar, Mademoiselle? There is no end to your accomplishments.'

'Aunt Schuyler has taught me a little,' said Franzje modestly; 'perhaps if I take these exercises down to her, she will be kind enough to point out some of my blunders now.'

'Would you trust me, I wonder?' said Russell, in the tone of gentle familiarity which he had learnt to assume in speaking to her. 'I have forgotten most of my French, I fear, but I should enjoy rubbing it up in your service. I made the grand tour once when I was young, and could speak glibly enough then.'

Her eyes glanced up at him with such a bright wondering smile at the words 'when I was young,' it made him quite smile at himself; and he continued, 'I am not so *very* old now, it is true, but I feel old beside you, Mademoiselle. Can't you imagine me to be "Aunt Schuyler" for a few minutes, and let me have the pleasant task of correcting some of these mistakes? Surely you have used the wrong tense here.'

He pointed to one of the words with his finger, and she came a little closer, and looked over the page. The proximity of the peach-like cheek was far less indifferent to him than it had been to the Dominie in like case; perhaps if Uncle Jan and Arij had not been there, not even respect for her fearless innocence would have kept him from taking an ungenerous advantage of the opportunity. As it was, he only gazed his fill, and said softly, 'How I envy Madame Schuyler! Has she been your principal teacher?'

'No, I think I have learnt most from the Dominie,' said Franzje, suddenly taking up a pen and busying herself in correcting the mistake which Mr. Vyvian had pointed out.

'I shouldn't like the Dominie to teach me,' broke in Arij, who had

been hitherto absorbed in trying to climb up the back of Uncle Jan's high chair. 'Ain't you glad he does not come now, Franz?'

'No,' said she in a low tone.

Mr. Vyvian looked at her with a jealous troubled glance; and Uncle Jan pushed up the bandage which partially covered one of his eyes, and looked at them both. They were very pleasant to look upon in their perfection of form and feature, and the old man might well have envied them their youthful brightness and vigour; but there was more of pity than of anything else in his heart as he gazed. 'It won't come to good,' he said to himself; 'he has come and troubled my little maid's life, and turned her ideas upside down, and half persuaded her into caring for him; and by-and-by he will go away, and be shot by the French, or scalped by the Indians, or else he will live to go home and marry some fine English lady; and what will he have done for Franzje, but just spoiled her innocent peace, and prevented her being happy with Killian, and submissive to the Dominie? I wish I had not asked him to come up, though I *did* want to thank him.'

Meanwhile Mr. Vyvian had begun to point out some more mistakes in Franzje's French, and she had actually sat down to correct them, though under protest, as it were. 'Will you let me be your teacher,' he said, 'now that the Dominie proves neglectful? I cannot promise to teach any catechism—you are much more fit to teach me in all those matters—but in lighter things I might perhaps be able to help you.'

As she did not immediately answer, he added, 'Will you try me? I will promise not to be hard upon you; on the contrary, you shall be as idle as ever you like.'

'Then *no*,' said Franzje, getting up, and laying down the pen; and with a gay arch glance at him she continued, 'I want to learn, and not to play at learning; so I will go on with Aunt Schuyler, if you please, Sir. I shouldn't like to be idle and not to be scolded for it.'

'We don't scold divinities,' said he, in a voice that was only meant for her ears; and really, as she stood before him in her grand beauty, it seemed to him incredible that even the Dominie could find it possible to reprove her. But her azure eyes turned from him with a displeased expression, as if she thought him at once ridiculous and profane.

'I am going down, dear Uncle,' she said, addressing the silent patriarch. 'I will bring you some fresh bandages by-and-by.—Come with me, Arij; you make Uncle uncomfortable when you shake his chair so.'

She bowed to Mr. Vyvian with a slightly heightened colour, and turned to go; but finding that he was following her, she paused to say, 'You will stay a little while with my uncle, will you not, Sir? He has been wishing to see you—and indeed, we have all wished to thank you for your kindness to him.'

'Will you give me a reward beyond my deserts, and promise to let me drive you at the sleighing party which Madame Schuyler is arranging?' he answered, intercepting her progress towards the door.

'I cannot say anything yet, Sir; this is the first I have heard of the party,' said she in surprise. 'I do not even know that Mother will let me go.'

'Will you at least promise not to give the preference to Killian Barentse, as you did the last time I had the pleasure of meeting you on one of these excursions?'

'Franz has quarrelled with Killian,' burst forth Arij, pulling at the hand by which his sister held him. 'I shall run this minute and ask Aunt Schuyler if *I* may go, and then Killian shall drive *me*.'

'I will not grudge him that honour,' laughed the young officer; 'but, Mademoiselle Ryckman, you are not going to refuse me my one little petition? If you will not have me as your preceptor, you cannot be so hard-hearted as to say that I am not to be your charioteer either.'

His eyes were full of the most eloquent beseeching; and Franzje—who could not bear to coquette about the matter, nor to make a greater favour of it than she really thought it—answered quietly, 'If Aunt Schuyler likes me to go with you, I will go; but I have not quarrelled with Killian, please do not believe that, Sir.'

And then, yielding to Arij's efforts, she moved again towards the door, and with a triumphant smile and courteous bow Russell stepped aside and let her pass.

When she was gone, he took the one spare chair—which Franzje had brought there that morning for her own use—and sat down beside the old man, without having the vaguest idea how to draw him into conversation. To his surprise, Jan Ryckman was the first to speak.

'I am glad you are going to stay with me a little,' he said, in the grave measured tone in which he always spoke. 'I am very grateful to you, Sir, for the service you did me yesterday, and I want to say a few words about a matter which is very near my heart. You will pardon an old man's plainness of speech, I hope, if I venture to ask you what is to come of all this?'

'Of all what, Sir?' rejoined the young man carelessly, though he knew well enough what the recluse meant, and at once gave him credit for more observation than he had looked for from him.

'I have not heard all that has passed between you and my little Franzje,' continued Uncle Jan quietly, ignoring the question; 'but I am not blind, though my eyes are weak, and I see that you think her fair and sweet, and take pains to shew her that you do. I am not her father, to call you to account, nor shall I make any use of what you tell me; but as one who loves the child dearly, I ask you, what end do you propose to yourself in your dealings with her?'

'This is plain speaking with a vengeance!' thought Russell to himself. Aloud he said, 'Really, Sir, it is so natural to admire a beautiful young lady, and to shew that one admires her, that one may do so, I think, without any very deep-laid plan of any kind.'

'Then so long as my niece knows that you think her fair you are

satisfied? you do not wish to make any further impression on her than that?'

The young man bit his lip, and looked and felt annoyed; but there was a sort of spell in the old man's calmness and gentleness, which prevented his giving voice to any of the angry answers which rose to his lips.

'I think her much more than fair,' he said, after chafing for a moment in silence. 'I think her one in a thousand, infinitely superior to her surroundings, infinitely too good for that Indian-faced young Barentse, or for such a harsh old Puritan as your worthy Dominie.'

Uncle Jan gave a slight but rather meaning smile, and probably considered himself included in the surroundings of which the young Englishman spoke so contemptuously; but his tone was gentle as before, as he rejoined, 'It may be that my dear little maid is too good for Killian, worthy young man though he be; but I do not know why you couple our Dominie's name with his. M. Freylinghausen has given you no reason to look upon him as a rival; his interest in Franzje is merely that of a pastor in one of the lambs of his flock.'

'Stimulated by a tolerably lively perception of the charms of the lamb in question,' sneered the handsome soldier. 'If M. Freylinghausen does not care for Mademoiselle Franzje, why does he look ready to kill me when I speak a civil word to her?'

'Because he loves her soul,' replied the patriarch gravely.

'And thinks that she perils it by being five minutes in my company! Hem, I can't say much for his charity,' said Russell, with a contemptuous laugh; then, finding his remark unanswered, he continued in a more amiable tone, 'I wonder how you contrived to endure my talking to her just now, Sir.'

'I do not say that I liked it,' said the old man candidly, 'but I cannot think you so black as you are painted—your kind courtesy to me alone forbids that; nay, I even think you better than you yourself would have me believe. Did I consider you what you seem to wish to appear—a mere thoughtless rake—I should not speak to you as I have spoken just now.'

'He is not such a bad old soul after all,' said Russell patronizingly to himself; 'nay, ridiculous as it seems to say it of such a poor old broken-down creature, he reminds me somehow of Franzje when he looks up in that innocent trustful way.'

'Your kind heart makes you judge kindly of others, M. Ryckman,' he said courteously; 'I hope I shall never give you any reason to consider me the consummate villain which some of your excellent fellow-citizens would fain make me out. I have no feeling for your niece which I should blush to avow; though I cannot precisely undertake to say how it will all end, since that is a matter which must partly depend upon herself. I have no wish to sully what I find stainless—you may be sure of that, whatever your Dominie may be pleased to think.'

'And perhaps,' said the old man—lifting the pale blue eyes, which certainly, in their trustful purity, *had* a look of Franzje's—'perhaps, Sir, —you will forgive my saying it—you may be a better man all your days for finding that there *are* such souls as my child's in the world, and may be glad that you came among us simple unpolished folk, if only for that reason.'

'God bless him, and lead him into the right path,' he continued to himself, as after shaking hands heartily with him, and wishing him a speedy recovery, Russell took a somewhat speedy departure; 'I was wrong to think he would forget my Franzje—even if he *does* marry a fine English lady he will not do that; but yet I would rather he had never come here. We may think a flower the loveliest we ever saw, and it may give us some grateful thoughts of the God who made it, such as we never had before; and yet the touch of our hot hands may wither it, and it may never bloom on as it would have bloomed if we had not chanced to pass that way.' And then again he stilled his fears and anxieties with the old unfailing panacea: 'But the child's in God's Hand—God's Hand, and she'll be guided safe.'

Madame Schuyler had had the courtesy to wait for Mr. Vyvian, but rose up to go directly he appeared, so that he had no opportunity for any more talk with Franzje. He went as far as M. Cuyler's in the sleigh, and there parted from Madame, after having helped her to alight, and made her some very gallant speeches, with which she would willingly have dispensed; like an American lady of later date, she decided that the young Englishman was '*con*siderable of a courtier,' but yet owned to feeling a sort of fascination in his company, and readily forgave Franzje for having lingered a little while to talk to him before coming down to welcome her.

The rest of the morning was given to her sister and nieces, one of whom she was going to take back with her to the Flats for a long visit; but after the early dinner, she sallied forth to give some more invitations, and betook herself first of all to the Manse, in order to undertake the difficult task of persuading the Dominie to join her party.

She had chosen the best hour for her visit, for the pastor usually studied or wrote sermons or held conference with his elders in the morning, and then allowed himself about an hour for dinner and relaxation before setting out to visit his flock or attend to any necessary business in the town; and during this brief interval he was particularly easy of access to those who came on mere friendly errands such as Madame Schuyler's. His frugal meal had long been over, and he was seated in the nearest approach to an easy-chair which his study could boast, turning over the leaves of a volume of the Spectator, which Madame herself had lent him, when she was shewn in. His sombre face lit up with evident pleasure at seeing her, and he came forward cordially to greet her, and made her sit down in the chair from which he had just risen, while he took a less comfortable one, nearer to the table.

'I am glad to see you in Albany again,' he said, when they were seated; 'it is a token, I hope, that you have lost your rheumatism.'

'Yes, I am much better, thank you, Dominie; and freedom from pain has put me quite in good spirits. The Colonel and I are actually meditating a little piece of gaiety; but nothing of which you could disapprove—nothing, in fact, but a sleighing-party such as we gave two years ago. I remember you gave us the pleasure of your company then, and I am hoping you will not refuse it to us on this occasion.'

'You are very good,' said he politely, but with a little abatement of his previous cordiality. 'You are perhaps aware, however, that sleighing parties have lately been made the excuse for unseemly dissipation, and therefore can scarcely be looked upon any longer as opportunities for purely innocent enjoyment.'

'But I think, as the Colonel says, we should not abandon all our resources to the enemy,' rejoined Madame Schuyler, with a pleasant smile; 'my party is to be one of the good old sort; we will drive up the river beyond Stonehook, perhaps take some refreshment with our good friends there, and then return to the Flats for a substantial tea; there shall be plenty of sociability and cheerfulness, but nothing that deserves the name of dissipation; and we will break up early, and retire to our beds like good Christians, as M. Jansen would say.'

'You must be careful, then, whom you invite, dear friend, or this judicious programme of yours will be overturned in spite of you. Your brother and sister, and the Bankers, and a few others such as our worthy friend Jansen, whom you have just mentioned, would be abundantly content with what you propose; but I fear most of our *young* townspeople would try to engraft upon it some undesirable excitement. You do not, of course, think of asking any of the English officers?'

Aunt Schuyler looked a little bit dismayed—she feared that the Dominie was going to make the selection of the other guests the condition of his presence; and she was vexed with herself for having brought forward M. Jansen's name—M. Jansen, whom of all people she least wished to invite on this particular occasion. She occupied herself for a moment in drawing out her handkerchief from a little reticule woven of Indian grasses which she held in her hand; and then she recovered her presence of mind, and in the sort of elder-sisterly tone which she sometimes adopted towards the Dominie, who was some eight years younger, hastened to answer, 'It would defeat my object of drawing back the young people to their former harmless amusements, if I included none of them in my company; and the old Aunt is never happy, you know, but when she has some young folks round her. I will be very careful, however, whom I invite; and if you will come, Dominie, your presence will be an effectual check to any frivolity.'

'And a damper to cheerfulness as well, perhaps,' he said bitterly; 'I scarcely know how it has come to pass, but I am looked upon as

a sort of kill-joy now by all our lads and lasses; yes, even by some whom I love as my own children, and who, when they were little, used to come running to my knee as if they looked upon me as their own especial friend.'

'I think you mistake shyness for aversion,' said his friend with kindly eagerness; 'a few young people here and there who know themselves to be much to blame, may try to think you over-strict by way of self-excuse; but depend upon it, the general feeling of respect and affection for you is as strong as ever. It is only the fear that you are displeased with them that makes my nieces and Franzje Ryckman and such as they shrink away when you approach. If they did not love and honour you, they would not care for your displeasure as they do.'

'They care for it just enough to make them shy and sullen in my presence, but the fear of it does not deter them from joining in sinful amusements. No, I would not give much for the love and honour of children who prefer the example of a parcel of worthless young officers to that of their parents and ministers.'

'Poor children! it is only a passing epidemic!' said Aunt Schuyler compassionately, as if she had been speaking of measles or scarlet-fever.

'We shall see,' returned the Dominie despondently; 'but even the comforting fact of which you so often remind me, that this regiment will soon be going away perhaps, does not altogether console me. They will go, but the mischief they have worked will remain. Do you think minds that have lost their soberness, hearts that have lost their purity, can ever be made what they were before? Do you think young ears that have ever heard such words as these,'—and he suddenly lifted a small grey-coloured pamphlet from the table and hastily turned over the leaves—'can ever again be unconscious of evil? Do you know what this is? It is a play-book, and contains the words of a play which I am told the officers are going to act in a little while. I will just shew you one passage in it—not the worst—and leave you to judge of the rest from that specimen.'

She read it, and though she was a middle-aged, or as she would have said an *old* woman, a blush mounted to her cheek as vivid as any girl's. Then she turned to the first page, looked at the title—the Recruiting Officer—and laid the book down again on the table.

'On one thing I am determined,' she said impetuously, 'that Mr. Vyvian shall not act in it, and that none of the young people I care for shall go to see it.'

'Nevertheless you will find that he *will* act, and that most if not all of your favourites will be there to see,' rejoined the Dominie, with a chilling certainty of conviction which quite oppressed her for the moment with a sense of the inevitable.

'Oh, you will not let them!' she said earnestly; 'you will try to win them to submission, will you not, Dominie?'

'I shall warn them,' said he gloomily; 'and if they will not be warned they must take the consequences.'

She had meant more than mere warning, and St. Paul's words about being all things to all men that he might by all means save some, were ringing in her ears. 'You will let them see that it is in *love* that you hold them back from such false pleasure as this?' she said, with her kind face kindling; 'and first of all, you will try—will you not? or let my husband try—to persuade the officers to drop this play altogether? I dare say they do not see it as we do; I have been told that in Europe much license of language is permitted on the stage; they cannot tell how it sounds to us, who, thank God! have been trained to look on immorality with the horror it deserves.'

'You say truly that they do not see it as we do. So little do they blush for it, that the subalterns who are billeted in Jansen's house leave this book about within reach of his young nieces. He took it from the hands of one of the girls when he brought it here this morning.'

'That is very inexcusable, but still perhaps it is only carelessness on the young men's part,' said Madame Schuyler, with a sudden change of tone, and a rising hope that this rumour that the play was to be acted might prove a mare's nest of M. Jansen's after all. 'These lieutenants may talk of acting this, but it does not follow that the better men in the regiment will sanction it;' and she thought of Mr. Vyvian.

The Dominie read her thought, and with sarcastic emphasis inquired if she had noticed the name written on the cover. It was 'Russell Vyvian.'

'Yes, I see it is his book,' she said, as he pointed to the writing; 'but for all that, he may have too much good feeling to wish Franzje to see and hear what it contains. My dear friend, will you not sanction one last effort to win him and one or two others over to the right side? I own to you that I have asked him to my party; will you forgive that, and come and meet him, and lend the Colonel and me your powerful countenance in our poor attempt to set things straight by gentle means? I ask it as an old friend who has always wished to be loyal to you.'

'And for your sake, dear Madame, I will not refuse,' said he, touched by her persistent benevolence; 'but all the same I know your efforts will be useless.'

She would not risk losing the point she had gained by any approach to contradiction; but though she left the house with a certain sense of triumph, she was very sad at heart. 'Was ever a cause gained by one who despaired?' she said to herself. 'I wish I had some of the Dominie's goodness, and that in return I could give him my belief in the possible goodness of other people.'

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH LINKS OF FOREIGN FORGING;

OR,

'THE LADY WITH THE LONG NOSE.'

(A TALE OF CONTINENTAL TRAVEL.)

BY A. F. FRERE,

AUTHOR OF 'WONDER-CASTLE;' 'THE THREE SONS-IN-LAW,' ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

THE days flowed on at Cadenabbia in much the same style as those just described. Mrs. Fulham and her friends 'did their villas' in correct fashion, saw all that they were bound to see, and got a great deal of more genuine and spontaneous enjoyment out of smaller doings, boatings and ramblings about lake and shore. They were often joined by Mrs. Langton, but she did not by any means make them her exclusive companions or objects; while avoiding ordinary gossipping intercourse, she was always ready for friendly acts towards any of the varying inmates of the hotel who came in her way—to interpret or make bargains for untravelled Britons, to dispense information on routes and inns, to take solitary young ladies out sketching, or 'play some' at the request of a lively set of Americans, seized with a desire to dance. It seemed to be her pleasure to mix, as such little kindly humanities permitted, with the daily tide of life, and yet to withdraw from it at other times in a manner scarcely less marked. She evidently liked solitary walks, and long hours spent in her own room; yet when in company always threw herself into the interests and ideas of her associates, with a quick sympathy which Ida said reminded one of the good fairies, who appear wherever they are wanted, do and say everything that is useful and charming, and then vanish.

There was, however, a sadder and a more human explanation of these habits. Where suffering has left deep traces, it is scarcely possible for the most genial disposition to keep up constantly with the bright stirring life around them. Hugh seemed to have divined this; and strong as was the fascination he felt, no one could be more prompt to perceive when Mrs. Langton wished to be left in silence with her sketch-book, or to wander alone, or attended only by her quiet old-fashioned maid. He took care that others, if not guided by as quick a tact, should be prevented from intrusion, and was ever ready to head a highly self-denying move in some other direction. It must be owned that Hugh's draughts of generosity were apt to leave some dregs of moodiness, not untasted by his subsequent companions; but Ida, like a good little sister, always tried to hide or charm away these casual lapses of temper; and probably no one but herself was fully conscious of them. Once or twice it crossed her mind to speculate if there might really be any

incipient cause, such as at first she had in mere jest imputed to his warmth of expression; but the notion was too unlikely to be harboured. Hugh was by no means prone to 'sentiment,' or preferences of the kind; and Mrs. Langton had always appeared to her a person of considerably older standing than either her brother or herself; although, one day, when some question had been started among the party as to her probable age, Ida recollected that *he* had sided with little Edwin's eager opposition to the general guess of 'four or five-and-thirty.'

'Why, that would be making her out quite old!' cried the boy. 'I'm *sure* she can't be more than twenty-eight or twenty-nine.'

Mr. Neville was himself too near 'the thirties' to consider them quite so awful and antique a landmark as they appear to juvenile eyes; but he endorsed the general tenour of the remarks, adding that age was the thing of all others least possible to be guessed, where mind, and probably circumstances, had had a stronger influence than mere physical development. Besides, in this instance it could not signify to anyone!

The even tenour of Lake life was broken by an incident or two. When Mr. Colvin's reply came, quenching all Mabel's hopes of a recovered letter, Hugh really offered to tear himself from local fascinations and go over to Lugano; but, reasonable even in her disappointment, Miss West felt it would be only wise to wait another day for the answers which the return of English post might bring to her remonstrative appeals. No letter from Mr. Wilton had reached her since entering Italy; but there was no cause for actual uneasiness, since he had been mentioned by some of her own family, with only a passing allusion to some plan, of which he had probably informed her. There was nothing for it but to fight against depression. The morning was peculiarly lovely, fresh, and cool. Mrs. Langton had come down prepared for a sketching expedition, and gathering the state of things from a few words, proposed to Mabel to join her.

'And let me pull you over in the little boat,' said Hugh. 'I should of all things enjoy a lounge over my book in the Melzi grounds; the gardener there is a brick, and doesn't insist upon "*accompagnare*," spy-fashion.' So they went over to Bellagio, and Mabel found her suspense beguiled by fixing her attention on the exquisite views of lake and shore, framed in rich foliage and blossom.

The three friends, after separating on their different employments, met at a given point to re-embark; and they were more than half way back, when Hugh, happening to glance in another direction, suddenly exclaimed, 'Hullo! what have we here? Miss West, let me trouble you just to look round towards Menaggio.'

Mabel, who had been sitting with her face turned the opposite way, did as she was desired, and perceived a boat coming from the 'other Joe' towards them, in which at that moment a tall, unmistakeably English, man was standing up to inspect their party. Her sudden glow, and start of delighted surprise, justified Hugh's supposition. It was, in

fact, Mr. Wilton himself; the two boats were speedily alongside, and Mrs. Langton, perfectly comprehending the state of things, immediately made room to invite him in. After the first exclamations and greetings, Mabel's *fiancé* began to explain the abruptness of his coming. The college work which had detained him at Cambridge had been wound up in time to allow him a few weeks' run abroad; but uncertainty had induced him not to risk disappointment by mentioning the scheme, until in the last letter he had written to announce his departure for Italy.

'Which I never received,' said Mabel.

'No,' replied Mr. Wilton coolly; 'I have it in my pocket.'

'You never sent it!' cried she, in a tone of serio-comic reproach.

'Pardon me; I have just extracted it from the Lugano post-office. I found at the "Parc," not *you*, as I had hoped, but an old acquaintance, Colvin, of Caius, who told me all I wanted to know, including your inquiry after a missing letter.'

'And you went to hunt it up?'

'I thought it would be satisfactory to you; and also there was smouldering in my mind an old grudge against that incapable man of office. Two years ago, when I was staying on Lugano, three several parties, whom I knew in the hotel, after vaguely hinting at "uncertainties" in the continuation of their journeys, betrayed that in each case there was a remittance long expected and never received. Not only the porter of the "Parc," but they themselves, had repeatedly called and asked for letters; none were forthcoming. At length we all went in a body, demanded the whole stock of unclaimed correspondence, and there all the documents had been lying, some of them for three weeks, in this Poste *trop* restante!'

'And what defence did Sigr. Bonetti make in my case?' asked Mabel.

'A few more *issimos*, and a good many shrugs, I should guess,' said Hugh.

'None at all,' said Mr. Wilton. 'I knew him of old; he combines the phlegm of a Swiss with the irregularity of an Italian. If the graphic picture of three agonized families kept waiting for their money, had failed to touch his conscience, what could be expected in an instance to his view so wholly immaterial?'

Mabel, at any rate, was satisfied. She had both letter and writer, and employed herself in reading the former, while Mr. Wilton relieved Hugh of an oar till they arrived at the landing-place, when, their companions discreetly turning another way, the betrothed pair plunged into the depths of the avenue for a talk, limited only by the approaching hour of dinner.

Mr. Wilton was a gentleman-like man of thirty-six, with an intellectual brow, somewhat marked with the wear and tear of examination papers and tutorial bills. His manners had more polish than Hugh Neville's; and although far from extravagant or self-indulgent in his habits, everything he did partook of a certain propriety and well-to-do ease; his tourist attire was of the neatest and fittest, his maps and guide-books

the newest and most correct; he carried a good silk umbrella, and was apt to corrupt the small boys who did his errands by paying away half-francs as other people did coppers. After his arrival, Mabel became naturally somewhat detached from the general party, and Ida devoted more of her time to Mrs. Fulham, in whose arrangements also at this juncture there occurred an unexpected change. Letters had been received, telling of delays in certain repairs which her house at Hampstead was undergoing; and it appeared uncertain if it would be ready for her to occupy before the winter. She had intended returning home in October; and as the Colonel could not absent himself longer from his wife, it became a serious question for a lady of quiet and regular habits, how to adapt herself to this new aspect of things. Indefinite weeks or months of lodging-house life in England were so little attractive, that she hearkened rather eagerly to the suggestion Ida ventured to make, that being thus far towards Rome and Naples, it would be a pity to miss the opportunity of passing a winter there. Still, the difficulty of companions remained. Miss West, who had spent some weeks with her friend at a German *Bad* before the Nevilles joined their party, was now wanted at home. To face foreign travel with only Tofts and Thomas was not to be thought of. The idea struck her, that if Ida's brother would consent to spare her for a few months, the stay in Italy might be a real benefit and pleasure to Ida herself, whose short continental excursions had never enabled her to see Rome; while her brisk aptitude and knowledge of the language would make her a most efficient as well as agreeable fellow-traveller. Mrs. Fulham's considerate delicacy, however, made her ponder the scheme for some days before she ventured, on Mabel's encouragement, to broach it to the parties most nearly concerned.

Hugh had meanwhile been told of the delays and uncertainties concerning Holly Lodge. His comment to Ida was, '"One man's meat is another man's poison"!'

'What *do* you mean?'

'Why, here is an elderly gentlewoman fretting in her mind, because a house in England isn't ready for her. I wish there were not *two* ready for me!'

'For shame, Hugh! You certainly have eaten of the lotos. I never knew you turn restive about business before. What would Susan say?'

Susan, or Mrs. Bailey, was an older married sister, whom both Hugh and Ida looked on as a kind of Mentor. She was an excellent warm-hearted woman, but the regular circles in which her own life flowed, year by year—eight months' legal residence in town, two at the sea-side for the children, and a few weeks' decorous visiting in well-dressed country houses—made her a little severe on the erratic tastes of her younger relations. Crossing the sea appeared to her an awful step, not to be contemplated without strong motives, and tending generally to unhinge the mind; though she was candid enough to own that Hugh's 'runs' always did him good, and that Ida was not the worse for them, provided

she, Susan, was at hand to polish her up again into London propriety and a sufficiency of dresses.

Hugh's truant mood was not, at any rate, connected with any selfishness towards others. When Mrs. Fulham, shortly after, made her diffident proposition to him on Ida's behalf, he entered into the scheme with all the warmth of a generous brother. It would be the very thing, he knew, she had long desired, and which his own ties in England gave no chance of their accomplishing both together. He foresaw no obstacle; the Baileys' roomy house was always, as Mrs. Fulham knew, as much of a home for the young Nevilles as either of them chose to make it; and for him to take up his quarters there would be an arrangement so perfectly simple in his bachelor eyes, that it was left rather for the friend to suggest that Ida might possibly see difficulties in the way, and had better at once be consulted, Mrs. Bailey being referred to only in case Ida approved of the plan for herself.

'For you know,' said Mrs. Fulham, 'I am but a stupid old woman for a lively young girl to be left *tête-a-tête* with, though Rome itself, I should hope, could never be dull to an intelligent one like your sister.'

'I have no fears on that score,' replied Hugh, as he left the room to carry the proposal to Ida. She was grateful, elated, certainly greatly attracted by the plan; yet there were scruples, chiefly on her brother's account, which he hastened to defeat.

'Nonsense, little one. You don't pretend to believe that I can't get on without you? Rome isn't to be seen every day, and the good Granny really wants a companion. Besides,' (this was his clenching argument,) 'I was just now thinking how I should like to lend our little nest to poor Brooke and his wife; he ought to be in town for a couple of months, under an oculist, she writes; and you know hotels, or even lodging-hire, don't suit their pocket.'

Ida, however disposed to yield, still asked for a few hours' consideration. The prospect seemed very strange! to spend a whole winter away from Hugh, from England, from all her ordinary little cares and duties; and when the greater questions had settled themselves in her mind, there was one minor point on which she still felt dubious.

'I'm half afraid of not being *proper* enough for Mrs. Fulham's *protégée*,' she said to Hugh, 'without dear good Mabel to cover my defects.'

'Oh, you know each other's ways well enough by this time; and anyhow, it will be rather a "proper" life at Rome, I fancy: introductions, evening parties, and that sort of thing.'

'How can you suggest anything so horribly common-place?'

'Moderns will be moderns, even on classic soil,' said Hugh. 'Well, the thing is settled—hey? and we've only to write and ask Mrs. Susan's permission.'

Susan, under all the circumstances, highly approved the scheme, and only waited her return to London to make the needful arrangements, and

to send off—on the 'evening-party' view of the Roman question—a box with sundry silks and adornments, to meet Ida at her destination. The Brookes were made happy by the prospect of a sojourn in the small Eccleston Street dwelling; and in a very short space of time, a future entirely undreamt of till so lately seemed to have twined innumerable threads round Ida's destiny. At some moments it would still cause her a touch of dismay; but Hugh always joked away her doubts, adducing one or other excellent result of the scheme.

'It will be such a capital thing,' he said one day, 'my travelling home without incumbrance this time! I shall sleep nowhere, eat flying, and gain at least two more days for the seductions of Italy!'

Ida inwardly hoped the 'seductions' were not of a more personal character. It was a little twinge that would recur now and then, as she watched her brother's manner to Mrs. Langton; and perhaps it lay at the bottom of her scruples about the Roman plan. However, his frank off-hand way was not likely to excite such suspicions in general observers; and all went on much as before: boating, strolling, sketching, casual acquaintance with travellers who came and went, while our party lingered on, till a second week on Como had nearly gone by.

One evening, somewhat before this date, most of the friends were returning from a lounge on the delicious flowery terraces of the Villa Giulia; and as the boat rounded Bellagio point, with its wild masses of rock and foliage standing out dark against the sunset glow, there opened an expanse of smooth water, flecked with the pleasure-parties of Italians which (it being a *festa* day) crowded the lake. The boats of the various noble families, whose villas lay around, were rowed by men in gay liveries, with silken sash and short gold-laced jacket; an aristocratic turn-out, which someone contrasted with the citizen-comfort air that pervades the Swiss lakes.

'It is all in keeping,' said Hugh, 'with the luxurious character of this scenery. The very richness and beauty of colour about Como makes it at first difficult to realize the grandeur of its forms.'

Mrs. Fulham quoted the admirable lines given in Murray, beginning,

> 'Sublime, but neither bleak nor bare,
> Nor misty, are the mountains there;
> Softly sublime, profusely fair!'

in the truth of which all the party agreed. Hugh expressed a wish to refer to their context, and refresh his recollections of the beautiful lay from which they are taken. Mrs. Langton, saying that she had 'Philip van Artevelde' with her, offered to lend the book; and later in the evening, Ida, being informed that it had been carried to her room, asked her brother to go up with her that they might enjoy it together. As they turned the pages over, Hugh chanced to cast his eye on the name written in the fly-leaf, and exclaimed in a tone of gratified surprise, 'What! That's it! Now I see it all.'

'What?' echoed Ida, reading over his shoulder the inscription, 'Mary Elfrida Comyn.'

'I see it all! at least, I suspect—she must be sister, or some near relation to my poor friend Comyn, who was so kind to me, you know, in Australia. *There's* the likeness that has puzzled me so! I must have seen her picture in his house.'

'Do you know that he had a sister? She was not there, of course, when you were?'

'No, there was no womankind just then. I think his wife was gone home to see her family. But I always felt I had seen a face like hers somehow, and now I'm sure it was there.'

'Was Mr. Comyn at all like her?'

'Not in the least—a square brow, and chestnut hair, Scotch outline—but that's no hindrance; there are mostly two types in a family; what can be more unlike, for instance, than you and Susan? The comely substantial Saxon and the p—'

'Plain little scraggy Norman,' said Ida, laughing; but he caught her up: 'I was going to say quite another word, also beginning with *p;* but I was afraid of fostering your vanity, little one!'

'I know I'm not pr—the other thing,' said she ingenuously, 'but sometimes I do think I look so.' Which was the truth, for although her features were insignificant, yet with bright eyes, a clear complexion, small white teeth, and a great play of light and shade, it was a very pleasant little face, and one which oftener 'looked pretty' than many of classical symmetry and brilliant colouring.

Hugh, however, soon reverted to the new speculation, which had entirely withdrawn his thoughts from 'Elena' and the scenery of Como. He could not rest till he had established this fresh link of sympathy with Mrs. Langton; and on the first occasion when the question could be quietly put, said to her, 'Excuse me for asking, but the name I saw in your book suggested it; are you a near relation of my late most kind and excellent friend, James Maxwell Comyn?'

She bowed silently, evidently affected by the allusion.

Hugh continued, 'His sister, perhaps?'

'No,' she replied, in a voice of painful emotion, 'not his sister—his wife.'

'His wife!' exclaimed Hugh, with not unnatural surprise. 'How then—' and he stopped short, unwilling to intrude on so private a subject.

Mrs. Langton, however, answered his thoughts.

'How then do I not bear his name? Mr. Neville, that is the story of my life—at least, of its troubles. I think I once told you that an old family name might sometimes exercise too strong an influence for happiness.' She paused, as if desirous yet unable to say more; and Hugh hastened to interpose.

'Pray do not exert yourself to explain further. There are secret causes, doubtless, in all family histories, which even a friend need never

attempt to understand. But it was his being so true a friend to me that made me ask you.'

'And you knew him!' said she, as if pleased by the idea. In Australia? It must have been after my departure.'

'Five years ago I went to inspect some land which I had at the time some thoughts of buying; and Mr. Comyn, whose house was in the neighbourhood, with the greatest kindness insisted on my making it my quarters while the negociation went on. We spent a month together—sufficient for an intimacy, which I then hoped to maintain in the future; but circumstances changed—the offer of a place in our bank induced me to return to England, and soon after my arrival I had the grief of learning his death.'

'It seems strange,' said Mrs. Langton, 'that your name should not be familiar to me. You must have been frequently mentioned in his letters at the time; but stay—could you have been the young Englishman spoken of as "Graham's cousin"?'

'Yes, that was my first introduction to him, and would no doubt have been the natural way of describing me to you.'

'This recalls it all, and the pleasure he often expressed in your companionship—details at the time so deeply interesting to me, but which in a measure were obscured by the stormy period that followed, and the calamities that came so thickly upon me. Mr. Neville,' she resumed, after some moments of reflection, 'I feel that it would be a satisfaction to tell you more of my history: it is too painful a one to be touched on to casual acquaintance; but both you and your sister would, I am sure, enter with real sympathy into the sad causes which now leave me a widow, without allowing me to bear the name that should be mine.'

It was impossible that Hugh should not desire the explanation, yet he begged that it might not be given at the cost of any pain, or doubt of its fitness.

'You do not know,' said Mrs. Langton, holding out her hand with a cordial smile, 'how my heart opens towards anyone who has known my husband. How singular to have met here! It is a genuine pleasure I little expected Cadenabbia would have brought me.'

Before they parted in the avenue, where this conversation had taken place, an appointment was made for the next morning in the same spot, but before the general tide of visitors had begun to flow into it.

'I would invite you both to my sitting-room,' said Mrs. Langton, 'but that I fear breaking my rule of seclusion might give an appearance of caprice, which I am anxious always to guard against. When you hear more, you will perhaps understand why I have a nervous dread of being idly "discussed."'

(To be continued.)

IN TIME OF WAR.

CHAPTER IV.

'Whiles you chid me, I did love.'

'As You Like It.'

'WHERE is Bertie?' asked Thomas Markham of his wife, when he came in on the evening of the day on which Katharine went to Southwell, and found her alone in her favourite place by the west window.

'I know not; was he not with you?'

'No, I have been at Rufford since noon, with Sir John Savile; he desired my counsel as to strengthening the Abbey, and also my company to supper; but the last he could not have, I being pledged to sup with one Mrs. Markham. He told me that you should have a refuge at the Abbey with Lady Savile if need arose; but we trust it will not, and we think it very unlikely that there will be any fighting in these parts.'

Ursula gave her husband one of the scared looks, to which, for fear of grieving him, she had learnt to restrict her expressions of alarm. Presently she said, 'Perchance Mr. Bertie guessed that lacking our Kate we would be alone to-night—it was a good thought of his; come to thy chair, sweet-heart, and rest; and as I need not play the matron to-night, I will sit here at thy feet.'

She clasped her fair smooth hands on his knee, and tried to satisfy herself with a long gaze on his face; the broad forehead, the dark smiling eyes, the high and noble mien, were hers to-night; the strong right hand was smoothing her fair curls, and she put from her the thought of what might be its business ere long.

'I fear I have made Bertie angry to-day; I know I have grieved him. He has asked Kate of me in marriage.'

'Asked for Kate! O husband! what did you say to him?'

'I am weary of giving counsel and saying wise things to-day; tell me your thoughts on the matter: have you seen aught of love-making between them?'

'Not of love-making; but of late I have thought she had come to be his chief delight. I meant to point it out to you at a fitting time. He is a good youth, and I like him well; but he is so young.'

'Nay, he is twenty-three; because you took a man verging on forty, nigh old enough to be your father, need all the maidens do the like?'

'Ah, you know I had but little choice; my father's word was always law, and when he told me I was to be wed, I hardly dare ask to whom; but I was right glad to find it was you, and not—somebody else.'

'Well, our spoilt Kate must have her say; she has not been well brought up, as you were; what will it be, think you, my wife?'

'I am sure she has no thought of this. She and Mr. Bertie are good friends: but if he come in alone, she watches still for you; while if you come first, she leaves the window—and that not because she is shy. Then, if she hear him, her colour does not come; she speaks quite freely to him, and sometimes she flouts him.'

'You know the signs then, wise Ursula! I am glad to hear this, for I could not have my pretty Kate grow sad and pale, wanting her lover.'

'But surely you will not say him nay?'

'I told him that these were no times for marrying or giving in marriage; and it would not be wise or kind to take on himself a new charge, and lay on her a new care, just as war began. He was grieved at that, for there be few who think as I do, that a few weeks will not end the strife; and I told him for his comfort, that when it pleased God to send us peace, he should have my free consent to woo her. Though he be somewhat hot and hasty now, he is a true man and brave gentleman; when he has proved himself, and gained a little in discretion, there will not be a better husband found for her, dear lass!'

'She should have a right good one; but we shall miss her sorely when he takes her,' said kind Ursula.

'She too will not be worse for waiting a little—they would be two such hasty souls together; but I think she will love him. He has given me his word not to press his suit as yet.'

'All this should not have angered him: where can he be?'

'He took me somewhat to task for having sent her to Southwell with so slight escort; and I, not liking my office of guardian to be so soon usurped, answered him shortly; and he left me, little pleased.'

At ten o'clock the truant returned, a little doubtful how he might be received, and heartily ashamed of the cut on his cheek.

'Well, Dick,' said Mr. Markham, 'I began to think you had ridden to Southwell, in quest of our adventurous maiden.'

'In sooth I did so, and am like to get little praise for my pains—not even my own; already I wish I could have abode by your counsel this morning, though I liked it not.'

So all the story was told, and it required some little courage in the teller, who knew he had been wrong and rash, and gone near to raise a disturbance. His own business, too, had been neglected; but as no harm had been done, and Thomas Markham blamed himself for the scrape into which his over-confidence had brought his sister, he could not well be angry, especially after he had enjoyed a hearty laugh at the young man's expense; and Ursula saw no cause for displeasure.

'How did Katharine fare when you left her?' she asked, as she saw to the serving of Bertie's supper, and then sought some balsam for his hurt.

'She was well, but I think tired and harassed; for so soon as she was safe in Mrs. Bernard's parlour, and her troubles past, she fell to weeping as if they were yet to come. That blaspheming fellow had preached his foul treason at her for above an hour, so no wonder her spirit was broken. Mrs. Bernard said she should go to bed, and have some spiced wine, and bade me tell you she would care for her.'

He did not say that Katharine had hardly vouchsafed a parting word to him, and that Mrs. Bernard, vaguely connecting him with Katharine's trouble, had also given him scant courtesy; but Mr. Markham gave him comfort, saying, 'Mr. Cludd has saved more for the King than he wots of; the rascals would have ransacked the coach, as well as taken my horses, had he not come: he is too honest a man for their business, but he was always a Puritan. You were right, Bertie, the roads are not safe; Kate shall come back on horseback, and if I cannot be her escort, you shall.'

Bertie thanked him with a look; and presently, when Mrs. Markham called him Richard, and shewed that her husband had told her of the morning's conversation, he whispered as he kissed her hand, 'You wish me well, dear lady?'

'Now and always!' was the hearty reply.

Meantime, Katharine was petted by good Mrs. Bernard to both their hearts' content. The old lady was a connexion of the Markhams, but she had married unfortunately; and on her husband's early death, their interest had procured for her the post of housekeeper to the Archbishops of York, at their palace at Southwell. She had been there for nearly forty years; this, she would say, was 'her sixth archbishop,' so many changes had she seen. But some of her masters had never visited their pleasant Nottinghamshire home, and thus she had never seen them; while with others it had been a favourite residence, and convenient halting place on the journey between York and London. Archbishop Neill, who died in 1640, was Mrs. Bernard's favourite, partly from his high character, and partly because he was a staunch Royalist; for though her knowledge of parties, and of the why and wherefore of the present troubles, was very limited, yet she well knew that after 'Fear God,' came 'Honour the king;' and how anyone should neglect so plain a duty she could not understand. With his successor, Archbishop Williams, she was not yet personally acquainted; but knowing that he had been appointed because he was in great esteem with the Puritan party, she had grave misgivings about him. It was true that his munificence and talent for business were already felt as advantages at Southwell; but an archbishop who favoured the Puritans! strange indeed, when his Grace of Canterbury was even now their prisoner in the Tower! What was merrie England coming to?

So the old lady would bemoan herself, in the cheeriest voice, and with the most benign air in the world. She was a little woman, round and plump, and in spite of her seventy years, trim and active as possible.

She was a gentlewoman born, and her position was thought quite suitable to her birth; indeed, no one could think otherwise, who considered its importance, and saw her in her kirtle of dark silk, usually a deep mulberry colour, looped Mother Hubbard fashion over her stiff black farthingale, her delicate yellow-starched ruff, and her white hair combed over a roll under her cap—fashions of her youth, from which she never departed. The old lady and Katharine were great friends; the latter was always ready to listen to Mrs. Bernard's stories and anecdotes of 'his Grace,' though she was sometimes so heedless as to forget which story belonged to which archbishop. In return, she would tell of the sayings and doings of her beloved brother, and of the wondrous deeds of the youngest Markham—'our boy,' as his aunt called him.

Katharine also shared Mrs. Bernard's attachment to the beautiful house of which she had the care. She would go with her from room to room, to see that all was as it should be, in readiness at any time to receive the Archbishop or his guests. She liked to go into the great hall, and study the coats of arms painted in the windows and round the walls, beginning with the cross fleury and martlets of Edward the Confessor, between the crossed keys of St. Peter and swords of St. Paul, over the dais; through numberless archbishops and dignitaries, to the shields of the 'benefactors' at the lower end, among which she did not fail to glance at the Markham lion. The buildings enclosed a small quadrangle; and besides the hall, chapel, and library, there were galleries, parlours, and lodging-rooms without end, and a large reception-room with a beautiful Tudor fire-place. The fire-place still remains, perched up high on the roofless outer wall, giving a hint of the magnificence of the house begun by Cardinal Kemp, completed by the brothers Booth his successors, and the favourite residence of that 'Pope of England,' Cardinal Wolsey.

Mrs. Bernard had been wont to tell, as the jewel of her stories, of the visit of King James to the Palace, on his way to his new throne; of his unkingly appearance and demeanour, so unsuited to the successor of stately Queen Bess; of his admiration of the church, occasioned chiefly by its great size; and of a kind word spoken to her—then a new made widow, and new also at her post—that made him a king indeed in her eyes, stranger and Scot though he was. Now her tale was of the sudden arrival of King Charles, scarce three weeks since, on his hurried journey through the county, and of her triumph over the difficulties of entertaining a royal guest at a moment's notice.

'And so, my dear,' she continued to Katharine, 'you see how needful it is that I see all in order each day with mine own eyes, old though they be, not trusting to the serving-wenches, who are ever careless hussies; for though I shook as if with an ague fit when I knew that it was really his Majesty riding there into the court-yard, with scarce half a dozen gentlemen in his following, think how I was

comforted to know that the reception-room and the blue parlour were ready! I had but to set them to cooking the supper, and then I laid the fine holland sheets on the state bed with mine own hands, the marjoram and lavender you laid in the press last year being still sweet.'

'And you saw him, Goody? Ah, I would I had been here! if he would but come again!'

'Ay, I saw him, God bless him! for who but I should take the first dish to his table?—a stewed fowl with mushrooms, of which by good luck little Daniel had brought a basketful; and there was a goodly pasty, and trout from the Greet, which Mr. Ashe had caught. I had some wine-sours too, and there were cheese-cakes and other sweetmeats. Not that I would have set so meagre a supper, if I had had a day's warning; but any Christian man might eat worse, and yet be thankful.'

'But what did the King say, Goody? and how did he look?'

'Indeed he said but little, and ate but little either; though he spake graciously to me, saying that he doubted not of his welcome, though he had taken his Grace's house by storm. He hath a right gracious and kingly presence, and is comely too, though his looks be grave and care-worn. I saw his light till late in the blue-parlour, and he was up betimes in the morning: he heard prayers in the chapel, and then walked about the town and into the church. But there, my dear, I should be in the still-room; young people are ever such talkers! Go, find Mr. Ashe, he can tell you more than I.'

'I will go; but do you think the King will come here again?' asked Katharine wistfully.

'They say he surely will, and not many days hence; he must pass by, and he is well known to favour the place. We are making preparation for him and for a large following.'

So Mrs. Bernard trotted after her maids, and Katharine went into the quadrangle, fed the peacocks, and looked for the tortoise, which was quite active that sunny morning, and making for the bowling-green. The superstitious maids thought the strange creature quite uncanny, and regarded his long sleep and fast as an unholy miracle. Katharine fancied he must have been a friend of the great Cardinal, and knew some weighty secrets; for no one knew how long he had been there, and he looked so very wise and was so very reserved. Having propitiated the venerable reptile with a raspberry, Katharine went to the library, where she was sure to find Mr. Ashe, Mrs. Bernard's friend and coadjutor. He was the chaplain and librarian, a good man and a great scholar, who led a secluded life among his books, and managed to keep himself in such peaceful ignorance of parties, politics, and the course of the world generally, that in those matters Katharine could tell him a good deal more than he could tell her. He left a pile of books, and came forward to meet her, pen in hand; a strangely peaceful figure—with his black cassock and thin white hands—to her eyes, accustomed of late to see only soldiers and accoutrements of war.

His very voice was low and calm, as unlike those used to words of command, as the cool close atmosphere of the library was to the sun-warmed air of the forest.

After inquiring for his friend Mr. Norwell, the clergyman of Edwinstowe and Ollerton, Mr. Ashe was ready to turn back to his books, and shew his new treasures to his little disciple, or pull down for her her old favourites—play books or volumes of poems, or perhaps an illuminated manuscript. But Katharine's head was too full of passing events to allow her to take even a short excursion into the fields of literature; and she soon turned from the books to go into the tower, from which she could see a bend of the Newark road, and then to wander into the park, in great fear lest the King should pass through the town without stopping. Mrs. Bernard would not let her go into the churchyard or street, as there were many strangers about; besides, she had had enough of adventures the day before.

Next day, Robin and another man came from Ollerton to take back the coach, and Dorothy, who was needed in the household. They brought word that Katharine was to stay at Southwell till her brother came; he had gone with his troop to join the King at Newark, but would pass by that day or the next. So poor Dorothy had to go back alone, in a terrible fright. Katharine overheard sharp words between her and Robin on the matter; he declaring that if the rebels did not run away with Mistress Katharine when they had the chance, they were not like to plague themselves with her—Dorothy. She retorted that if they had not all been robbed and murdered, it was small thanks to him, a useless loon! Katharine presently pointed out that the plate being safe in Mrs. Bernard's armories, and the guard increased by the other groom, there was little to fear; and so it proved, for they met no disturbance: and Dorothy from that time gave herself the airs of a heroine among waiting-women.

Her mistress passed the morning in little services for Mistress Bernard, and found a labour of love in adorning the state-rooms, and in helping Mr. Ashe to set the chapel in festal order. Then, breaking bounds, she slipped into the church, and finding the sexton, persuaded him to give her the tower keys, and for some time found a vent for her restless activity in climbing the winding stairs, and threading the narrow passages; till, after a good deal of trouble with the locks, she reached the top of the great centre tower. Here she had a bird's-eye view of the town, and discerned one of the prebends reading in his garden, in what he supposed to be complete privacy. There was a knot of men at the King's Arms, and another at the armourer's; and a little out of the town she saw a group of people listening to a preacher, whom she guessed to be none other than Master Milsom. It was pleasant to feel so safe from him, up there on the tower; but it was too hot to stay on the leads, exposed to the August sun, so when she had satisfied herself that there was nothing stirring on the Newark

road, and taken a look at the dim outlines of the forest in the direction of home, she came down from the tower, but on her way used her keys to peep into all the odd corners of the upper part of the church. Some of the doors led on to the roofs, and another led into the dark bell-chamber; and while she peered at the mysterious shapes of the great bells, she was startled by a dreadful creak and groan, and two huge hammers uplifted themselves to strike the quarters, and then the hour. Almost deafened, she turned away, and went down again, through the passages in the thickness of the wall between the upper windows of the transept. Then, instead of following the stairs, she went behind the triforium arches of the nave, where there was quite a broad passage under the sloping roof of the aisle. Here she found a low door, down two or three steps. None of her keys would fit the padlock, but the staple was loose, and with a little trouble she opened the door. Half expecting some mystery, she went in, but only found a small room, with a little window of three round-headed lights opposite the door. It felt damp and cold, and appeared to have been long disused; there was an old truckle bedstead, and a broken table, but nothing at all strange or curious; and hearing footsteps in the nave below, she closed the door as she found it, and returning to the stair in the corner of the transept, reached the floor of the church at last, very dusty and rather dizzy.

When she told Mr. Ashe of her discovery, he said it was the parvise, or chamber over the porch, which before the Reformation used to be inhabited by the sacristan, who was thus always ready to ring the passing-bell at any time of the day or night that a soul might be in extremity. He also said that this porch was considered by the learned as a very rare and curious piece of antiquity. Katharine did not care much for antiquities; and though she speculated a little on the possible feelings of the occupant of the chamber in lonely winter nights, she soon forgot the little incident, never thinking that she should see the room again.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF MRS. DOROTHY.

(AS RELATED BY HERSELF.)

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER V.

My progress towards recovery was not so rapid as had been anticipated, being retarded, as Mr. Anthony fancied, by the ill-management of the doctors, with whose system however he dared not interfere, though he did contrive to save me from some of their physic, and to procure for me a more nourishing diet than they were themselves willing to allow. The

small-pox had not a little impaired my looks, and great was my dismay when I was suffered at length to see my own reflection in a mirror. 'Oh, what will Mamma say to me!' I cried, and dashed the looking-glass away from me with such violence as to upset Mrs. Miller's painted snuff-box, and scatter its contents over her muslin apron.

I was sorry afterwards for my pettishness, but remained dull and silent for the rest of the day; and dull and silent Mr. Anthony found me on coming to pay me his evening visit. Almost without knowing it, I had fallen into the habit of telling him my little griefs, which he never made light of, or mocked at, or declared to be 'foolish'; but on the present occasion he was scarce so tender as usual.

'Oh, is that all!' he said, when he learned what ailed me. 'I thought you were mourning over some weighty matter. Let us reckon up your losses, and see if they be really so heavy as you fancy. As for the pock-marks, they are not deep, and will wear out; but—'

'Do you think they will?' I cried; 'shall I look the same as before—?'

'That I cannot answer for. You have parted—for the present at least—with two red cheeks, sundry locks of chestnut hair, and a fringe of eye-lashes long and thick; but I have good hopes that all—save your eye-lashes, perhaps—will come back to you almost unimpaired.'

'Oh, but my eye-lashes were thought so pret—were so much praised, even my mamma used to admire them.'

'That was because they softened your dark eyes, I suppose, and hid the fiery sparks that I have sometimes seen flash out of them.'

'*Your* eyes are dark,' I said, somewhat affronted.

'What, you have found out that, have you, in spite of my green spectacles? Then, seemingly, they are not much of a disguise. Yes, my eyes are dark, my dear; and assuredly I have no right to quarrel with the colour of yours—no, nor with their fiery sparks neither.'

I could not understand him, for he was in a singular mood—half mirthful, and half melancholy. Presently, without any preparation, he began telling me a story.

'Once upon a time there lived in a pleasant parsonage a gentleman whom I will call Mr. Jacques—'

'Mr. Jacques!' I interrupted, pronouncing the word, as he did, in the English fashion; 'what a singular name!'

'You will meet with it some day in Shakespeare,' he answered, smiling, 'so 'tis not so very strange after all. But now you must let me go on. Mr. Jacques was not rich—rich, that is, like Sir Ambrose; but he had one great treasure, dearer to him than all the wealth of the world could possibly have been, and this was a little girl betwixt two and three years old. Her mother, poor child! was dead, and her father felt he could ill supply her loss, though he attended to her much himself, and engaged for her a nurse, in whose trustworthiness he placed full confidence.'

'Was she a pretty child?' I asked, the subject of good looks being uppermost in my thoughts.

'He hardly troubled himself to think whether she were pretty or not. She had bright eyes, and rosy cheeks; and judging from this that she was healthy, he cared but little about her features, knowing that they were not his to mend or make. But he thought much of how he should train her in the way she should go.'

'I wonder whether she was peevish and fretful, like my little brother Tommy?'

'Not peevish at all, something wilful at times,' (he looked at me with a smile which made my colour rise,) 'and withal a little passionate, but shewing already signs of a generous temper. He loved her very dearly, and when some news came that made it necessary for him to go to France, he felt exceedingly loth to leave her.'

'Did he mean to be absent long?'

'Not more than two months at the most. His mother was dying, and had begged that he would come to her. She lived at Arras, a town in the northern part of France; and though the journey was long, he felt that for her sake he must take it.'

'I suppose he was very fond of her, then?'

'Not so fond as he would have been had he known her better. He had not seen her since he was five years old!'

'Why, how could that be?'

'Did you ever hear of the Huguenots, who, some eight-and-thirty years ago, came over to England in such numbers, because the French king, Louis XIV., would no longer suffer them to worship in the way which they thought right?'

'Yes, I have heard of them; but Papa has seemed as though he did not like me to speak of them much. I cannot tell why. Was Mr. Jacques's mother a Huguenot?'

'Both his parents were such. Their faith was very dear to them, and though the French king had decreed that no Huguenot should leave France under pain of imprisonment or death, they determined to fly to England, where some kindred of theirs had already settled. Their journey was a most perilous one, and for greater safety they took different roads, Madame de Vil—Madam Jacques, I mean, travelling with her brother, and Mr. Jacques with his little son. The child and his father reached Calais all unharmed, and tarried there for a long while, thinking that Madam Jacques would join them. At last they embarked for England, trusting that she had escaped thither before them; but, alas! it was not so, for during her journey she had been captured, and her husband never saw her more.'

'Oh, was he not very sorry?'

'Yes, he died broken-hearted; and his little lad—the Mr. Jacques of whom I was telling you—was adopted by an English lady of rank, who brought him up almost as though he had been her own son.'

'And what had become of his real mother, and of her brother who was travelling with her?'

'She, upon being captured, was shut up a close prisoner in a convent; and her brother was sent to the galleys, where he shortly afterwards died.'

'How sad! and did Mr. Jacques see nothing of his mother until after he was grown up?'

'Grown up!—he was thirty-five years of age, when by some means not worth explaining—he found out that she was living at Arras. Through a friend of his, who was going to France, he sent her a letter, and after awhile he received from her an answer written in sore distress of mind. Not being so brave of heart as your Rose Allin, she had at length been wrought upon to profess herself a Papist. But she repented deeply of her weakness, and now, believing herself to be dying, she besought her son—who was a minister of the Church of England—to come in all haste to see her.'

'Ah! I do not wonder that he went then, though he had to leave his little girl behind him. Who took care of her—her nurse?'

'Yes; and he went away persuaded that this nurse would do her duty by her.'

'And did she not?'

'Scarcely so, I am afraid, for I have heard it said that the poor child fell sick through her neglect; of this, however, I am not certain. Mr. Jacques travelled on horseback, and at all speed. 'Twas a few months after the death of Queen Anne—at the time when the country was in a state of great excitement respecting the Jacobites; and any person journeying alone towards the sea-coast was sure to be looked upon with suspicion. On arriving at Harwich—a sea-port town of which I dare say you have heard, as 'tis not very far from here—Mr. Jacques went to lodge at a little inn, while waiting for the sailing of the ship that was to take him across the sea to Dunkirk, on the French coast. At this inn, he had reason to think that he was being watched, and that his saddle-bags had been opened; but he did not trouble himself about the matter, knowing he was no conspirator. The ship's departure had been delayed by adverse winds; but on a sudden the news came that the winds had changed, and that the ship was about to sail. Immediately, Mr. Jacques hastened to the shore; but just as he was setting foot in the boat which was to carry him to the vessel, two men laid hands on him, seeking to arrest him in the King's name, on the charge of being the bearer of treasonable papers to the Pretender. He, knowing the charge to be utterly false, shook them off with some violence, and favoured by the darkness—for it was night-time—sprang into the boat, and so got safely on board ship.'

'Oh, I am glad of that!' cried I, clapping my hands.

'Are you, my poor little maid? Methinks you have no need to be. He was over-hasty, and it would have been better, perhaps, had he

tarried behind to prove his innocence, even at the risk of not reaching Arras in time to see his mother alive.'

'Oh, I do not think him wrong at all. But did he see her, and make her happier?'

'Yes, he was with her during the last few weeks of her life. She was in great poverty, and also in much trouble of mind; and it is to him a blessed thing to think of the comfort he was able to bring her. She was, however, harassed exceedingly by some Roman Catholic priests, who persisted in visiting her. They discovered that Mr. Jacques was an English clergyman—by birth a Huguenot; and on the very day of his mother's death—not before, most happily—they had him apprehended and thrown into prison.'

'What for?'

'For having sought, as they imagined, to turn a Roman Catholic from the true faith.'

'Ah! I understand! And did the poor gentleman remain long in prison?'

'For seven years and a half—'twas a weary time; but this was not his only trouble, he had another and a heavier one. A day or so before his apprehension, he received a letter from a relation of his—a very angry letter—accusing him of having gone to France under false pretences, and warning him never to set foot in England again.'

'How strange! and what was to become of his poor little girl?'

'He was told that he was not to make himself uneasy about her; but that he must never never seek to see her any more.'

'And was this because he was supposed to be a wicked Jacobite?' I said, putting a strong emphasis on the word 'wicked,' for I had been brought up to hold Jacobites in abhorrence.

'It was; his relation told him that his saddle-bags had been searched at Harwich, and some papers found in them, which proved to be letters written in cipher to the Pretender, inviting him to attempt a landing on the Suffolk coast.'

'But it was not true? Mr. Jacques was too good a man to wish the Pretender to be king.'

'He had taken no part in politics whatever. Yet how was he to prove the charge false? Shut up as a close prisoner at Arras, without the means of writing to his friends, he could do naught—naught in the world but try to possess his soul in patience. 'Twas a grievous trial, my little maid, to the like of which I trust you may never be subjected.'

'But how about the saddle-bag?' said I; 'were any letters really found there?'

''Tis this, precisely, that Mr. Jacques cannot understand. To the best of his recollection, he had no papers whatever in his baggage.'

'Perhaps,' I said, struck by a sudden idea, 'they may have been put there by some bad person who wanted to harm him. People have had papers slipped into their pockets without their knowing it, I know.'

'How do you know that?' asked Mr. Anthony, smiling.

'Because an old woman told me so—such a horrible old woman, with arms—oh, a great deal thinner than mine are now—quite skinny, you know, and grey hair that was all matted! I did not like to look at her, for I thought she might be a witch. But I was left alone with her in the cottage, and—' (I lowered my voice as I spoke,) 'and—she called me, and said it had happened to one of my uncles.'

'What had happened, my dear?'

'Why, he had had some papers put into his pocket without his knowing it; and she had seen it, and had not told, but was now so sorry, that she was afraid of dying. I do not know what she meant, but that was what she said, though I have never repeated it to anyone.'

'Have you not? was that right, do you think?'

'Perhaps not. I mean really to tell it to my papa; and perhaps I ought to have told it to Mrs. Miller, but it seemed so strange, that somehow it frighted me, and I kept it close. I knew Giles did not like my going to Stillingford, and I thought that—'

'Stillingford! was it at Stillingford that you saw this woman?'

'Yes; do you know Stillingford, then?'

'What was the old woman's name?' he said quickly, leaving my question all unanswered.

'I do not know. Her daughter's name was Grieves, but she was married. Her husband was a blacksmith, and he put on my horse's shoe which had come off.'

Mr. Anthony started up, and strode very suddenly to the window. There he stood quite motionless, pressing his forehead against the diamond panes. I was watching him wonderingly, when Mrs. Miller, who had been sitting in a little ante-chamber, came into the room, bringing with her a cup of chicken-broth for my supper.

'Does anything ail you, my pretty one?' said she; 'your cheeks look something flushed.'

'Oh dear!' said Mr. Anthony, turning round very penitently, 'I fear I have been exciting her too much with my talk.'

'Indeed, I think you have, Sir,' said the housekeeper. 'I thought—no offence—that you had been talking over-long, seeing that she is but weak as yet.'

I could not bear to hear him blamed, nor that he should blame himself; so I cried out, 'No, no! I liked your story, and it has not hurt me at all; but you have not told me the end—what became of Mr. Jacques?'

'You will know that another day. I am going away now, and you must take your supper quietly. Your head, my child, is hot.'

Ah me! it might well seem hot to him, for the hand he laid upon it was icy cold.

'Mr. Anthony,' I whispered, detaining him, 'I thought—I thought—but I only want to say it to you.'

'What did you think?' he said, stooping down so that I could put my mouth close to his ear.

'I thought that perhaps you might be—you are not my uncle, are you?'

'I am not, I assure you, my child,' he replied.

'Oh, I beg your pardon,' I said, feeling abashed and disappointed. 'I knew you were not any uncle I had ever seen; but I thought I might have another, possibly. You won't be angry? I was very foolish.'

'Angry! as if I could be angry! but,' (and Mr. Anthony raised his voice,) 'there is some one here who has, I think, good right to be angry, not solely on account of our exceeding ill manners in whispering, but because you are cruelly neglecting your chicken-broth. Good-night. I shall flee like a school-boy who has been found breaking bounds; for if I do not, I shall be falling into such dire disgrace with Mrs. Miller, that she will never suffer me to come and see you again.'

'I should be sorry for that,' said I seriously, 'for I like seeing you very much, and you always give me something to think about after you are gone. You will come to-morrow, won't you?'

He looked back at me as he was leaving the room, and with a bright smile answered 'Yes.'

The next day I, for the first time, was suffered to leave my bed-chamber, to which I had been confined a close prisoner for more than three weeks. I was not deemed strong enough to walk as yet; so Mr. Anthony—refusing aid from any of the servants—carried me in his arms to a pleasant apartment which had been made ready for me. Here he laid me on a couch near the window, so that I could enjoy the soft summer air. I had hardly settled myself, when I began questioning him about Mr. Jacques; but instead of answering me, he turned my attention (as he loved to do) to the beautiful clouds, which looked that morning like a flock of sheep slowly mounting the blue vault of heaven. They for the most part were pursuing the same track, but some among them seemed to be wandering a little out of the right way, and some again were lagging behind, as though they were growing faint and weary. Concerning them all, Mr. Anthony had some pretty thing to say; and I was listening to him oven-mouthed, when in rushed Mrs. Kitty, with her curls and her furbelows flying behind her.

'Mercy me! we're all undone!' she cried, and whispered something to Mrs. Miller, who was keeping guard over me as usual. The good housekeeper dropped her knitting, exclaiming, 'No, sure! it cannot be!'

'Ay, but it is,' said Kitty; 'twas one of the lacqueys who told me. He is now in the vestibule, and in another minute will be coming up-stairs.'

'What is the matter?' asked Mr. Anthony, calmly removing his spectacles.

'Why, Sir,' said Mrs. Miller, putting her hand to her side as if she

were ready to faint, 'here's Mrs. Kitty come to say that my master is in the house.'

'He has just this moment arrived,' said my waiting-maid; 'I am sure I never thought he would be coming yet. There's not a thing made ready for him.'

'Papa come!' cried I very joyously, 'oh, how glad I am! I thought he had forgot me quite—but am I much changed?—will he think me ugly?'

'There are some who will always love you whether you are changed or no,' said Mr. Anthony, speaking softly.

This answer, I must own, did not satisfy me; and I repeated my question, to which however no one gave heed, for they were all greatly agitated.

'Mr. Anthony,' cried out Mrs. Miller, 'my master will be coming here immediately—pray—pray go away—for pity's sake—for dear Mrs. Dorothy's sake—go, Sir, I beseech you!'

'For this dear child's sake I stay,' he replied. 'I cannot have her see me flee, as though I had aught to be ashamed of.'

There was no time to say more, for Sir Ambrose's foot-step was heard already coming along the corridor, and in another instant he had entered the room. He was a tall stately man, possessing what is called a noble presence, which inspired many persons with a sense of fear; yet, for my own part, I must confess that, though I revered him as my father, I was in reality scarce so much in awe of him as of the shorter slighter Mr. Anthony, who at all times could subdue my wilfulness with one glance of his dark eyes. Nevertheless, my heart at the present moment was beating very fast, for I felt bewildered and frightened even in the midst of my gladness.

Making a sign that I was not to leave my couch, Sir Ambrose came to me, and put his lips to my forehead.

'Papa,' I said, looking up at him with tears in my eyes, 'Papa, I am glad—' and then I paused, for his countenance was so very stern that it almost took my breath away.

'Poor child!' he said, glancing severely at Mrs. Miller and Kitty, who, with their hands meekly folded, were courtesying down to the ground; 'poor child! and this is the care that has been taken of you! Truly I placed my trust ill!'

'O Papa!' I cried, ''twas my own fault that I caught the small-pox. I found a poor baby lying on the grass, and—'

'Never mind that now,' he said, stopping me very suddenly.

I felt my lip beginning to quiver. 'Why are you angry, Papa?—is it with me? I am not so very—very—Mamma will not think me so very—'

'Very—what, child?'

'*Ugly*,' I stammered, blushing deeply.

He smiled a little. 'No, no, I was not thinking of that. You are

marked, it is true, but less so than I expected. You may live to be a pretty woman yet, Mrs. Vanity.'

I was greatly pleased to hear this, for I had felt afraid that were I to become ugly, I should lose even more of my mother's affection than I had hitherto done. Lady Holderness was a handsome woman herself, and talked and thought very much about beauty, seeming to consider it almost meritorious to be well-looking!

But though my father had set me at ease on one point, my heart still beat fast, for I perceived there was something very grievously amiss—something that perhaps concerned Mr. Anthony. Whether Sir Ambrose had noticed him or not I could not tell; but he had been standing with his back towards him, as though unconscious of his presence. Now, however, to my great surprise, the 'quack' doctor stepped boldly forward, holding out his hand, and saying, 'Holderness, will you not speak to me?'

'How dare you expect me to speak to you?' said Sir Ambrose, turning round very fiercely. 'Speak to you, forsooth! you, who have come to this place on false pretences, and have bribed or cajoled my servants so far to forget their duty to me as to let you into my house!'

'Listen to me; I have used no bribery, I told your good housekeeper here plainly who I was, and, as a right, demanded to be let in to see that dear child, who was then lying at death's door.'

'I was very loth to admit him,' put in poor Mrs. Miller; 'but I thought, and I am sure the doctors did too, that dear Mrs. Dorothy would never get better. It was after they had bled her, Sir, and they wanted to bleed her again, and—and I did not like it; and—and knowing this gentleman knew something of surgery, I did think it would be a comfort to me, Sir, if he were just to see her. Besides, I hadn't the heart to say "nay" to him, I hadn't indeed.'

'Why did you come here at all?' said Sir Ambrose; 'why have you put yourself in peril for no other purpose than to trouble our peace? Do not think I will shelter you!—I will never shelter a mean-spirited Jacobite—a traitor to the country which has so kindly protected him.'

'I am not a Jacobite!' returned Mr. Anthony; 'is it, on the face of it, likely, that I, the son of a Huguenot, should desire for this country a Popish king—such a king, above all, as this Pretender, as we call him, would probably be?'

'As we call him! he is a pretender! Villette, I have heard your friends say, in your behalf, that 'tis with you a weakness to stand up for the losing side, but I do not believe it—I do not believe it! this is not the reason that you have always been ready to defend the Papists and Jacobites, and even that miserable man, whom some would call our king. Say what you will, you secretly favour and befriend them—secretly, mind—not openly, as you would were you an honest man!'

At these words Mr. Anthony took fire, and said that he was insulted; but soon his manner changed and softened, and taking Sir Ambrose's

hand, (somewhat against his will,) he shook it in token of forgiveness and friendliness. 'You think of me wrongfully, Holderness,' he cried, 'yet how can I wonder at it, when appearances are so much against me? Where do you think I have been all these years?'

'Hanging about the Pretender's court, I take it,' said Sir Ambrose, withdrawing his hand.

'No, I have not. You will find I am no Jacobite when you have heard my whole tale.'

'Come away and tell it,' said Sir Ambrose. 'Stay—' (and he glanced at me,) 'how much does that poor child know?'

'Nothing. I doubt even if she suspects anything.'

'What have I to know!' cried I, starting up and looking about me wildly.

The doctor was running to me, but Sir Ambrose pushed past him, and again pressed his lips to my brow. 'Fear nothing, poor child!' said he; 'you have no need to be afraid, for you will always find a father in me.'

Then he touched Mr. Anthony on the arm, and they quitted the room together.

(*To be continued.*)

FÉNÉLON'S FIRST SERMON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'FLEMISH INTERIORS,' ETC.

'He nothing human alien deems
Unto himself, nor disesteems
Man's meanest claim upon him.'
Lytton.

It was the winter of 1666, and the day, ushered in by weeks of severe and bitter weather, was cold and gloomy. Those who were fortunate enough to own a fire-side did well to nestle round it: as for those to whom were denied the bare requirements of human nature, they had no resource but in the charity of their better provided fellow-beings; and who will ever know how many, for lack of that charity, perished miserably during that cruel season, in silent and neglected obscurity!

A piercing wind howled savagely as it swept the white flakes down the Rue de Sévres, nearly deserted as it was; for who would have willingly exposed themselves on such an inclement day to the keenness of the blast?

Nevertheless, struggling against its repellent force, a youthful ecclesiastic, habited in the graceful costume of a secular priest, might be seen turning out of it, and advancing at a brisk pace along the Rue

du Bac towards the Quays. Tall and commanding was his figure, and thoughtful and intelligent beyond his years was the cast of his fine and expressive face, as he hastened his step on hearing the quarter strike at the church of St. Thomas d'Aquin. Indeed, he was hurrying on so fast, that had not his benevolent heart been awake to all the sympathies of our nature, he never would have heard the feeble cry of a small child, huddled up in the corner of a shallow door-way, and vainly endeavouring to shelter from the bleak and pitiless wind its limbs, scantily covered with a few poor rags.

The young man turned round; the sight pierced him to the heart, and his first impulse was to stop and inquire how it was the little wanderer found himself so desolate and so destitute in the streets of the luxurious and wealthy capital; but a moment's reflection checked this generous movement—he *could* not stop: he was essentially a man of order; moreover, he was a man of breeding. He had calculated the time with the utmost exactitude; he should exactly meet his appointment, but he had not a moment to spare; he would, however, do what he could; he threw a coin to the child, and passed hastily on. Still, he did not feel quite satisfied; he turned round. The boy had not moved; he sat in the same forsaken attitude of utter despair, and was sobbing as if his heart would break. There was something more here, than the ordinary querulousness of cold and hunger: the young Abbé's conscience was tender; he felt he must go back, happen what might, so he bravely retraced his steps.

'My child,' said he to the friendless boy, 'tell me who you are, and why you weep in this despondent way.'

At the soft and gentle tone of the compassionating voice, the boy ceased his wail; and looking up at the priest in grateful astonishment, he saw for the first time that the object of his sympathy was a poor little sweep, covered with soot—a child of the mountains, far away from his parents and his wild and simple home. Encouraged by the unexpected interest suddenly expressed in his dreary fate, he replied, 'O *mon bon Père!* I have met with a dreadful misfortune; so great is it, that I am entirely ruined, and no one can help me!'

'That is a bad look out, indeed,' answered the Abbé, who could hardly suppress a smile at the little fellow's combined earnestness and simplicity; 'but do you not know that what is too difficult for man, God can do if He pleases? Have you opened your heart to Him?'

'O yes! indeed I have, M. l'Abbé; but I see no help, and no hope.' And the tears once more rose to his eyes.

'Well then, I think *I* do; for God, you see, has sent me to aid you, so now tell me what has happened.'

'Alas! M. l'Abbé, it is this—and I have told it all to God, so He knows it is true—I have been saving up all the money I could earn, for a long long time, to carry it back to my mother, who lives in

Auvergne, and is ill, with no one to take care of her; and I had scraped together fifty livres—think, what a sum, M. l'Abbé! fifty livres! I had no place to keep it in, so I scratched up a brick in the cellar where I sleep, and hid it under that. It was all right yesterday; but this morning, when I went to add to it my yesterday's earnings, the place was empty! not one—no, not a single coin—was left!' and the recollection was too much for the poor little fellow, it brought with it a flood of tears.

A bright thought flashed across the clear mind of the youth; he remembered the wealthy and illustrious assembly before whom he was that day hurrying to appear, and he mentally contrasted the lavish superfluity of the one class with the abject misery of the other.

'Follow me, my child,' said he; and he added, as he pursued his way, 'my sermon is found—how vastly superior to the one I was preparing!'

Meanwhile, what was passing in the *Salon Bleu*? for that was the young Abbé's destination.

It was one of Madame la Marquise's *après̀midis;* we need not enumerate the company, or describe the brilliant assemblage. Intermingling discussions on poetry, grammatical disputations, a *romance*, warbled by Mademoiselle Paulet—justly, we are told, surnamed *Le Rossignol*—a recitation of Corneille or Boileau, a contest at *Bouts-rimés*, or a competitive series of epigrams, they awaited a rarer experience of intellectual gifts; the youthful Abbé Fénélon, then scarce sixteen years of age, was to make his maiden oration before them that day.

The appointed hour had struck, and the young rhetorician had not appeared; the *beaux-esprits* and the *précieuses*, who felt themselves aggrieved by this breach of one of the courtesies of polite society, looked at each other, and at their hostess. Ten minutes law was allowed, still he came not; time proceeded, and twenty minutes had elapsed. A few, not very flattering, remarks were hazarded; and there is no knowing what observation might have followed, when a noise was heard outside, the tapestry was drawn aside, and the handsome young Abbé stood before them.

If any had suspected that a dread of committing himself before the august assemblage, or a want of due preparation and fear of failure had delayed his coming, the gentlemanly ease with which he presented himself, and the modest assurance with which he addressed them, at once shewed how completely he was master of himself, and with what nicety he appreciated his position and his ability. Bowing with native grace and respectful demeanour, he said, in a clear voice,

'Madame la Marquise, and all my kind friends—I owe you an apology, which I am prepared to offer, and I feel sure all will generously accept it. I shall simply have to explain to you the incident which has detained me, to obtain not only your forgiveness, but your sympathy.'

The candour and presence of mind which breathed in these words produced the happiest effect, and not one of those present but was favourably impressed with the exordium.

'You did me the honour,' he proceeded, 'to expect an address—in short, a sermon, from me this afternoon; when I left my house to come hither, I little thought how practical an one it would be; allow me then, I pray you, to preface my discourse by a story as touching as any I ever remember to have heard, and none the less touching for being strictly true.'

He then related to them, with unaffected eloquence, the history of the poor little sweep, and pleaded not only *his* cause, but that of the whole fraternity, with so much power, that he brought tears into the eyes of those men and women of the world; and when in conclusion he informed his hearers that the object of their compassion was taking shelter in the *loge* of the *concierge*, there was an unanimous cry of 'Let him come up! let us see M. l'Abbé's *protégé!*'

In another moment the trembling little Savoyard, with tear-stained face and sooty tatters, was in the midst of the elegant *salon*. A collection was immediately organized, which soon realized the sum of two hundred *livres*. This was forwarded to the boy's mother, while an *Œuvre des Ramoneurs* was forthwith established, and he was taken under its care. This gratifying result of Fénélon's first sermon not only subsisted till the year 1794, but was resumed after the disturbances of the Revolution, and is at the present day, if one of the most unobtrusive, also one of the most beneficial, charities in Paris.

EVENING HYMN.

Departing day fades in the west,
The busy world is still;
Be human passion hushed to rest,
Be tranquil human will!

Father in Heaven! to Thee I bend,
To Thee I lift my prayer;
Vouchsafe, Divine, Almighty Friend,
Thy suppliant's voice to hear.

If lured by pleasure's specious wiles,
By shadowy hopes or fears,—
If earthly joy have wakened smiles,
Or earthly sorrow tears:

If fallen from Thee, and Thy commands,
And fallen she must appear;
Before Thee, Lord, Thy creature stands
A penitent sincere.

Oh, be her day's offence forgiven,
Her night in slumber blest,
And pious trust in pardoning Heaven,
The pillow of her rest.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. MICHAEL'S, SHOREDITCH.

Dear Mr. Editor, August 1st, 1871.

The real and lasting interest which your readers have shewn in the Sisters of the Poor, and their work at St. Michael's, Shoreditch, encourages me to write to you again on the subject. I honestly think there are many who will like to know what these earnest hard-working daughters of the Church have been about this year.

While their schools and other regular ministrations have been carried on as usual, the visitation of small-pox, so severe last winter and spring in the east of London, has brought much additional work upon them. Besides nursing and tending the sufferers at home, they devoted to their service during convalescence the cottage in the country, at Ridge near Barnet, which they had used for the last two years as a Hospital or a house of recovery for the Sisters and the poor. It now became a small-pox convalescent home, not only for St. Michael's parish, but for East London generally. Patients were brought down in waggon-loads from the Hackney Road Hospital, still very weak and ill—piteous objects to look at, requiring a great deal of care and nursing. What trying work the nursing of small-pox is, may be gathered from the chance word of one of the medical officers. He said to a nursing Sister, 'Wouldn't the cholera be a treat after this?' to which she assented very heartily. But I suppose, in work of this kind, the more self-denial the more fruit. The Sisters' labours were wonderfully blessed, not only to the recovery of bodily health, but to the spiritual good of the patients; so that, as one of the Sisters expressed herself, they seemed at that time to be walking not by faith but by sight—they almost beheld God's grace descending on the sufferers.

There were both men and women under their charge, and of all ages. The youngest patient was a child of eighteen months old, from the slums of Whitechapel —a passionate little fellow, who if crossed or not attended to first, would rage and storm at the Sisters, pouring out exclamations which at last they found to their horror were oaths and curses, almost the only words, alas! in his baby vocabulary. There was an older child of five years, found at two o'clock in the morning on a door-step by the side of his mother, who lay in the heavy sleep of drunkenness. A policeman picked him up, saw by the gas-lamp that he was covered with small-pox, and put him down again. Another—all honour to his bravery and kind-heartedness!—took up the boy, and carried him in his arms to the Hackney Road Hospital, whence in time he was drafted to Ridge. He was a clever little fellow, and used to amuse the patients by carrying about a paper tray, made from

an old newspaper, and crying out, 'Fusees, a halfpenny a box!' as he had been used to do in the streets. He did not suppose he should see his mother again, but it didn't make much difference. She hadn't done anything for him for a long time, but beat him when she was tipsy, and he could earn his own bread well enough.

While the Sisters were thus employed, their new Home and the Schools were slowly rising from the ground—slowly, and amid such difficulties as are apt to beset the handling of bricks and mortar—unexpected obstacles, unexpected delays, unlooked-for expenses. However, on the Sixth Sunday after Trinity, the Vicar of St. Michael's was able to tell his parishioners in his morning sermon, that the schools they had worked for during four long years were actually built, though not quite paid for, and therefore not open to them yet. There was a deficiency of £548; and till this was raised, the grants of various Societies, amounting to £1321, were not available, and the school-rooms remained closed. Happily, there must have been non-parishioners as well as the poor parishioners of St. Michael's in church that day, for £132 was raised in answer to the appeal.

As to the Sisters' Home, that part of it designed for their own dwelling is nearly completed too. It cost them an unexpected £1000 to make a good foundation, and some £300 to buy sunshine and fresh air in the shape of a little bit of ground, which would have been built upon if not safe in their own possession. They have studied economy closely, have rejected superfluities and ornamentation, so as to thwart and vex their architect—still they need from £350 to £400 to finish this part of the buildings.

And then, the new Home must be furnished. And here I think their friends may easily be of great service to the Sisters. In how many houses are there not superfluous articles of furniture, of no use to anyone? Of course, many of these would be unsuitable for a Sisterhood, (their owners had better sell them, and send the Sisters the money,) but some would be very serviceable.

A munificent gift of sheets and blankets has lately been sent, but I believe the Sisters are unprovided with

Small Iron Beds—of course, 'four-posters,' or any large wooden beds, would be unfit.
Mattresses.
Chairs—wooden or rush-bottomed.
Tables—of oak or deal;
Chests of Drawers or Presses, and
Forms or Stools—of the same materials.
Crockery of all kinds, and
Kitchen Utensils of all sorts.

Judging from the past, I feel confident that there are many among your readers who, on knowing of these wants, will give some kind help towards supplying them.

I beg to remain
Yours faithfully,
S. W.

JUPITER.

Sir,

It seems very late to notice an article which appeared in The Monthly Packet for October, 1870, but it was only a very short time ago that I was struck by the coincidence that I am about to allude to, and I could not immediately verify what had occurred to me.

In Mr. Proctor's interesting article on The Four Giant Planets—Jupiter, Saturn,

Venus, and Neptune—he enters at great length into a discussion on the nature of Jupiter's cloud-belts. It would take too long to recapitulate all his arguments, and would also be unnecessary, as probably those of your readers who have read his paper can refer to it; but after dismissing the theory that they are drawn up by the sun's rays, and are formed in the same manner as the clouds of our own earth, he concludes that they are sent up by the internal heat of the planet itself.

He states that we know the surface of Jupiter to be covered incessantly, day after day for years, with cloud, which it is incredible that the sun's rays at that distance could have the power to raise, and that the Sun's position as regards Jupiter has no effect upon the form of the cloud-belt. After a statement of various facts, and a train of reasoning which carries with him even the unscientific reader, he says the only result at which he can arrive, is that Jupiter is perpetually covered with an envelope of cloud, extending several hundred miles above his surface, and produced solely by the internal heat and moisture of the planet.

'The real globe of the planet would seem to be intensely heated—perhaps molten—through the fierceness of the heat which pervades it. Masses of vapour, streaming continually upwards from the surface of this fiery globe, would be gathered into zones, because of their rapid change of distance from the centre.' He has previously stated that the density of Jupiter—meaning by that Jupiter of the size that he appears to us, that is, the size of the cloud-envelope—is only one quarter that of the Earth.

Let us compare with this, the description given by Hugh Miller, and other geologists, of the condition of our earth during the Azoic period, when the earth was without form and void, when the component parts of the granite were still held in solution by the intense heat; and also later than that, when the granite had cooled and solidified, and the earth was made fit for the growth of the giant plants, which growing rapidly in heat, moisture, and darkness, now form our coal beds. Hugh Miller's description—of the clouds of vapour thrown off by the liquid mass covering the whole with total darkness, till at length, when the formless and void ages had run their course, there was light, faintly shining at first through the cloud, and gradually growing more distinct, till the sun and moon and stars appeared, and by degrees the surface of the earth cooled down, and it became of the temperature and the consistency that was fit for man's habitation—reads almost as if it might be written some ages hence by an inhabitant of Jupiter. I will only refer your readers to Mr. Proctor's concluding words. 'There would be nothing contrary to what we already know of the workings of the Creator, if for many long cycles of years the processes of preparation should continue, before any forms of life should appear upon these mighty globes. He hasteth not; but when the fullness of time shall have come, the noblest orbs within the Solar System will be put to their destined use as certainly as with next year's summer the fields will ripen to harvest.'

E. G. Temple Freer.

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Will Correspondents who require answers only interesting to themselves, always give an address in *The Monthly Packet* by which they can be answered direct? We find that to forward letters correctly to and from all the letters of the alphabet exceeds our power.

Declined with thanks.—*A. L.; Areolam; A. L. O. W.; G. C. B.*

We have letters for *En Attendant*, and for *L. S. B.*; but these are the last we can undertake to forward. Answers must be either in the Notices, or direct to the parties concerned.

A Churchman.—Loss of station is certainly the last thing we should have thought of apprehending as a consequence of entering on a course of training for the priesthood. Several dioceses in England—as Oxford, Salisbury, Chichester—have theological colleges for candidates for Ordination, but the students have to support themselves. Application should be made to the Principal. Training for missionary clergy is to be had at much less cost at St. Augustine's, Canterbury. Readers are employed in several of the large parishes in London and elsewhere; but we do not know how *A Churchman* had better take steps for entering on the office, unless by obtaining a recommendation to the Incumbent of one of these.

Could the Editor or any reader of *The Monthly Packet* kindly tell *Ida* where to find the following lines:—

'Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That when my change shall come,
Angels shall hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.'

She believes they occur in an old hymn now out of use.

Iza.—The *Memoir of Rosa Ferrucci* is by her mother, Signora Ferrucci. It would be procurable through Messrs. Williams and Norgate, or probably through Rolandi's Library.—*The Literary Churchman* would be gratefully received by Miss Mackenzie, Woodfield, Havant, (the Editor of *The Net,*) to be sent out to a missionary, to whom it would be a great boon.

H. L. would be thankful to be informed in the next number of *The Monthly Packet* what is the *Number* and *Title* of the 'excellent series of tales for the purpose (*i. e.* Mother's Meetings in the Country) on the S. P. C. K. List.'——*Tales for Mission Rooms*, by a Lady Superintendant (Supplemental Catalogue); No. 2, *Govern Your Temper*, has just been reprinted.

Constance.—'*Vie de la Rèvèrende Mère Marie Anne Maria de la Fruglaye.*' Deux Vol. Libraire Catholique; Libraire de la Propogation Catholique; Emanet el Vaillat, Rue Cassette 28, Paris.

May would be much obliged if anyone would tell her in which Number of 'The Monthly Packet' *The Pillars of the House* begins.—No. XLIX., Vol. IX. (New Series.)——Also, if anyone would tell her of a simple and pretty air for '*Stars of the morning*,' Hymn 321 in Appendix of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*.

Can anyone tell me of a good English translation of Petrarch's *Sonnets*?—FINCASTLE.

Received by *The Sisters of St. Saviour's Priory*, with most grateful thanks, for their poor people:—

	£	s.	d.
M. E. H. ..	0	4	0
Sister Emilie ..	0	3	0
M. E. R. ..	0	2	6
E. M. D. ..	0	2	6
A. L.	0	1	0
An Associate ..	0	2	0
S. A. B. S. ..	0	10	0
Herbert Morgan, Lichfield	0	10	0
Eutheles ..	2	0	0
Minnie and Bertha	0	2	0
Institution for Nurses, Lincoln	0	1	0
A. G.	0	5	0
A. T.	0	6	0
Gabrielle ..	0	2	0
F. H.	0	5	0
A Lady	0	5	0
H. M.	0	2	0
S. G.	0	2	6
Friends ..	0	3	0
L.	0	12	6
R. S. D. ..	0	7	4
Joan	0	2	6
A. H. C. ..	0	10	0
Anonymous ..	0	1	0
Friend in North	0	5	0
A Reader of *The Monthly Packet*	0	4	0
A Reader ..	0	1	3
Anonymous ..	0	4	6
C.	0	2	6
E. W.	0	5	0
R. S. R. ..	0	5	0
Anonymous ..	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Adah	0	2	0
E. A. W. ..	0	2	6
Anonymous ..	0	6	0
Anonymous ..	0	7	0
Anonymous ..	0	2	0
M. J. W. ..	0	3	0
G. T.	0	10	0
T. B. S. ..	0	10	0
Mite	0	2	6
F. R.	0	5	0
S. P.	0	10	0
P. M.	0	2	6
C. S. G. ..	0	2	6
Anonymous ..	0	5	0
M. H.	1	3	6
Meta	0	6	0
E. N.	0	5	0
R. B.	0	10	0
A Reader of *The Monthly Packet*	0	15	0
Anonymous ..	0	2	0
N. B.	0	5	0
L.	0	5	0
Anonymous ..	0	3	0
Anonymous ..	0	5	0
Tsalia	0	5	0
E. C.	0	10	0
L. R.	0	10	0
Anonymous ..	0	5	0
W. B. M. ..	0	1	0
C. S.	0	1	0
Anonymous ..	0	1	0
Hugh Lincoln, Chester	0	3	0

	£	s.	d.	
E. C.	0	1	0	
F. S. D. ..	0	2	0	
L. C.	1	0	0	
H. E.	0	1	6	
M. E. W. ..	0	2	6	& parcel of clothes
A. A. W. ..	0	2	6	
W. M. C. ..	0	1	0	
Anonymous ..	0	3	0	
E. L.	0	5	0	
E. G. H. ..	0	10	0	
M. C.	0	1	0	
Anonymous ..	2	5	6	& parcel of clothes
Anonymous ..	0	10	0	
Two well-wishers	0	4	0	
A. L.	0	2	0	
J. C.	0	3	0	
E. A. M. ..	0	2	0	
H. P.	0	3	0	
H. M.	0	1	0	
C. S.	1	7	0	& parcel of clothes
Anonymous ..	0	2	6	
W. M. T. ..	0	2	6	
Leamington ..	0	1	0	
For Children's Dinners	0	3	9	
A Reader of *The Monthly Packet*	5	0	0	
B. and E. C. ..	0	5	0	
A. and E. T. ..	0	13	0	
F. E. C. S. ..	Parcel of clothes			
E. and T. ..	Parcel of clothes.			

The Editor and the Sisters of St. Saviour's, Haggerston, are anxious to explain, that the letter on their needs, which appeared in the September number, was written in early spring, and was unfortunately delayed. They are thankful to state that scarlet-fever and small-pox are no longer the scourges of the parish; though abiding needs are still very great, and they still have much reason to beg for assistance.

Acknowledged with thanks, 10*s.* from *L. C.*, and 3*s.* from *Isalia*, for *The Sisters of the Poor*.

Mr. Samuel Ford Allnutt acknowledges with thanks the following contribution to *The Nursery of the Good Shepherd, Portsea*:—*L. C.*, 10*s.*

For *The Cumberland Street Children's Hospital*, £2 10*s.* from *Grace Crichton*, thankfully acknowledged.

M. M. has lately met with two short verses by Faber, commencing, '*He always wins who sides with God.*' She would be glad to know from which of his poems they are taken.—Also, whether the version of '*The Pilgrims of the night*' given in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, or that in the *Lyra Anglicana*, is the correct one?

A. G. begs to say, she thinks *En Attendant* would find *The Deaconesses Institution, 50, Burton Crescent, Euston Square, London,* exactly what she requires. For information, apply to *Deaconess Ferard, 50, Burton Crescent, W. C.*———I should be glad to mention *The Sisterhood of St. John's House, 7, Norfolk Street, Strand,* which thankfully accepts the services of ladies as 'Associates for a few months of the year.' A lady could receive regular training as a nurse, if she desires it, also under the same Sisterhood, in King's College Hospital. The Sisterhood is under the sanction of the Bishop of London, and is completely in harmony with the principles of the Church of England. Any information which may be desired would, I am sure, be gladly furnished by the Superior.—*C. S. T.*

M.'s questions about the *St. Saviour's* Sisters have been frequently answered in *The Monthly Packet;* but as several of them—especially Sister Kate, (Superior,) and Sister Louisa—are personal friends of *A. C. B.,* she hopes *M.* will respond as heartily as she is able to their appeal. They are thoroughly sincere and self-denying in their work of love, and are a branch of *The East Grinstead Sisterhood.*

Having a good deal of leisure time on my hands, I should be glad to find some occupation at home which would employ two or three hours a day; and will gladly give my services, in writing or keeping accounts for any charitable object.—*M., London.* (Letters can be forwarded through the Editor, who will receive them in this case during the current month.)

Prayer-book will be much obliged to the Editor of *The Monthly Packet* if he will tell her where the following fine passage is to be found. It was formerly in the Prayer Book, instead of 'When the wicked man turneth away,' &c. The alteration was made in 1661.

'At what time soever a sinner doth repent him of his sin from the bottom of his heart, I will put all his wickedness out of My remembrance, saith the Lord.'

Rugby Council for Promoting the Education of Women. (In connection with the National Association for the Improvement of the Education of Women.)—*Members of Council:* J. M. Wilson, M.A., F.G.S., President; F. E. Kitchener, M.A., F.L.S.; A. Sidgwick, M.A.; R. W. Taylor, M.A.; Mrs. H. Lee Warner; Miss Woods; Mrs. F. E. Kitchener, Secretary.—This Council has established a Calendar as a medium of communication between ladies who have passed the 'University Examinations for Women,' and desire educational work in schools, special classes, or private families, on the one hand; and managers of schools, educational committees, and ladies who may wish to meet with such teachers, on the other. It is thought that this will be a help towards giving these Examinations their proper value, and will also be welcomed by those who are at present unable to find teachers, who have so qualified themselves, for want of some such medium.—This Calendar contains the names, numbers, years of passing, and addresses of ladies who have passed these Examinations, and who intend to make teaching their profession, with any further particulars they may desire to make known respecting the nature of the employment they seek.—It is moreover desirable on several grounds to keep as complete a list as possible of well-educated teachers, and especially in view of the demand likely to be occasioned by the opening of large schools for girls; it is hoped therefore that ladies who are in no present want of situations will send their names.—A fee of 2*s.* 6*d.* to cover expenses must be paid when the name is entered. A lady whose name is once entered will have the right of applying to the Secretary at any time.—Any lady who has entered her name as wanting educational work is requested to inform the Secretary, should she no longer require one.—Communications will be received by any of the Council, or by the Secretary, *Mrs. F. E. Kitchener, Dunchurch Road, Rugby.*

Another Correspondent brings to mind that the Icelandic name for Whit Sunday is a word that can mean nothing but White. The derivation of Whitsun from Pentecost, or *Pfingst*, does not follow the ordinary laws of change of sound; and we confess ourselves glad to be delivered from thinking so ungainly a word as Whitsun-Monday correct.

It may interest *Virion Nighton*, and other Correspondents, to hear that an Irish lady remembers, some fifty-five years ago, a letter coming from a gentleman who had emigrated to America, to his friends in the County Fermanagh, in which he desired remembrances to the ladies of her family as '*Though lost to sight, to memory dear.*' This throws the date of the quotation back to 1815-16.—*M. M., Dublin.*

Can any Correspondent give a definite explanation of *The Boy in Grey*, by Henry Kingsley?—EN ATTENDANT.

Can any of your readers inform *Dorothy* who was San Remo, and why the little town near Mentone is called after him? Does the name arise from any connection with Romulus and Remus? as the little convent on the hill near the town is called San Romolo. Is San Remo the same as the French St. Rémy?——This is not likely, as Remy is properly Remigius; but San Remo is not in Alban Butler.—ED.

Can anyone recommend a Home where a poor little incurable boy of seven years old, who requires constant care and good nursing, can be admitted? An immediate answer will greatly oblige, if sent to *G. E. M., 75, Eccleston Square, S. W.*

An Associate of St. Lucy's Home sends the following paper in answer to the notice in *The Monthly Packet* from *En Attendant.* She thinks the lady would find there the work she desires, in which she could be associated for part of her time.

St. Lucy's Home of Charity, Kingsholm, Gloucester.—Visitor: The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. *Council:* The Ven. Sir George Prevost, Bart., Archdeacon of Gloucester; the Rev. Sir T. H. C. Seymour, Bart., and Rev. Richard Harvey, Canons of the Cathedral, Gloucester; the Rev. C. Kennaway, Proctor in Convocation for the Diocese of Gloucester and Bristol; the Rev. J. R. Woodford, Vicar of Leeds; and other Clergy and Laity.—This is a Home for a Sisterhood of ladies devoted to the service of God in works of charity, and disciplined in the principles of the Church. Its work is to tend the sick, to comfort the dying, to teach the ignorant, and to minister peace to those in trouble. Its government is vested in the Visitor, the Council, a Warden, a Sister Superior, a Chapter of the Sisterhood, Treasurer, and Trustees. A Free Hospital for the children of the poor is one branch of its work, to which suffering and destitution are the titles of admission. Another of its works hitherto has been to train well-disposed young women as nurses for poor and rich. In this it has been assisted by some of the best-known medical men in the city of Gloucester. This Sisterhood is in very urgent need of help by accession of members to its community. For itself, for accession to its community, for its miscellaneous charity, and its hospital for poor children, it earnestly begs for help. For all particulars address the Sister Superior; or the Rev. T. Humphris Clark, the Warden, Gloucester; or the Treasurer, T. Gambier Parry, Esq., Highnam Court, Gloucester.—A house has been taken in Gloucester, which is used as an Orphanage: eleven little girls are at present there; the number will be increased according to the funds. These children attend the National School of the parish for their education; and it is hoped that the training they receive in the Orphanage may fit them to earn their own living when older, as domestic servants. The Sisters also use this house as a centre for mission work in the city, and for holding classes of young girls for needle-work, and for religious instruction. They are anxious to begin a middle-class school as soon as they can have additional assistance.

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

DECEMBER, 1871.

PISTOR'S CHRISTMAS HYMN.

In David's town a Child is born,
And Zion need no longer mourn.

He in a manger cradled lies,
Who rules the long eternities.

The ox and ass stood in the stall,
And knew this Child was Lord of all.

While princes from the land of spice,
Brought gold and myrrh in sacrifice;

And hasted frankincense to bring,
In tribute to the new-found King.

A virgin mother, undefiled,
Claims for her own the royal Child.

Our blood within Him circles fair—
No traces of the serpent there:

Flesh of our flesh—by nature kin
To everything we have but sin;

That by Himself He might restore
God's likeness, that we lost before.

My heart is glad this joyful day;
I bless the Lord of Life alway;

Sing praises to the Holy Three,
And thank Them for Their grace to me.

M. C.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

(ADAM OF ST. VICTOR.)

He saw the Word of Life; he laid
His hands upon the Eternal Head,
That bowed itself to mortal birth;
And, standing full in the deep shine
Of love and wonder so divine,
He flung it back to earth.

Among the early rills that drew
Their sparkle from the Fountain true,
His limpid waters murmuring rose;
And, halting by that river's brink,
A thirsty world may stoop to drink
Heaven's crystal as it flows.

On the true Sun, his eagle eye
Was fastened, as it swept the sky,
Nor shrank before the dazzling flood;
And, looking into deathless things,
Beneath the Seraphs' veiling wings
He saw the Face of God.

All gathered at the Elders' feet,
He heard the harpers harping sweet,
As circling through their ranks he flew;
And from the City out of sight
He brought fresh characters of light,
To stamp our gold anew.

This bird outflew the Poet's flight,
He passed the Prophet on his height,
Rapt with the closing ecstasy;
The blessing of the pure in heart
Was laid upon him, to impart
What he must hear and see.

In red apparel, from the band
Who saw but would not understand,
The Bridegroom sought His courts above;
The mystic Eagle from His side
He sends, to whisper to His Bride
The secret of His love.

O speak, for thou wert loved the best,
And tell us of the pure deep rest,
Preparing for that weary Bride,
What time the heavenly feast is spread,
And she may break the angels' bread,
Safe gathered to His side.

Beloved of Jesus! lift thy face
One moment from its resting-place,
Thy farewell bliss that paschal even;
From out that Bosom, we, in turn,
Some snatches of the song would learn,
We are to sing in Heaven.

M. C.

SONGS OF OTHER CHURCHES.

BY LOUIS COUTIER BIGGS, M.A.

XI.

ITALIAN HYMNS. *(concluded.)*

CONTINUING our extracts from Borghi, translated by 'JANET,' we regret much that his hymn for Morning is too long for insertion, and contains in the original some verses of inferior merit; but we have translated a few as specimens.

Once again with sense, my being,
And with reason, LORD, is rife;
Once more I exist, and enter
On the joys and cares of life.
From amid the Seraphim,
Hear, O LORD, my morning hymn;
From Thy throne amid the stars,
Stoop, and end our griefs and wars.

Things that seemed as dead are wakening,
And through Nature's ample hall
Earth and heav'n glad songs are sending,
Like a choir at festival.
On the soft brow of the morn
Countless varying hues are born;
Now with golden crown it glows,
Now with many a twinèd rose.

O'er the mountain and the river
Steal a thousand colours fair;
With the waves, the leaves, the blossoms,
Plays the gleeful frankesome air.

In the shepherd's cabin small,
As within the city's wall,
Morning brings a gladsome mood,
Sense of youth, and life renewed.

To the young, the strong, the active,
Vigorous sons of healthful sires,
Brings the sun their lot of labour,
Work that glads not less than tires.
Willing toil brings wholesome meat,
Sweat of brow makes bread more sweet;
Justly, to His flock immense,
God doth wealth and strength dispense.

And beside the bloodless altars
Of the everlasting King,
Stand once more the sons of Levi
At their daily ministering.
By the tents of Israel
Day and night God's angels dwell;
Foemen from our portals warding,
Good men's holy deeds recording.

* * * * *

The poet then goes on through several stanzas to describe the guilt, crime, oppression, anarchy, shameless trafficking with sacred things, and general ungodliness and misery, which every day, however brightly its morning opens, has to witness during its hours; and then concludes with some fine verses.

Thou, Who will'st not the destruction
Of the guilty sons of men,
Soothe our stormy waves of passion,
Give us calm and peace again.
To Thy sinful children, LORD,
This new day Thou dost afford;
Let no sin its long hours stain,
Let them not be spent in vain.

Thou hast given to all creation
Laws, and hast their place assigned,
To the earth and to the heavens,
To the fire, the waves, the wind;
Seasons as they come and go,
Years that pass in rapid flow;
Beasts and birds, and fishes mute,
LORD, Thy mandates execute.

LORD and Author of our spirits!
I alone—woe worth the day!—
From the path Thou dost allot me,
All too oft roam far astray.
Let my bygone years suffice
For the deeds of sin and vice;
Let me henceforth, true and pure,
Make my heritage secure.

Some hard load of care or labour
On each mortal's brow must press,
If he lodge 'neath roof of marble,
If he dwell in wilderness.
Such has aye been Thy decree,
Since the first who fell from Thee
Saw the angel's flaming brand
Bar them from the Happy Land.

Of the cross Thou lay'st upon me,
LORD, I dare not to complain,
I but ask that grace be giv'n me,
That I may that cross sustain.
Feeble though the flesh may be,
Thou my willing soul canst see;
Thou Who say'st, 'Who pines unblest,
Let him on My heart find rest.'

Our last extract shall be from a poem called 'The Divine Word;' and we have selected it less from its intrinsic beauty, than from its alluding to the subject brought before us so especially at the season in which this article will appear—namely, the Advent of our Blessed LORD. The first two verses are fine:—

Rise, O Zion, Queen and Lady,
Mistress of the spacious world,
For the usurper's rod is broken,
From the throne the foe is hurled.
Break the galling chains that bind thee,
Cast thy mourning robes aside;
Put thy radiant jewels on thee,
For thy Bridegroom claims His bride:
Sit no longer in the darkness,
Morning light streams far and wide.

In the iron days of bondage,
To the psaltery and the lyre,
Judah's daughters mourned their city,
Poured the exiled heart's desire.
But no more, O holy maidens,
On your shoulders rests the yoke,
For the impious power of Babel,
And the snares of hell are broke;
The Desire of Nations cometh,
Of Whom ancient prophets spoke.

Did space allow, we would include specimens of the sacred poetry of Arici, Sterbini, Cesare Cantù, Biavi, and Monsignor Muzzarelli; but a translation from Rosa Ferrucci's hymn of 'The Good Shepherd'[1] is the only one for which room can now be made.

'EGO SUM PASTOR BONUS.'

I the good Shepherd am,—to Me return,
And seek once more My fold,
Lost lambs benighted on the mountains cold.

[1] She wrote another hymn—one to the Blessed Virgin.

Full well ye know that o'er stray sheep I yearn,
Nor e'er accounted vile
Those lost, like you, in sin's broad road erewhile,
Who raised to Me at length their weeping eyes,
And, borne earth's empty joys above,
On wings of lively hope and glowing love,
Found peace at last, and entered Paradise.
They now, from those celestial halls
Send hope to you, poor captive thralls,
That you, when life's brief toils are past,
May share with them the better Life at last.

I the good Shepherd am,—then follow Me,
And make My Cross thy choice:—
Whoe'er thou art, that listenest to My Voice;
Pure Love shall ever win thee victory.
With heavenly hopes I feed
The fainting souls, and help them in their need.
Who casts himself on Me shall never lose
A refuge in My Father-Heart:
Then, chosen one, whate'er, where'er thou art,
Wilt thou so kind, so sweet a call refuse?
'Tis time for thee to taste and know
The Love that in my heart doth glow,
Who hold the universe in sway,
And make man's schemes My Providence obey.

I the good Shepherd am. The lamb to find,
That roved from Me so far,
I quit the land where those fair pastures are,
Adown whose slopes the crystal fountains wind.
The flock that ne'er hath strayed,
The ninety-nine that My commands obeyed,
I leave, poor truant lamb, to rescue thee.
I climb the mountains' rugged crest
To find thee, and to clasp thee to My Breast:
For as a daughter art thou dear to Me,
And hast no guide in these dark ways.
Misled and lost, she further strays.
Ah! can My Crook, My kindest love,
Restore the sheep, that chooses still to rove?

I the good Shepherd am. Upon her way
The truant stops at last,
And deeply sighs, remembering the past,
The soft maternal fold, wherein she lay,
Where that old gnarlèd oak
With leafy shade the heat of noontide broke.
She thinks upon the mead, the flock, the flowers,
And cries, 'Ah! why, for love of sin,
Have I thus thankless to my Shepherd been?
Why roamed so far from you, calm peaceful bowers?'
While thus she mourns, behold I come,
And on My shoulders bear her home,
And bring her pardoned to the fold,
Whilst angels chant new songs to harps of gold.

This last translation is perhaps scarcely capable of use as a hymn, though something might be done to adapt it for such employment by

simplifying its metre. On the whole, it must be confessed that the stores of useful hymns obtainable from Italian sources are by no means so abundant as we may perhaps have led some of our readers to expect.

We hope in our next article to give a sketch of the exceedingly interesting hymns of Bohemia.

(To be continued.)

WONDERS OF THE STAR-DEPTHS.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S.

AUTHOR OF 'OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS,' 'THE SUN,' &c.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

WHEN we compare the teachings of modern astronomy respecting the fixed stars, with the views entertained by the ancients, we are apt to consider that the heavens present a far more wonder-stirring scene to ourselves than to men of old time. Whether we contemplate the inconceivable increase in the estimated distances of the stars, or the striking character of the revelations made by the telescope respecting individual suns, we find it equally difficult to realize the fact that to the ancients as surely as to ourselves the 'heavens declared the glory of God, and the firmament shewed forth His handiwork.'

Yet I think that the awe with which the thoughtful student of astronomy in our day contemplates the star-depths can scarcely exceed the simple wonder of the Chaldæan herdsman, who gazed on the mysterious vault of heaven and watched the constellations as they passed with stately motion along their nocturnal arcs. Brought up from our youth to regard the fixed stars as the peers of our own sun, and the sun as an orb exceeding more than a million times in volume this earth on which we live, the grandeur of these conceptions is yet in part marred by their familiarity. The ancient astronomer, even though he might believe, with Aristarchus of Samos, that the stars are golden studs upon the crystal dome of heaven, and the sun scarce larger than the Peloponnesus, must yet have been penetrated with a profound sense of the mystery surrounding all he saw. We have learned so much, that we are apt to feel as though all knowledge were within our grasp. The orbs of heaven have been weighed and analyzed, they have been tracked on orbital paths around each other, they have been counted and gauged and charted, until it would seem as though their domain had been completely explored and mastered. It was not so with the ancients. They might guess and theorize, but they *knew* scarce anything of the stars. And out of their want of

knowledge sprang a sense of awe, which probably surpassed in intensity the feeling with which even the most thoughtful astronomers of our own day regard the orbs which tenant the depths of heaven.

It is my purpose in the present paper to attempt to restore to the sidereal system something of that mystery which pervaded it of old. I wish to shew that some, at least, of those views which had seemed most thoroughly established have but a slight foundation, if any, on which to rest; and that so far from having penetrated the secret of the star-depths, we stand as yet but on the threshold of that mighty domain which belongs to the astronomy of the future.

Since the establishment of the Copernican theory, the extension of the sidereal system as recognized by astronomers has been progressively increasing. I do not refer here merely to the increase of telescopic power, and the corresponding increase of the range of astronomical vision. That increase of range could only tell us what might readily have been guessed without it—namely, that the vast spaces which lie beyond the range of any given telescopic power are not untenanted by stars. But the feature to which I would especially invite attention is the increase of the estimated scale on which the sidereal system is built,—the increase in our estimate of the size and brightness of individual orbs, and the yet more surprising increase in our estimate of the distances which separate orb from orb.

The first step in this progress was the most remarkable of all. It was very justly urged by Tycho Brahé, that, if the Copernican theory were true, the stars must be regarded as immensely more distant than astronomers had ever ventured to imagine. Tycho Brahé did not, indeed, know how far the Earth actually is from the Sun; but he knew that the extent of her orbit or of the Sun's orbit, according as the Sun or the Earth is fixed, must be measured by millions of miles. 'Is it credible,' he asked, 'that although moving in an orbit so enormous in extent, the Earth as seen from the nearest star would seem absolutely unchanged in position?' Yet this must be the case if the Copernican theory be true. For not one of the stars seems to move as the Earth completes the circuit spoken of by Copernicus; and if no star moves as seen from the Earth, the Earth must appear at rest as seen from each star in the heavens. Each star must therefore lie at so enormous a distance, that the wide extent of the Earth's orbit is reduced to a mere point. 'Such a conception,' Tycho reasoned, 'seems wholly inadmissible; and therefore the Copernican theory must be erroneous.'

This reasoning was valid, although the conclusion was incorrect. We must not class the objections urged by Tycho Brahé against the Copernican system, with those unmeaning arguments by means of which the Ptolemaists had long defended their position. Undoubtedly the conclusion that the stars are suns comparable in splendour with our own, was not one to be lightly accepted. And yet no other conclusion

could be adopted, if the motion of the Earth around the Sun were once admitted. We have just seen that the Earth's orbit, as seen from each of the fixed stars, would be reduced to a mere point. The Sun, then, which lies within that orbit, and whose relative dimensions were perfectly well known even in Tycho's time, would *à fortiori* be but a point as seen from even the nearest of the stars. If he were visible at all, it would merely be on account of the enormous intrinsic brilliancy of his light. But the stars are points of light, and the intrinsic brilliancy of *their* light also must be enormous, in order that they may be barely visible. Their seeming minuteness is at once seen to be no proof of real minuteness, when the fact is recognized that the Sun would appear at least as minute if viewed from the neighbourhood of a fixed star.

The mistake of Tycho Brahé consisted in his failing to consider that the whole question was one of evidence. If Copernicus and his followers could prove their case, any conclusions legitimately deducible were to be accepted, without any reference to the startling character of the views they might point to. When Tycho began to see the heavens opening out before him, and all the stars taking rank as suns, the blaze of splendour was too fierce—his mental vision was unprepared to contemplate so glorious a display, and he would fain have dropped a veil over that unbearable effulgence.

But the men who followed him were more daring. Boldly grasping the weapons which Tycho Brahé had collected for an attack upon the Copernican theory, they turned those weapons against the Ptolemaists. Seizing the only available vantage-ground—that one peculiarity of the Solar System, without which the theories of Newton himself would never, in all probability, have had existence—the great astronomer Kepler found in the seemingly capricious motions of the planet Mars the means of abolishing at once and for ever the 'cycles and epicycles,' the 'centrics and eccentrics,' in which astronomers had so long put faith. Then Newton pushed the attack yet farther, setting forth the real significance of those laws which, in Kepler's hands, had seemed empirical. And lastly, one proof followed after another, until the new theories had become so firmly established, that no one who comprehends their position has since ventured to attack them.

But in the meantime, while the confirmation of the Copernican theory was demonstrating as real those wonders at which Tycho Brahé had stood appalled, fresh light was thrown on the real dimensions of the universe of stars. For it was found, as research after research was directed to the point, that the Sun's distance had been hugely underrated, and that therefore even Tycho's estimate of the stars' distances and dimensions, according to the Copernican theory, fell far short of the truth. More and more scrutinizingly astronomers searched the evidence bearing on the subject of the Sun's distance; wider and wider grew the limits beyond which they proved that that distance must lie;

but as yet they could find no sign *how far* those limits were exceeded. From a few millions of miles the estimated distance had grown to tens of millions—forty, fifty, eighty millions. At length the limit was nearly reached, and for the first time in the history of science men were able to say, *not*, as hitherto, that the Sun's distance certainly exceeds such and such a number of miles, but that it approaches, more or less closely, to such and such a value.

The first rough estimate set the Sun's distance between eighty and one hundred millions of miles. Gradually obtaining better and better means of measuring the vast gulf which separates us from our ruling luminary, astronomers have found 91,500,000 to represent, with sufficient accuracy, that enormous distance. Precisely as the estimate of the Sun's distance in Tycho Brahé's day had thus been enlarged, so had his estimate of the distances which separate the stars from us been overpassed, enormous and even inconceivable as he had deemed them.

It is this great fact, then, that I take as chief guide in passing beyond the limits of the Solar System to survey the star-depths; the fact, namely, that seen from the nearest fixed star the Earth's orbit, though more than 180 millions of miles in diameter, is reduced to dimensions absolutely inappreciable by all ordinary modes of measurement. Let the reader turn, on any clear night, to the constellation of the Great Bear, and let him regard the middle star of the Bear's curved tail—the middle horse of those three which are supposed to draw the celestial Plough. Close by that orb he will see a faint orb, which was known in old times as 'Jack by the middle horse.' It would be a fact altogether amazing in its significance, if the wide sweep of the Earth's path round the Sun were, at the distance of the nearest star, reduced to a circle of diameter seemingly no greater than the distance separating these two orbs, which appear to lie so close together on the celestial sphere. But that tiny distance exceeds five hundred times the apparent diameter of the Earth's path, as it would appear if it could be viewed from the star Alpha of the Centaur.

Even the mighty instruments of our own day, wielded with all the skill and acumen which a long experience has generated, have not sufficed to enable us to measure the distances of more than about a dozen stars. Nor probably will it ever be possible for man to count by the hundred the number of stars whose distances are known. Of all the millions of stars revealed by the telescope, not the ten-thousandth part will have their true position *in space* assigned to them, however roughly. The real architecture of the stellar system must remain for ever unknown to us, except as respects a relatively minute portion, lying within certain limits of distance from the Earth.

But while the direct measurement of the star-depths is thus out of our power, we are able, by carefully studying the scene presented to us, to learn much respecting the way in which the sidereal system is constructed, and also respecting the nature of the bodies which compose that system.

In the first place, we have, in the movements of the stars, a means of estimating certain general relations; and in particular, of determining whether, as had been supposed, the apparent brightness of the stars is likely to afford a good general test of their distance.

It will be clear that if two stars are travelling along in the same direction and at the same rate, we could at once estimate their relative distance by comparing the amount of their seeming motions. If one was twice as far from us as the other, it is obvious that the more distant orb would seem to move but half as quickly as the nearer. To take a simple illustrative instance—the nearer of two men walking at equal rates in the same direction, but one twice as far from the observer as the other, would not merely be reduced in seeming height to one half the seeming height of the other, but his steps being correspondingly reduced in seeming extent, he would appear to move but one half as fast.

Of course the actual motions of the so-called fixed stars, are not of such a nature as to afford precise information as to the star-distances. The stars are moving in all conceivable directions, and at very different rates. In the case of any given star, the seeming motion can tell us little respecting either the real motion or the star's distance. But the average seeming motions of a set of stars may give us more trustworthy information; because in taking an average we get rid, to a great extent, of the effects of errors affecting individual cases. For example, if we class together all the stars of the sixth magnitude—the faintest, that is, which the unaided eye can see—and, adding all their seeming motions together, divide the resulting sum-total among all the stars of this order, we may regard the resulting mean motion as very fairly representing the true mean for the sixth magnitude stars. I say nothing, here, of the special rules according to which this summing up and distribution should be effected—let us suppose both operations effected with strict attention to mathematical considerations. Then we have the average seeming motion of the order of stars we are dealing with, and we can compare its amount with that belonging to other orders.

Clearly we should expect that if, on the whole, brightness affords satisfactory evidence as to distance, the average seeming movements of faint stars should bear a certain and a small proportion to the average seeming movements of bright stars. But the very first result of such a process of distribution as I have spoken of, is to shew that no such proportion holds. On the contrary, the average seeming motions of the fainter stars is about as large as the average seeming motions of the stars belonging to the leading orders of magnitude. To make the comparison more complete, I have taken the stars of the first, second, and third magnitude to form one set, and those of the fourth, fifth, and sixth, to form a second; then, on comparing the average seeming movements for the two sets, I have, to my surprise, found these movements strictly equal.

It is easy to see why this result may fairly be regarded as surprising. For

let us consider its real significance. We have seen that the seeming rate of a star's motion affords evidence as to the star's distance, and evidence which may at least as safely be trusted as that afforded by seeming brightness. Judging then from the result just arrived at, we should infer that the stars of the three leading orders of magnitude are, on the average, no nearer to us than the stars of the next three orders. This would be to trust solely to the evidence derived from the stellar motions. We cannot, however, altogether neglect the evidence derived from brightness. We must believe that the brighter stars are, on the whole, somewhat nearer to us than the fainter ones. If we would combine the two forms of evidence, we must infer, I conceive, that among the orbs which surround us on all sides, there are some which are distinguished among the rest by their superior size and brightness. These must be few in number, compared with all the stars that the unaided eye can see. The inferior orbs must be spread more richly throughout surrounding space; and hence some among them must lie nearer to the Sun than any of those larger orbs which are his real peers. The larger apparent motion of these nearer stars, suffices, when averages are taken, to make up for the circumstance that distance must inevitably affect the average apparent rate of motion, as well as the average brightness. That this interpretation is just, is confirmed by the circumstance that it is among the fainter stars that the most remarkable motions are observed.

The important conclusion to which we are forced, as I judge, is that we must divide the stars into two chief classes—leading orbs like our own sun, and minor orbs more profusely spread throughout space. On only one point is there any doubt. There *must* be a great range of stellar magnitudes, a much wider range than has been usually supposed. But it is not quite clear whether our sun belongs to the class of smaller, or to that of larger orbs. I have spoken hitherto as though he were certainly one of the leading stars, and this is the view usually accepted. But there are reasons for believing that our sun may be a small star by comparison with the greater number of those which exist in his neighbourhood. For if we consider the small number of stars whose probable dimensions are known, we find reason for believing that, whereas the least of these orbs is fully one-fifth of our sun, the largest exceeds our sun two or three thousand times in magnitude. And to this must be added the circumstance, that many stars, which cannot be included in the list of those whose distances are known, have yet been so far dealt with that the astronomer is quite sure that their distances are greater than any of the measured distances. All such stars are certainly larger than we should judge them to be if their distances were measurable. This we know: what we are ignorant of is, *how much larger* they may be. So far then as can be judged, our sun is inferior, both in magnitude and in brightness, to the greater number of the orbs which surround him.

But to return to what I have spoken of as proved—the existence, namely, of a very wide range of difference amongst star-magnitudes; let

us inquire whether we have evidence of even greater variety in the constitution of the star-depths.

So soon as we have passed the range of the unaided eye, we have lost all means, or even hope, of measuring distances. We are then immersed amid really fathomless depths, and all we can hope to do is to form some conception respecting the *relative* dimensions of the objects brought into our view.

There is indeed a theory about the star-system, which is based on a different idea respecting the difficulties which the astronomer has to contend with. I refer to the theory, which finds a place in all our text-books of astronomy, that the star-system has the form of a cloven flat disc. This theory was formed by Sir William Herschel, when he was as yet unaware of the vastness and complexity of the star-system. The very words used in describing his process of research, indicate that the great astronomer was full of confidence in the power of his great telescopes to fathom all the profundities of the sidereal system. He called his method star-guaging, he spoke of the distance at which the boundary of the star-system lay in this or that direction, and he discussed the numerical results he had obtained, without doubting that those results really enabled him to determine the architecture of the galaxy.

But as the work progressed Sir William Herschel grew less confident. He began to recognize signs of a complexity of structure which set his method of star-guaging at defiance. It became more and more clear to him also, as he extended his survey, that the star-depths were in fact unfathomable—not only by his gauging telescope, (commonly known as the twenty-feet reflector,) but even by that mighty mirror which was one of the chief wonders of the world, until the great Rosse telescope dwarfed it into relative insignificance. At length Sir William Herschel definitively abandoned the principles on which his star-gauging had been based; and his observations, as well as his theoretical researches, were thenceforth directed to the determination of the general laws which prevail amid the star-depths. It cannot be questioned that, with those principles, he gave up also the theory of the star-system which he had based upon them. But, singularly enough, the theory remains, and seems likely to remain, in our text-books of astronomy; while the far more wonderful views to which the later labours of Sir William Herschel pointed, have been almost wholly neglected.*

If we consider, in the first place, the views of Sir William Herschel

* Struve, the highest authority of our times on the subject of the stellar system, with the single exception of Sir John Herschel, accounts for this strange circumstance by noting that Sir William Herschel nowhere announces, in so many words, that the cloven disc theory of the stellar system must be abandoned—though the great astronomer did very clearly abandon the principles which had led to the enunciation of that theory. It may be added that the theory is very simple, and very easily understood, whereas the subsequent inquiries and views of Sir William Herschel deal with very complex relations.

respecting the Milky Way, we shall find that the variety which we have recognized among the isolated stars, is altogether slight by comparison with the amazing variety of magnitude, of arrangement, and probably of constitution, to be recognized among the orbs which form the Galaxy. It is only necessary to understand rightly the change which took place in Sir William Herschel's views, to see that this conclusion must be accepted by those who regard the opinion of that great astronomer as decisive in questions relating to the stellar system.

Herschel's earlier labours had proceeded on the hypothesis of a generally uniform distribution of the stars; and according to this hypothesis, those rich regions of the Galaxy in which stars of all magnitudes are spread with unspeakable profusion, had implied simply an enormous extension of the stellar system in the direction in which these glories were seen. The smaller and also more profusely scattered stars, were not to be regarded as in reality smaller, and in reality spread more richly in space, but as lying farther away than the brighter, and occupying a more extensive region.

But Herschel abandoned the theory of a generally uniform distribution of stars. In fact, instead of adopting any general *à priori* theory, by means of which to interpret the aspect of the star-groups, he changed his plan of proceeding altogether, and endeavoured, by means of a careful study of the laws of star grouping, to arrive at consistent theories respecting the real distribution of the stars throughout space. This was undoubtedly the safer course; and we might be disposed to wonder that Herschel had not adopted it in the first instance, were it not for the circumstance that the theory he actually adopted when he began his labours, had been so long regarded as unquestionably sound.*

When Herschel began to reason from observed appearances, he was quickly led to abandon the theory of a uniform distribution of the stars. He saw that the Milky Way, for instance, was by no means to be regarded as a zone of stars resembling, in their arrangement, those which form our constellations. 'The stars we consider as insulated are surrounded,' he says, 'by a magnificent collection of innumerable stars, called the Milky Way. For though our sun, and all the stars we see, may truly be said to be in the plane of the Milky Way, yet I am now convinced, by a long inspection, and continued examination of it, that the Milky Way itself consists of stars very differently scattered from those which are immediately about us.'† And he noted, in a special

* It would be unfair, however, to omit mention of the fact that Mitchell had clearly shewn, a quarter of a century before Herschel began his labours, that the theory of a uniform distribution of the stars is untenable.

† I have here to correct statements which will be found in more than one place in writings of my own. Although I had carefully gone through the whole series of Sir William Herschel's papers, four or five years ago, yet I failed to notice that his views had undergone a complete change. Having then been led, by researches of my own, to feel grave doubts respecting the generally accepted theory of the star-system,

manner, *how* he judged that certain portions of the Milky Way were constituted. For speaking of the great clustering aggregations, which can be observed along various portions of the Galaxy, he expressed his belief that these aggregations were globular in form.

Now if the stars seen within a certain circular region in the heavens, are enclosed in reality within a globular space, we can infer the relative distances of the nearest and farthest stars within the region. We cannot tell which stars are nearer, and which are farther, neither can we tell the actual distances of any stars within the circular region; but we *can* assure ourselves that the distances of the farthest stars do not exceed the distances of the nearest in more than a certain proportion. If we look at a spherical balloon far away in the upper regions of air, we may be quite unable to tell how far off the balloon is, or how large it is, or therefore by how much the distance of the farthest part of the balloon exceeds the distance of the nearest part; but though we cannot tell *by what amount*, we can tell quite certainly *in what degree* the distance of the farthest part exceeds the distance of the nearest. For this relation depends only on the apparent size of the balloon, and remains precisely the same whether the balloon is near and small, or far away and large. Supposing the balloon had no car, nor carried any object of known dimensions, as a man or pony or sheep, we might believe that the farthest point of the silken covering was ten yards, or ten feet, or but ten inches farther away than the nearest point; but we should be in no doubt whatever as to the relative distances of these two points. In fact, if we were to hold up a small ball, as a marble or a bagatelle-ball, so as just to hide the balloon, the relation between the distances of the farthest and nearest points of the ball would be exactly the same as the relation between the distances of the farthest and nearest points of the balloon. And in precisely the same way, if one were to hold up a ball so as to hide one of the great globular clustering aggregations of stars in the Galaxy, we should know that the distance of the farthest star in that aggregation exceeds the distance of the nearest star, in the same degree that the distance of the farthest point of the ball exceeds that of the nearest.

This result is so important, that I need make no excuse for having

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or rather to feel absolutely certain that that theory is unsound, I have spoken of it as Herschel's, when discussing the objections which I have had to note against it. A more careful study of Herschel's own words has shewn me that, though the theory was undoubtedly enunciated by him, he was the first to abandon it. I believe the mistake I fell into is common with those who have given to Herschel's papers but a single perusal. Even the laborious Struve fell into the same error; and it was only after a careful re-examination of Sir William Herschel's papers, that he wrote, 'Nous parvenons au résultat, peut-être inattendu, mais incontestable, que le système de Herschel, énoncé en 1785, sur l'arrangement de la Voie Lactée, s'écroule de toutes parts, d'après les recherches ultérieures de l'auteur; et que Herschel lui-même l'a entièrement abandonné.'

thus, at some length, urged its real nature upon the attention of the reader. For let us consider what the lesson thus taught us respecting these star-clusters in reality implies. In these clustering aggregations we commonly see stars of all orders, from certain not very conspicuous orbs—say stars of the seventh or eighth magnitude—down to stars so faint that they are barely visible, even in the most powerful telescopes with which the Herschels, Rosse, Lassell, and Bond, have explored the depths of space. Nay, in some of these clusters, there are regions in which, after the highest powers of the largest telescopes have been applied, faint patches of cloudy light remain still unresolved into stars. Now according to the theory first entertained by Herschel, the faintest stars in these clusters, and especially the faint unresolved star-dust, (if one may so speak,) would be regarded as many times farther away than the stars of the seventh or eighth magnitude belonging to the same cluster. There would, in fact, be stars of all orders of distance, corresponding to the various orders of apparent magnitude, from the seventh downwards. But when once it is admitted that these clustering aggregations are globular in their general form, we can no longer admit such an interpretation of the various orders of magnitude seen among the stars which form the cluster. The fainter stars are certainly not many times farther away than the brighter, certainly not twice as far away, nor half as far again, nor even so much as one-fourth as far again. The relative minuteness of these fainter orbs, and their relative closeness to each other, are *real* and *not merely apparent* phenomena. Stars which the earlier theory would have taught us to regard as not smaller nor more closely set than the brighter, but about ten times as far off, are shewn to be a thousand times smaller, and set a thousand times more closely;* stars which the earlier theory would have placed one hundred times farther away than the brighter stars in a cluster, are now found to be a million times smaller, and set a million times more closely.

It will be seen at once that the wonderful variety of structure, recognized by the telescopists in the richer regions of the Milky Way, receives quite a new interpretation when the later views of Sir William Herschel are accepted. Few who have not studied the Galaxy with the telescope, can be aware of the real complexity of that marvellous system of stars. I know, indeed, of nothing which is better calculated to impress the observer with a sense of the real magnificence of the stellar system, than a view, even through a telescope of moderate power, of the glorious star-depths in the constellations Cygnus, Aquila, and Perseus. In telescopes of great power, these regions and others, more

* The average distances separating star from star would be in this case but ten times smaller, and in the following but a hundred times; but the number of stars included in a given region of space would be, respectively, a thousand and a million times greater; and these relations may properly be described in the words used in the text.

especially some in the southern heavens, present a display so marvellous, that all description must fail to convey any just conception of its splendour.

I have had occasion lately to study somewhat attentively the laws according to which the stars are distributed in the more densely aggregated regions of the Milky Way; for I have constructed a circular chart, two feet in diameter, in which all the northern stars, which can be seen with a telescope two and three-quarter inches in aperture, are included. In all there are 324,198 stars in this chart, and therefore about one hundred and fifty times as many as can be seen with the unaided eye on the darkest and clearest night. It is wonderful, indeed, when contemplating this immense congregation of stars, to consider that the same portion of the heavens, if surveyed completely with the guaging telescopes of the Herschels, would shew twenty or thirty times as many stars. But even among the stars which smaller telescopes exhibit, there are signs of definite laws of arrangement too well marked to be regarded as merely accidental—that is, as implying no real connection between the stars thus seemingly associated.

When larger telescopes are applied to the same rich regions of the heavens, fresh peculiarities are brought into view. Father Secchi of Rome speaks thus of the distribution of stars within a certain very bright portion of the Milky Way in the constellation Sagittarius, as revealed by the powers of the fine refracting telescope of the Roman Observatory:—'There are large stars and lucid clusters; then a layer of smaller stars certainly below the twelfth magnitude; then a nebulous stratum with occasional openings.' But what startled him and all to whom he shewed it, was the regular disposition of the stars in figures * so geometrical that it is impossible to regard them as accidental. 'They are for the most part like the arcs of a spiral; one can count as many as ten or twelve stars of the ninth and tenth magnitude—following each other on the same curve like the beads on a rosary; sometimes they seem to diverge from a common centre, and, strangely enough, it usually happens that either at the centre of the rays, or at the beginning of the branch of a curve, there is a larger star of a red colour. It is impossible to regard such an arrangement of the stars as accidental.'

The accounts given by Sir John Herschel of various parts of the Milky Way, as seen in the southern hemisphere, afford even more remarkable evidence of the singularly varied and complex nature of the star-grouping in those richer parts of the Galaxy. The following passage serves to give some idea of the nature of this evidence. I quote the passage as it appears in Herschel's splendid work entitled 'Observations made at the South Cape,' so far, at least, as respects the

* Thus far the quotation is from Webb's charming little work entitled 'Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes,' who has summarized Secchi's remarks; the remainder of the passage in inverted commas, is translated from a quotation given by Webb in the same work. (*Note*, p. 267.)

sequence of the remarks; here and there certain technical phrases have been omitted or changed, since the passage otherwise would not be suited to these pages: 'After passing the dark interval between the two streams of the Milky Way,' in Centaurus, 'the coming on of the Milky Way is thus described'—Herschel is here quoting from his note-books: '"The edge of a great nebulous projection of the Milky Way of great extent, running horizontally. The northern half of the field of view has stars on a black ground. After this the Milky Way becomes very nebulous, in great cirrous masses and streaks." "Further on commences a series of great nebulous and semi-nebulous Milky Way patches over the whole breadth of the zone."' Then occur several remarkable clusters, '"among alternations of vacuity and richness most surprising, and baffling all description;" as the main body of the Milky Way comes on, the frequency and variety of these masses increase.' . . . . Further on, 'the following remarks occur: "The Milky Way is here composed of separate, or slightly or strongly connected clouds of semi-nebulous light; and, as the telescope moves, the appearance is that of clouds passing in a scud, as sailors call it." "I could fill a catalogue with the clusters of the sixth class which are here. The Milky Way is like sand, not strewed evenly as with a sieve, but as if flung down by handfuls, (and both hands at once,) leaving dark intervals, and all consisting of stars of the fourteenth, fifteenth, . . . to the twentieth magnitude, and down to nebulosity, in a most astonishing manner." Again, "after an interval of comparative poverty, the same phenomenon, and even more remarkable. I cannot say it is *nebulous*. It is all resolved, but the stars are inconceivably numerous and minute. There must be millions on millions, and all most unequally massed together; yet they nowhere run to *nuclei*, or *clusters much brighter in the middle*." This extraordinary exhibition terminates' nearly on the meridian marking the eighteenth hour of right ascension, 'where the Milky Way resumes its usual appearance.'

If we regard the Milky Way as a whole, we are equally struck with the evidence of complexity of structure. As described indeed in many text-books of astronomy, the aspect of the Milky Way might be regarded as according well with the theory that the stellar system is shaped like a cloven flat disc. For we are commonly told that the Milky Way is a zone, or band, circling the whole of the celestial sphere, and divided along one half of its length into two distinct streams. But as a matter of fact, this description is very far indeed from accurately presenting the characteristics of the Milky Way. Both portions of the description are indeed equally untrue. For, in the first place, the Milky Way does not circle the heavens, but is in one place cloven right across by a wide dark rift. And in the second place, one can only say of a very small portion of the Milky Way that it is double. Near the constellation Cygnus, in the northern heavens, the Milky Way is double; but one of the branches, after proceeding for somewhat beyond the head of Ophiuchus, (the Serpent-bearer,) bends away from the other branch, and is presently

lost altogether. Now at the opposite side of the heavens, near the constellation Crux, (or the Cross,) the Milky Way is again double; but tracing the second branch on this side, towards the place where the second branch on the other side loses itself, we presently find the southern second branch becoming subdivided into several branches, and these forming a region of interlaced streaks, accompanied by patches of light, which seemed to be quite disjoined from all the branches. This strangely complex region spreads out towards the constellation Libra, where it loses itself; but a well-marked branch, bending round towards the adjacent continuous stream, seems to end in three well-marked patches. Over the whole of this region, the complexity of the Milky Way, as seen by the naked eye, is fairly comparable with the complexity of the telescopic aspect of the same region as described by Sir John Herschel.

Even in our northern heavens, however, there are regions which are singularly complex, and as it were variegated. 'It is indeed,' says Professor Nichol, 'only to the most careless glance, or when viewed through an atmosphere of imperfect transparency, that the Milky Way seems a continuous zone. Let the naked eye rest thoughtfully on any part of it; and if circumstances be favourable, it will stand out rather as an accumulation of patches and streams of light, of every conceivable variety of form and brightness; now side by side, now heaped on each other; again spanning across dark spaces, intertwining and forming a most curious and complex net-work; and at other times darting off into the neighbouring skies in branches of capricious length and shape, which gradually thin away and disappear.'

Thus far I have been dealing only with the general laws of star-distribution. I have endeavoured to shew that instead of a system of suns spread with a general uniformity throughout space, we have to deal with orbs differing widely from each other in magnitude, and distributed in the most varied manner throughout space. Streams and branches of stars, strangely shaped groups, forming, as regards their seeming arrangement, the most complex reticulations; islands of light and lakes of darkness, resulting from the aggregation of stars towards certain regions and their segregation from others;—these, and other phenomena of a similarly perplexing nature, serve at least to shew that the star-system has not that simplicity of structure so commonly assigned to it in our text-books of astronomy. But we have still to consider details. Among the wonders of the star-depths, there are to be noted phenomena even more wonderful than those general features which have hitherto been dealt with. Coloured stars; double and multiple stars; periodic, variable, and temporary stars; the various orders of star-clusters, star-cloudlets, and star-mist; these are among the wonders of the star-depths. With these I hope to deal in the second part of this paper: my object being rather, however, to indicate the significance of the evidence they afford respecting the richness and variety of the sidereal system, than to

consider them with special reference to the features of individual objects belonging to these various classes. With respect to some of them, indeed, my chief task will be to shew reasons for believing that they really do belong to the star-depths; and not, as has hitherto been commonly judged, to regions of space lying far beyond the bounds of our own star-system.

THE PILLARS OF THE HOUSE;

OR,

UNDER WODE, UNDER RODE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FAMILY GHOULS.

'Know ye that Love is a careless child,
And forgets promise past?
He is blind—he is deaf where he list,
And in faith never fast.'

Raleigh.

CAPTAIN HAREWOOD was gone. There was a good deal of truth in Wilmet's plea that much pain might have been saved if she had been allowed to abide by her first answer; but by this time she would not have saved it.

She was a brave woman, and never sought indulgence; and all she accepted was the spending his last Saturday and Sunday at his home with him; and even on this she durst not venture without taking Alda, and exposing the dear untidy household to her disdain; but that October Sunday walk by the river was worth it all—worth infinitely more than the July walk; and they both declared it gave them strength.

Wilmet returned in time for Monday's school, nor did she give in all the week; but she looked whiter and whiter, and on Saturday morning turned so faint while dressing, that Alda in a great fright called in Sibby; and the unprecedented event occurred of her spending two whole days in bed. She only begged to be let alone, and after this space of quiet came down again fully recovered: only, as Geraldine daily felt, softer, gentler, tenderer, less severely strict, and moreover a less hard mistress to her own beauty.

Meantime Alda grew increasingly restless and drooping as the autumn advanced. The confined rooms and monotonous life really affected health accustomed to variety, change, and luxury; nor could idleness, disappointment, or ill humour be wholesome diet. Listless and weary, she dropped all semblance of occupation, except novel reading; and there she perversely set her mind on whatever Froggatt and Underwood

wished to keep out of their library. If Ferdinand did come down for a Sunday, they both looked at the end of it as if they had been worrying one another to death; if he did not come down, she was affronted and miserable. Her restlessness was increased by the fact that people were returning to their winter quarters in London, and it was to be inferred that the Thomas Underwoods might soon be there; but Marilda had not the art of letter writing, and though she had several times sent a few warm-hearted lines, encouraging Alda's correspondence, this had dropped soon after the yearly migration to Spa; and no more was known of the family movements till there was a letter from Edgar to Cherry. He was a very uncertain correspondent—always delightful, affectionate, and amusing, when he did write, but often not doing so for weeks together; and nothing had been heard of him since he had as usual gone abroad in the middle of the summer.

He now wrote from Spa, in amazement at the accumulation of family events which Marilda had poured upon him, and especially desirous to know how *any* captain of any service had ventured upon accosting W. W. He could not recover the loss it had been not to witness the siege and the surrender! For himself, Cherry gathered that he had begun, as he had led her to suppose he would, with the Channel Isles; but whether he had seen Alice she could not make out; and he had then made his way, wandering and sketching in old Continental towns, as he had done last year. He always declared that it answered; he could dispose of his sketches when he came home, and could likewise write clever bright descriptions, that could usually command tolerable remuneration. This time, however, he had been nearly reduced to the condition of George Primrose, and had made his way to join the family caravan at Spa, by way of getting helped home.

There he was hailed with delight, for Mr. Underwood was very unwell and irritable, prejudiced against German doctors, yet not choosing to have advice from England, and not fit for a journey without some effective person to rule him and his wife; for resolute as Marilda could be, the passionateness of one parent, and the fat flabby helplessness of the other, had overcome her powers of management at such a distance from home. It was Edgar's private belief that 'the poor old boy had had some kind of stroke;' but he had recommended the homeward journey, and under his escort it was to be immediately undertaken. A few days more, and tidings came that it had been successfully accomplished. Mr. Underwood had grown better at every stage, and now scouted the notion of a doctor; Alda's letters of inquiry were joyously answered, and her spirits sank.

One forenoon, however, a moon face beamed upon Felix, and a hearty voice exclaimed, 'How d'ye do? This is a surprise, ain't it? My father is come down on business, so I made him bring me. I don't like Alda's account of herself.'

'I'll take you to her,' said Felix, who decidedly disapproved of private

greetings in the present locality; so as soon as she had dealt with her fly, he conducted her up-stairs. Her father had gone to Mr. Bruce, and would come for her. Alda was alone in the drawing-room, but she sprang to her feet in ecstasy; and the two cousins were soon clinging together, and devouring one another with kisses. Felix asked where Cherry was.

'Oh! for pity's sake, Felix, do let us have a little time to ourselves!' said Alda; 'I'll call Cherry by the time she has done with Stella.'

Felix had come to trust nothing concerning Geraldine to Alda; so he shut the door, and found Cherry in her own room, overlooking Stella's copy to the sound of Theodore's accordion, all three in warm jackets. Six months ago he would have made an authoritative remonstrance. Now he had learnt that cold and exile were more tolerable than Alda's displeasure.

Stella leapt up, connecting Cousin Marilda's name with the choicest presents; but Cherry was quite willing to withhold herself. It was eight years since she had seen Marilda, and she was conscious of more repulsion than attraction. She was still debating between civility and consideration for the *tête-à-tête*, when Wilmet, for whom Felix had sent, came for her, with cheeks glowing from Marilda's energetic kisses and congratulations.

There certainly was a treading on the delicate tips of the feelings. 'O Geraldine, I am glad to see you getting about so well! You are a courageous girl.' Then to Stella: 'You little darling duck! Here is a box of goodies for you and the other poor little dear.—Where is he? You'll let me see him.—What, Lance! I've not seen you since I found you up a tree!'

The cousinly cordiality was pleasant, and her patronage was not coarse, like her mother's; but there was a certain excess of frankness that made them feel like sensitive-plants, when she examined Wilmet how often she heard from India, and how the Harewoods treated her—when she wanted to know exactly how matters stood between the Pursuivant and Tribune, whether Mr. Smith were to blame, why Lance had gone into the business, and—worse than all—what was the measure of Theodore's intellect.

It was all meant in kindness and sympathy, but it was very trying to each victim in turn; and the lookers-on found it as impossible to lead it away as to divert the rush from a pump. When Felix was about to return to his work, Marilda jumped up, exclaiming, 'Felix, I must speak to you;' and when she had him alone in the drawing-room, she began, 'Felix, I must take Alda home. We can't get on without her; and she looks very poorly, and all that nonsense is blown over.'

'You know she is still engaged.'

'Oh yes; but no one will think of that unless it is brought forward, and that she promises not to do.'

'I believe it will be best,' he answered. 'Our life is not suited to her, and she is neither well nor happy; but it is very kind in you.'

'Kind to ourselves. If Wilmet had married at once we should never have got her back at all, and we want her sadly. I can help my father in some ways, but I can't amuse him as she can. You don't mind?'

'Certainly not, if Mr. and Mrs. Underwood wish it,' said Felix, wondering how Alda made herself either amusing or useful; 'I suppose it is all right, and that they know how it stands.'

'Of course they do. They will only be too glad to have her; and though it is better to say nothing about it just yet, very likely it may end in his coming into our house, and being what Edgar might have been. How well he has behaved!'

'So has someone else,' thought Felix, as he saw her glistening eye; but he only answered, 'He is an excellent fellow.'

'Another thing, Felix. This engagement of Edgar's—is it in earnest?'

'Yes!' emphatically said Felix; 'I trust so.'

'You! I should have thought nothing could be more foolish. Is she such a nice girl, then?'

He had had time to recollect himself, and answered in his set manner, 'She is all that could be wished; and though of course there is a certain imprudence in the engagement, I can only wish to see Edgar persevere honourably in what he has undertaken.'

'But wouldn't it be great misery?'

'It might be,' said Felix; 'but it is not going to happen yet. Of course, no one could have wished it to begin; but having begun, he ought to go on.'

'Of course! I hate shilly-shally. My father would not believe there was anything in it. But you are right, Felix; it has done Edgar good. Somehow there's more purpose in him; and I believe he has worked more steadily this season. I am so glad you say she is a nice girl.'

And Felix went down to his work happier than he had been for nearly a year. What loss to himself equalled the gain of such a report of Edgar?

Marilda insisted on being shewn every corner of the house, and was evidently full of enjoyment, like a child let loose from school, talking at random, so as to draw on herself more than one remonstrance from Alda, who had perfectly recovered her good humour, and was absolutely gracious to Cherry.

About four o'clock came Thomas Underwood, embracing Alda like another daughter. 'My poor child, you are not looking well.'

'Not at all, Papa,' said Marilda. 'We will take her home, and set her up again.'

'Ay, we will!' said her father. 'It has been a pretty muddle altogether; but there—we'll say no more about it. You'll come home, and be a wise girl.'

'O Uncle, how kind you are!' cried Alda.

Wilmet and Cherry looked at each other in amaze. What might this

mean? How could Alda bear to be received back on such terms? But they could say nothing; indeed, they were scarcely seen till the greeting to Alda was over. Then, however, he made up for it by hearty kisses, for which they were not prepared; and Wilmet coloured crimson as she was again congratulated and rallied on her slyness in making the most of her time at Minsterham.

The illness at Spa had told upon Thomas Underwood. He was still under fifty, but an elderly look and manner had come on him; he walked feebly, and seemed to look to his daughter to help him out with purposes and recollections; while towards Alda there was an almost imploring tenderness, as if she had carried away with her a good deal of the enjoyment of his life, which he hoped to bring back again with her. He did not even seem to like leaving her for the evening to pack up, but wanted her to come out to Centry Park, and caught eagerly at Marilda's proposal that Felix should come and spend the evening there. It was as if they were both afraid of their own dullness in the great uninhabited house; and no doubt they would have caught at an invitation to share the family meal. Alda and Wilmet, for different reasons, sat in dread of Felix, in the reckless hospitality of the male heart, making such an offer; and in very truth, he was only withheld by certain authoritatively deprecating glances from those housewifely eyes.

And let it be observed that Wilmet was right. She could not have fed Mr. Underwood as would have suited him on such short notice, without a great deal more expense and personal exertion than would have been becoming; and to his eyes, their ordinary fare would have seemed ostentation of neediness.

Needy was exactly what the Underwoods had never been. It was not merely the effect of conscience and of resolution, but of Wilmet's more than ordinary power of method and adjustment, which had kept them from ever being behind-hand, or in difficulties requiring external aid; and it was this that had won them already respect that hardly belonged to their years.

Thomas Underwood really respected Felix, as one who had never asked assistance from him, yet who had not declined what was offered in a friendly kinsman-like manner; and besides, had more than once asserted—modestly indeed, but still asserted—an independent will and way of his own, and shewn that he was capable of carrying it out. It was five years since Mr. Underwood's prediction that he would find it an utter failure to attempt keeping house for such a family, and would have to fall back on help he had not deserved; and here he was, without having made one demand, a partner in the business, and with so small a fraction of the family apparent, that there was no air of oppression, no complaint, even though Thomas himself had returned on his hands both those of whom he had meant to relieve him.

No wonder, then, that without intending it, his manner to Felix was not that of patron, but of equal—of kinsman to kinsman, not of rich

man to struggling youth. And Felix, as he sat in the great handsome dining-room, could not help being amused at all the state that had followed one man and his daughter for one dinner in their own house: the courses, and the silver, and the perplexing family of wine-glasses beside every plate, and all with the Underwood rood and its motto shining on him—whether on the servants' buttons, on the panels of the oak-wainscotted hall, and the very china from which he ate his dinner.

Nothing interested Mr. Underwood more than the account of the visit to Vale Leston; and warming up under the influence of dinner, he talked much of the old times there, and with much disparagement of the two present Fulberts; but Felix was startled to find that he regarded himself as next in the succession.

'If you could only have gone into the Church, Felix, I could have given you the Vicarage. Or is not one of your brothers to be a parson?'

'Yes, Sir—Clement,' said Felix, smiling, but feeling a sense of injury that revealed to him how much more he must be reckoning on the chances than he had supposed himself to be doing. As Alda said, wealth flowed to wealth; and a little attention from Thomas to his cousins would easily turn the scale.

At any rate, poverty did not suit Alda. She was a different creature now that her exile was coming to an end.

'It had been like Portsmouth to Fanny Price,' said Geraldine, not greatly flattered by the overflow of benevolence, which Wilmet accepted as the token of real affection.

'What would she do about Ferdinand?' Wilmet ventured to ask.

'He certainly must not call,' said Alda; 'that would never do; but with Edgar's help it will be manageable enough. It will do the gentleman no harm to have a few difficulties in his way. I don't want him to feel his coming such a favour.'

So Alda went; and must it be owned, if there was more peace in the house, there was also a certain flatness after the incessant excitements of the former part of the year. At least so Geraldine felt, and hated herself for feeling, when the numbers had come down to 'the peace establishment,' and she had no companions but Stella and Theodore through the greater part of the day. She had been recommended to walk, when the weather permitted, for half an hour every day; and whenever it was possible, Felix contrived that he or Lance should be her companion; but as the days shortened, and it became less easy to contrive this, the constitutional turns up and down the narrow garden were more dispiriting than sitting occupied up-stairs, especially when she viewed this distaste as frightful unthankfulness; and even when one of the brothers took her out in the street, or to the 'People's Park,' though she was happy with them, the wearisome sameness and dull ugliness of the town oppressed and wearied her; and to be taken out by Wilmet on a Saturday was more wearing still. Each brother was her

devoted cavalier; but Wilmet, though kind and considerate, made airing Cherry a secondary object; and to be set upon a high chair in a shop, to see Wilmet bargain, was what she did not love. She might have admired to see Wilmet's perfect knowledge of articles and their value, and the manifest esteem in which that experience was held by the respectable tradesmen, who did not scruple to tell her that they had thought 'this will just suit Miss Underwood;' while her scorn and indignation at an encounter with a Cheap Jack were something rich. But though Cherry could describe such an expedition with humour that threw Felix and Lance into a convulsion of merriment, it was very wearisome to her; and the more she knew it ought to be instructive, the more it depressed her, and made her feel, as never before, the straitness of the family means. She longed wearily at times for the sight of something beautiful. Edgar's descriptions came back on her with an almost sick longing. She had made much progress in drawing, but the want of criticism, instruction, or models, made her feel baffled; and when her brothers and sisters admired most, she was most dissatisfied. Edgar's criticism alone was worth anything to her æsthetic sense, and gave her real assistance; and his not coming home was a great loss to her art as well as to her affection and intellect. Those windows that he opened to her of all lovely scenes and forms in nature or art, his brilliant stories of artist society and foreign manners, could not but be greatly missed as she lived her monotonous life, not without intellectual interest, for that came to her through the help she was able to render to Felix in his newspaper work, and the books she reviewed or discussed with him; but it was not the living interest of actual communication at second-hand with that outer world, which looked so full of beauty, and of all that was bright and charming; and then poor little Cherry applied to herself all the warnings about not loving the world.

Her aspiring compositions and her studies in drawing she almost laid aside in a fit of hopeless disgust, and she applied herself to what was less improving, but more immediately profitable. She and Lance took to the manufacture of Christmas cards, she taking the sentiment and he the comedy; and what they produced by their joint efforts were pretty and clever enough to bring in an amount of pocket-money that was very agreeable to those who otherwise would have had no claim to any.

The chief outer interest was, as usual, parish affairs. Mr. Bevan was too ill to come home; but Mr. Mowbray Smith's resignation was accepted, and he was to go at the beginning of the new year, while his successor was reported to be elderly and wise.

Another interest, that was not at all bad for Cherry, was stirred up by her brothers. There was an interminable family belonging to one of the printers, who died, leaving them in circumstances that somewhat parodied those of the Underwoods themselves; and in which the example as well as the counsel of the young master was no doubt a great incentive and assistance to the pillars of the still humbler house.

There was a perennial supply of 'little Lightfoots,' to fill the office elegantly termed printer's devil; and the existing imp being taken young from school, Felix had his education on his conscience, and asked Cherry to give him lessons after hours. She was at first desperately afraid of the boy, and only accepted the work when she found that if she did not Felix would impose it on himself; but by-and-by she became enough interested, and enjoyed enough devotion from the boy, to make the time she daily expended upon him not far from one of the pleasures of her life.

So came on a winter of unusual bitterness; and the holidays filled the house, bringing Bernard back under an entirely new phase. At Stoneborough he had discovered that it was some distinction to be an Underwood of Vale Leston, and his accession of dignity was enormous. He regarded the Nareses from a monstrous elevation; and thus infinitely scandalized Angela, who had a great hatred of pretension, and whose laughter threatened to dissolve their mutual alliance, offensive and defensive. Their janglings were a novelty, and not a pleasant one; and one bitter afternoon, when a sore throat had made Felix come up early from the shop, Cherry quite rejoiced that Bernard was reported to be reading down-stairs.

And there sat Felix by the fire, with Theodore at his feet, humming in rivalry of the big kettle, which had just been brought in, and was soon after followed by Lance, whistling as he came up-stairs.

'Look here!' and Angela, who, for her bane at Brompton, had her full share of the family talent for caricature, shewed him a likeness of Bernard strutting down the High Street, turning his back on certain figures in the distance; and beneath was written—

'There was a young Bear of Stoneborough,
Who thought his gentility thorough;
To his townsfolk he said,
"Snobs! I'll cut them all dead,"
This high-bred young Bear of Stoneborough.'

'Capital, Angel!' said Lance; 'but don't shew it to him; he's a horrid Bear to poke fun at.'

'Oh, but he does get into such jolly rages!'

'It is beyond being jolly,' said Lance. 'I did this once too often last holidays; and I don't think he has got over it yet, though I promised never to do it again.'

'The more reason I should,' said Angela, laughing saucily in his face, though both spoke under their breath.

'No,' said Lance. 'Consider! He is absurdly stuck up; but anything to disgust him with the Nareses is good.'

'I see no harm in Jem Nares,' said democratic Angela. 'I'll not have him cut! give me my picture.'

'No, I promised he should not be done again.'

'Promise for yourself another time.'

She snatched, and there was a sparring match. Lance held off with one hand, and with the other dashed her drawing into the fire, where it fell on the top of some black coals; and as he relaxed his grasp, she sprang to rescue it. Felix looked up in time to see the kettle toppling over. He flung Theodore out of the way of the boiling stream that rushed from lid and spout as the whole descended on the hearth, amid cries from Angela and Theodore that brought all the others together; nor could the little one be pacified, even though Wilmet ascertained that he had only been touched by one boiling drop.

'But Felix!' exclaimed Lance; and they all turned.

'Never mind,' he said, but with more of a contraction of the lips than a smile; 'only my neck and arm. Here, Lance, help me;' presenting the end of his sleeve, and setting his teeth.

The hasty vigorous pull, made in ignorance on both sides, removed the coat; but Felix gave something between a gasp and a cry, tried to totter to a chair, and was caught by Clement as he fainted away; so much to the terror of Lance, that in three minutes space he had broken in on Mr. Rugg's dinner with a peremptory summons. By the time he crept into the room behind the doctor, he saw Felix on the sofa, white as a sheet, with closed eyes and drawn brow, Clement standing ready with a roll of wadding, and Wilmet, having more gently removed the shirt-sleeve, regarding the injury with some perplexity, increased by the tearful Sibby's voluble counsels.

She welcomed the arrival with the anxious inquiry, 'O Mr. Rugg! I am so glad! Should the cotton touch where the skin is broken?—Here —inside his elbow and hand.'

'Broken! You have been tearing off the clothes, instead of cutting them! I thought you knew better, Miss Underwood.'

'It was my own doing,' murmured Felix, so faintly, that Mr. Rugg, with his usual roughness, scolded at his not having had some brandy at once, and then at there being none nearer than the Fortinbras Arms, whence Clement brought some in about the time that a grand butler would have taken to produce it. Felix choked at it like a child, but it brought back his strength; and Wilmet and Clement were assistants too handy to give much occasion for scolding. The shoulder and chest had suffered likewise, though partly protected by the flannel shirt.

On the patient asking how soon he might hope for the use of his arm, the gruff answer was, 'Not so soon as if you had not begun by tearing it to pieces. I can't tell. Depends on general health. May be three weeks, may be six, may be three months, before you get these places healed if you trifle with them. Now I'll stay and see you in bed, with this arm properly settled.'

This was real kindness for a man in the middle of his dinner; and Felix stood up, finding himself more shaken than he had expected, and commanded by acclamation to betake himself to Mr. Froggatt's bed-

room. He waited, however, to go into the next room, where Cherry had sunk down, trembling and overcome, and so hysterical that her utmost powers had been taxed to prevent herself from disturbing those who could be useful.

'Here I am, all alive!' he said in a cheerful tone, that somehow had no solidity in it, and which she could hardly bear. 'Why, Cherry, you poor little thing! you have come by the worst of it!'

'Don't, Felix! Isn't it dreadful pain?'

'Not now; I scarcely feel it. Never mind, Cherry; I'm all right now, only you will have to write those little fingers nearly off.'

'Oh! Felix, if Wilmet had been gone!'

'She wouldn't be looking Gorgons at me now. Where's Angel?'

Angel had been seized by Robina, and forcibly withheld from flying out after the doctor; and when assured that Lance was gone, she had dashed up-stairs, and hidden herself in bed, so that Felix was obliged to go to sleep without seeing her. Remonstrate as he would, he was not allowed to get up the next morning. Mr. Rugg, who came very early, assured him that the speed of his recovery greatly depended on perfect stillness at first, and told him that he would feel the injury if he tried to move; and Wilmet would not do anything but rejoice that he was compelled to submit to discipline that was so good for the cold, a much more real subject of anxiety.

'I must not grumble,' he sighed, as the doctor shut the door; 'but I did not reckon on such a stupid disaster when I got two boys to look after everything.'

'People will not mind for a few days.'

'I hope not. Tell Lance to send Lamb up to me as soon as he comes in. And would Clem walk over to Marshlands? or the Froggery will be in great commotion.'

'Perhaps Robina will go too; and they always like to have her.'

'And Angel? Poor child! I wish she would come.'

'I'll send her. I want you to talk to her. She is such a perplexity.'

'*This* was no fault of hers!' exclaimed Felix.

'I don't know that. Lance takes it on himself, and says it was just a squabble; but that is sure to have been her fault.'

'I shall not go into that,' said Felix.

'It does seem a chance of making an impression, if you would try,' said Wilmet. 'Sibby says she was crying half the night, (you know she has to sleep in the nursery,) and you might get at her now. I don't know what to do with her.'

He looked up, astonished at this avowal, from her who had hitherto queened it so easily.

'Look at this letter,' she proceeded. 'I have been keeping it till you had time to think about it.'

He sighed, feeling, like many another head of the house, that time was swept away from home responsibilities, and indeed, that great girls

needed a more experienced guide. The letter was the school character, speaking most highly of Robina, who had quite re-conquered esteem. If she had not so much of any one talent as some of the others, she had excellent capacity, and studied in a business-like way, as one learning a profession; so that she had won her promotion into the first ranks, among elder girls.

But Angela was one of those who will not or cannot do anything tolerably except what they like; and she had only two tastes—for music and fun—except perhaps for churches. She was a puzzle to everyone, by her eagerness for devout observances, and the very little good they seemed to do her, even by outrageous irreverence when the spirit of mischief was roused. Teachers detested her, but she was the idol of half the school. All unclaimed misdeeds were laid to her share; and in recklessness or generosity, she never troubled herself to disavow them, even when not her own. She was popularly believed to learn nothing but music, and even in that to use talent to save pains; and she had a lead-like affinity to the bottom of her class, yet in the final examination she had surpassed far more diligent girls.

Felix read, and puzzled himself, and did not refuse obedience when Wilmet insisted that he should 'talk to Angela;' though he was only too well aware that reproof was that paternal duty to which he was least adequate. First, however, he had time to despatch Robina and Clement on their mission to his partner, whose winter rheumatics had set in—to receive young Lamb, laden with a pile of letters and papers, and lastly, to be cooed over and stroked by Theodore, who curled himself up at his feet in that perfect serenity that his presence always infused.

At last Angela came in on tip-toe, looking immensely tall and lank, with Clement's propensity for longitudinal growth, and the same infantine smallness of feature, and much less brilliant colouring than the others; but while his hair was as closely cropped as if he were just out of a cell, hers was as long and as unmanageable as herself; and she had moreover the beautiful large-pupilled, darkly-lashed, mischievous blue eyes that belonged to Edgar, only now their lids were swollen, and all the colour in her face centred in two great red patches beneath them—a scarlet garibaldi over a very old brown skirt, half-way up a long pair of grey legs, seeming to make the whole object more deplorable.

'You poor Angel!' exclaimed Felix, his heart more than ever melted; 'you look as if you had been crying all night. Why don't you come and give me a kiss?'

'I'll—I'll do anything you please, Felix, but I had rather not.'

'But I do please! I want you,' said he, holding out his hand; so that she was forced to come, touch his cheek with her lips, and submit to a far heartier kiss. 'You are as cold as ice,' he added, trying to capture the blue, chilly, long, sausage-like fingers, and warm them in his grasp.

'No, don't! it will only make my chilblains rage. Let me go, now you've forgiven me for your own comfort.'

'Forgiven you for my own comfort! I don't want to forgive you—'

'Oh—h!' and the eyes disappeared, and the face puckered in unutterable woe.

'I haven't anything to forgive you, Angel.'

'Oh, that's worse! when I've hurt you so terribly!'

'*You* didn't; you never meant it. Of course I never blamed you.'

'Then,' said Angel, trying to get away her other hand, 'why did you send for me to row me, for I don't call that forgiving.'

'I heard you were unhappy.'

'And did you think it would make me any happier to see you lying there frowning with pain?' broke out Angela, with an angry sob.

'If I frowned, it was not with pain, but because I don't know what to make of you.'

'I don't want to be made anything of!' she said pettishly. 'Wilmet told me you wanted to talk to me. I suppose that meant she ordered you! So now you've done it, let me go.'

'My dear Angel, don't you see that I am just as anxious about you as Wilmet can be? and when there is plainly something amiss—'

'Oh, it's old Ful and Fen's character of me, then?'

'It is, Angela. Perhaps it does seem taking an unfair advantage of you to catch you now; but you see I so seldom get a chance of a talk with anyone; and I must do the best I can for you, you poor little ones, who, I'm afraid, haven't even the faintest recollection of our father and mother to help you.'

'I remember Mamma, but after she was ill,' said Angela, probably trying not to be softened. 'But I don't think that has much to do with it. You and Wilmet mind us as much, or more, than most people's born parents. Yes, Wilmet worrits twice as much as any rational mother does.'

'That's the very thing, Angel; parents can do the thing without worrying.'

'No, I didn't say you did,' said Angela; 'you never did till this minute, and now you are *druv* to it;' and she regarded him with a certain fellow-feeling so comical, that she nearly made him laugh, though he felt sad enough.

'Have I neglected you then, Angel?'

'Oh no; I think you do just as well as most fathers. You keep us all going,' said Angela, considering; 'and you look after us, and set us a good example, as people say; and isn't that all that fathers have to do?'

'My poor little sister! you just shew that I cannot be really like a father to you.'

'Would a father *do* all the scolding?' asked Angela in an odd voice.

'If we still had our own, you would be coming to him to help you, and telling him freely what it is that makes things go wrong with you.'

'I'm sure,' answered the girl, 'I'd just as soon tell you, Felix, if I

only knew; but there's only one thing that would do me any good, I believe.'

'And that?'

'If I could only be a Trappist.'

'A what?'

'A Trappist, or one of those *Sepolte* nuns, that never see anybody, and can't talk to their relations. Oh! I wish I was old enough to turn Roman Catholic! and then wouldn't I go and cut off this horrible hair, that is the plague and torment of my life, and never be naughty again!'

'Which do you want to be rid of most—your hair or your relations?' asked Felix, half diverted, half dismayed, and wholly at a loss.

But Angela had passed the boundary of earnest now, and went on more from the heart. 'If I could but be in a real strict nunnery, it would be so nice! It would always be church. Oh! if church could but last always!'

He was more puzzled than ever at the intent yearning look that had changed the face. 'You could not keep up. It would lose effect,' he said.

'I don't know. Lots of girls much better than I—Bobbie herself—don't like long services, and get tired, but I don't. I'm safe then; I'm happy altogether. I seem to get wings inside—I could go on singing for ever. I don't want to be bad; but the instant I go out, I can't live without fun; and so they think me a horrid false hypocrite—but I'm not! Only unless I get shut up somewhere, I don't know what will become of me.'

'You must try to make your life out of church suit your life in church,' said Felix, much puzzled how to answer.

'I would, only I can't be half-and-half, and wishy-washy.'

'I don't understand.'

'Don't you? Why, if I have fun, I like to have it real fun. I can't be always drawing it mild! It is no real fun if one is to be always thinking about who will be vexed, and what's lady-like, and all that stuff!'

'But that's what life in this world is made of.'

'I know it is; so I hate life in this world, unless one could just have no conscience at all;' then, as she caught his anxious eye, she went on, trying to rattle, but with tears in her voice, and submitting to let him warm her hands all the time, 'Felix, you'd better let me go into a Sisterhood. It is the only chance for me! Thinking about being a horrid governess makes me wicked. When I'm good I do long for a Sisterhood; and when I'm bad I want to get some great rich duke to marry me, and let me have no end of horses, and go to the races and the opera—and I don't suppose he will ever come. And I *suppose* you are all too dull and tiresome to let me get to be a public singer! No, don't tell me to put it out of my head, for it is what I should like best—best of all!'

'Better than the duke?'

'Oh yes! for I think he would be in the way—Felix! *do* let me be a Sister! You see it is the only chance.'

'I can't, Angel; they would not accept a Sister at your age.'

'Then let me think about it *really*, Felix. Promise that I may be when I am old enough.'

'It is impossible to promise that; but I do not think I am likely to hinder you, if you then wish it, and it seems right.'

'I wish you would promise me. Look here, Felix,' and the eyes assumed a deep yearning expression, 'I always did think that if I had a dedication, like Clement, I could be as good as he is. But I don't think anything else would put the duke or the opera out of my head.'

'My dear Angel,' and Felix's eyes grew soft too, 'I could not wish anything better for you than to be such another as Sister Constance, but I do not know how you could be dedicated. Even Clement is not; he could change his mind before he is three-and-twenty. It all depends on how he goes on.'

'And if I go on well, will you let me look to it?'

'As far as may be right.'

'Only then what is the use of my going to this school, if I am not to turn governess? It only makes me worse.'

'No, Angela. It would not be right to stop your education. You must have the means of maintaining yourself. It would be against my duty to hinder that. And remember—some Sisterhoods require an endowment. You would not wish to be a burthen. You may have to work to raise means for your admission; and if you are set to teach, you will need all you are learning now.'

'May I think I am preparing?'

'Yes.'

'I will, I will—I mean I will try,' said Angela. 'O Felix! I do like you now I find you don't want me to be respectable. No, don't say something grave and prosy, for I *do* like you now; and never mind about not being one's father, for I don't believe anybody could be better to me.' And she put her face down to his, and kissed him, as she used when she was a baby girl; then ran away on thinking she heard someone coming.

'So,' thought Felix, as he raised himself on his sound elbow, 'the upshot of it is that I don't want her to be respectable! I hope to goodness she won't take to being like Tina—though I don't know why I should either! Poor child! I'll write to Audley about her when I can. And here comes the dear little Cherry for her hard day's work.'

With his dictation and superintendence, Geraldine was quite equal to the Pursuivant's Friday requirements; and altogether this day of rest and leisure was welcome. The sisters were much less anxious about the sore throat than if it had been in the shop; and indeed it was nearly well, and no obstacle to his being talked to and amused, to the

general enjoyment, in the rare pleasure of having him at their mercy. In the afternoon came a message—'The Miss Pearsons' love, and if she could leave Mr. Underwood, would Miss Underwood step up?' Such messages were not infrequent, and this was supposed to spring from a desire to know the particulars of the accident; so that on her return Wilmet was greeted with the inquiry whether she were considered responsible for the tea-kettle's misbehaviour, since she had been kept in so long.

'No,' said Wilmet gravely. 'Run away, little ones!'

Stella alone accepted the epithet; but Wilmet was too much absorbed in her tidings to look about in the fire-lit twilight for further victims.

'The Miss Pearsons are very much troubled by their letters from St. Heliers,' she said. 'Alice Knevett is actually married.'

'To Edgar?' Angela sprang up with a bound. 'Oh, what fun!'

'No, indeed,' Wilmet replied in her most repressive tone. 'It is to a Frenchman of the name of Tanneguy, in the wine trade.'

'The abominable girl!' cried Angela at the top of her indignant voice. 'A Frenchman! I'll never believe in anyone again.'

'Yes, Angela,' said Wilmet; 'it is a lesson, indeed, of what tricks and subterfuges—'

'Never mind that, Mettie,' disrespectfully broke in Cherry, who had quietly moved a curtain so as to cast a shade over Felix's face. 'Tell us about it. Who writes?'

Wilmet told that Major Knevett, in a storm of fury, had written to the aunts that the whole affair had been so secretly conducted, that neither he nor his wife had guessed at it until his daughter's sudden disappearance, only sending home a letter to announce her marriage to M. Achille Tanneguy, with whom she had embarked for Havre, and giving an address at Pau, where her husband was concerned in a wine agency. Major Knevett had then found out that she had been in the constant habit of meeting this Tanneguy in the garden of their next neighbour, which joined to their own; and that she had entirely eluded the vigilance of 'her second mother,' who had, however, never ceased to warn and watch her; but nothing had been capable of curing her of the coquetry and intrigue, with which in his passion he accused Bexley of inspiring her.

'Too true.' The words were breathed on the back of a sigh suppressed with difficulty.

'Nonsense, Felix,' said Wilmet; 'it was in her before, or she could not have so carried it on here. I am sure it had gone on at her horrible school!'

'What has she done about Edgar?' asked Clement.

'The aunts doubt whether she has done anything.—Children, you ought to be getting ready for tea;' then when Robin and Angel had obeyed this very broad hint—'I would not say so before them, but they believe that there is a sort of excuse in the unhappiness of her home.'

'Of course,' said an almost grateful voice from the pillow.

'Ever since Edgar was there in the summer,' said Wilmet, 'she has been doubly watched and teazed and scolded. Nothing she could do was right. The aunts heard from her last a fortnight ago, very miserable, and entreating them to believe that whatever might happen, she was driven to it by the unbearable wretchedness of home.'

'Do you call that an excuse, Wilmet?' exclaimed Clement. 'Is the privilege of suffering to be made an excuse for treachery?'

'Much Clement knows of the privilege of suffering,' said Felix, low and quietly; but Geraldine detected so much of that privilege in his voice, that she longed to clear the room for him; but though she rose to set the example, and laid her hand on Clement's arm, there was no preventing his testimony from being delivered.

'Personally I do not know it; but I do not understand Wilmet's lowering her standard to excuse disobedience and unfaithfulness.'

'Come along, Clem,' entreated Geraldine; 'it is all most sad and grievous, but the more we say about it the worse we make it;' and she succeeded in dragging him out without a defensive reply from Wilmet.

Presently she was sought out by Wilmet herself, to say, 'Cherry, do you know, there's Felix looking as pale as when he fainted yesterday.'

She could believe it; but she only ventured to ask, 'Did he say anything?'

'No, only to answer "No," when I asked if I hurt him as I was *doing* his arm. Cherry, can you tell me, or do you know—does this touch him for himself?'

Cherry could only look up with eyes swimming.

'How blind I have been! Oh! if I had not come and told it so abruptly, before everyone!'

'Perhaps he liked the unconsciousness better!'

'Were you in his confidence, or is it guess?'

'Guessing at first; but we had a very few words about it when he came home from consulting Dr. Lee last summer.'

'Then it was that wretched child that hurt his health?'

'So we thought. Dr. Lee asked him if there was not something on his mind.'

'The little wretch! Oh! if I had never asked her here! She has done more harm than she is worth!'

'He had got quite well,' said Cherry; 'and now he has his cough back again. O Mettie!'

'No,' said Wilmet, 'it is not *that* cough. It is only a chance cold, and it is nearly gone. Besides, it cannot be the same as her first treason to him must have been.'

'That's true,' said Cherry mournfully.

'After all,' said Wilmet, 'it *is* a happy escape for both our boys, if they can but feel it, poor fellows—but oh! to have been so deceived!

And how ignorant one is—even living in the same house!' And Wilmet had a hearty fit of crying.

'And Edgar!' sighed Cherry.

'You must write. They all come to you, Cherry,' she added wistfully. 'You shall sit with dear Felix this evening, and I will keep the others away.'

This ordinance was carried out, but with no result as to conversation; for Felix's distress took the form of great tenderness as to the manner in which the blow was to fall upon Edgar. Nothing would satisfy him but Geraldine's writing immediately, under his own eye. Of course he ascribed all his own feelings to his brother; and though Cherry doubted, and could have written much better as from herself, she could but patiently write and re-write, when poor Felix found—as he did with everything that cost him consideration—that he was falling into his leading-article style; while all the time she saw him becoming more excited and flushed, till at last Wilmet came in, put an end to it, and sent her to bed, almost broken-hearted for both brothers, and struggling against her own hatred to the mischievous little witch who had played with their hearts.

She took care that the letter should go by the earliest post, partly to ensure Edgar's getting it without the Sunday's delay, but still more that it might not be within Felix's power to recall for two whole days. He just inquired after it, and finding it was gone, said no more. He was not so anxious to get up as the day before; his arm had come to a more painful stage, and he had had a feverish sleepless night; so that he looked so worn and depressed, that Mr. Rugg concluded that he had been imprudent, and scolded him accordingly.

When Geraldine came in to put the finishing strokes to the Pursuivant, she found him so silent and dreamy, that she did nearly the whole on her own responsibility; till at last he suddenly roused himself, begged her pardon, and gave his whole mind to the dictation of the political summary; then became dreamy again, and presently fell into a long sound sleep, after which he looked, even to the anxious eyes of his sisters, much better, and began to talk of getting up for the evening.

At about five o'clock, just as Wilmet was laying his things ready for him, the door was opened, and there entered first a perfume of tobacco, and next a lively voice—'What, Blunderbore, lying in state in Froggy's four-poster! Whom have you been getting into hot water with? Is there much the matter?' he added in a lower tone, as Wilmet kissed him.

'Not much,' said Felix; 'it is nothing but a scald in a disabling place on my arm.'

'The tea-kettle ought to know its friends better. I met Jem Bruce and heard of it, so I ran down to see how much of you was boiled. I looked into the shop, but Master Lance was too important to vouchsafe me a word. Are you sure it is only your arm, old fellow? you look baddish.'

'I'm well enough,' said Felix, shifting his head into the shadow of the curtain; and Wilmet, perceiving that he wished to have it out at once, left them together. 'Edgar, do you know?' said Felix earnestly.

'I scent a crisis in the air, and am doubting whether the Pursuivant is up a tree, or Wilmet's engineer turned out no go.'

'You have not had Cherry's letter?'

'No. Don't torment yourself to beat about the bush. I'd stand anything rather than see you look like that.'

'Have you heard from Jersey?'

'Oh! It is that, is it? I believe it has lasted twelve calendar months, and that is as much as is reasonable to expect. Little humbugging puss! What has she taken up with?'

'Had you no idea that she had fallen in with—with a Frenchman?'

'The beggar! How far has it gone? or is it only a report from the old cats of aunts?'

'It is too certain.'

'Well, what is it?' I suppose she hardly commissioned you to give me my *congé*?'

'I fear that she commissioned no one. Harsh treatment seems to have driven her to desperation. She was married privately, and has written from France to announce it.'

Edgar gave a long whistle, then turned round and laid his hand on his brother's, saying with a short laugh, 'Cool and easy! Well, it was pretty sport; and this conclusion is unique for simplicity and saving of trouble. Dear old Fee, here's that pulse of yours going like a young lady's in a field with a mad bull. Have you been working yourself up all day to expect me to hang myself, or 'shoot the frog-eater? Didn't I always tell you that only the ancient chivalry of the Pursuivant could take the affair *au grand serieux*?'

'Very well,' said Felix, in a somewhat smothered voice, 'it is your affair, and I must accept modern customs. I am glad you understood one another so well.'

'Spoken with grave irony worthy of the heavy father, your laudable model. Dear old chap, you'll be better now.'

There was something strange in the half-reverent half-pitying tone of the tall powerful young man, as, with a sneer on his curling lip, but a tear in his softened eye, he stooped, pushed back the fair hair, and kissed the face which in its wistfulness looked younger than his own, (having moreover the hirsuteness of only two days instead of two years.)

Felix fulfilled his intention of getting up, though he went no farther than his own fire-side, where soon after tea he was joined by Clement, looking very serious, and armed with Bible, Prayer-book, and copy-book. He was to take Felix's Sunday class the next day; but whereas he had done so for the two months of the Ewmouth visit in the summer, there seemed no special necessity for a consultation, which in fact proved to be a rehearsal of the morrow's lesson, with various instructions to Felix

himself, on what Clement called "Church Teaching," in oblivion that the simple truths of religion are as much Church teaching as the distinctive doctrines of his own set.

As vehement laughter pealed across the passage, Felix ventured to suggest that something was going on there.

'Yes,' said Clement; 'they were beginning some game, but I distrust Edgar's wit.'

'I don't think holding aloof always good.'

'When one's presence is a stimulus to irreverence?'

'Because you present yourself as a butt, instead of laughing with him, and giving things a turn.'

'Impossible, where one feels deeply.'

Felix believed it was impossible in the present case, and resigned himself, though pricking up his ears at the ripples of mirth and the shrieks of ecstatic uncontrollable laughter that reached his ear; until at last Lance burst in, laughing so that he could hardly stand upright, and bringing a paper in his hand for Felix's benefit.

It had been the game of adjectives, and Edgar, the conductor, had audaciously made its frame-work the Pursuivant's report of the valedictory sermon that Mr. Mowbray Smith was to preach on the morrow. It was a most comical combination, so well had Edgar's outline hit off the editor's desire to make the best of it, coupled with personalities that neither Mr. Smith would have preached nor he reported, unless they had been in the palace of truth; the whole rendered the more grotesque by the hap-hazard adjectives that seasoned the discourse, sometimes deliciously inapposite, sometimes fantastically appropriate. An audience had stolen behind Lance to taste its sweets a second time; and the drollery, the *vraisemblance*, and touches of malice, quite choked him as he read, and overpowered Felix with mirth, all the more at the shocked countenance that Clement preserved throughout, while in the back-ground there was a renewed chuckling, roaring, and rolling, at the more brilliant sallies.

The whole family had been viewing Edgar with more or less of awe, pity, and curiosity, as an injured hero, but had been beguiled into the maddest mirth, though as much disgusted with themselves for giggling as with him for making giggle. Wilmet herself had succumbed, and Cherry had been in an almost hysterical transport of laughter, till her jaws ached, and her eyes were weak; and she was so exhausted that she could hardly crawl into Felix's room to wish him good-night, and then scarcely durst speak to him lest she should burst into tears; while as to the younger ones, it was altogether delightful to them at the moment, and they regarded the transactions of February as a dream.

When they met the next morning, Edgar professed that he could not venture on sitting under Mr. Smith's actual sermon, but should go to Minsterham, to pay his respects to Wilmet's future relations, if there were a feasible train.

'Yes,' said Clement, 'there's one in twenty minutes, which brings one in time for the Cathedral.'

'Dr. Wilmet is engrossed with a distinguished patient. Eh? Come along then, Lance; I must have someone to present me.'

Lance gave a joyful leap; but Wilmet interposed, 'Indeed, Lance, it is hardly safe. Remember how bad your head was after Christmas Day.'

'It's my own head, and I may do as I like with it!'

'That's just what you can't now. If you were knocked up to-morrow—as you certainly would be, between the railroad and the organ—'

'That would be what you *may* call a fix,' observed Edgar. 'Knocked up between a railway and an organ! What a position!'

'It is quite true, Edgar,' said Wilmet, the more severely for the laughter of Lance and Angel. 'Lance knows very well that one of his head-aches perfectly disables him. Felix would not be content to leave Mr. Lamb alone in the shop; and all the good of these three days would be undone.'

'Oh—h! it was a pillar of the state I was asking?' said Edgar. 'Is your head really so ticklish, Lance?' as the boy made a gesture of disgust.

'Don't persuade him, Edgar. He ought not to do it,' said Wilmet, in her blunt authoritative way.

Lance kicked the heel of his boot against the floor, and said, 'Don't I pity Jack Harewood, that's all!'

'Well, a couple of ducks instead of a goose!—Bob and Angel, you've no heads.—Come! I'm too modest to face the Librarian alone, much less the red-headed daughters.'

The two girls eagerly looked at their sister.

'"Gorgons and hydras and chimæras dire!"' ejaculated Edgar. 'If I were you, W. W., I'd get up a little more charitably disposed towards my brother on a Sunday morning!'

'It is Angela's wildness that I am afraid of,' said Wilmet.

'She sha'n't go near a tea-kettle,' said Edgar. 'Put on your hats, chickabiddies, if you wish to catch the Cathedral.'

'May we? O Wilmet, pray!' entreated Robina.

'I will see what Felix says.'

'A graceful form of shifting the obloquy of the negative,' muttered Edgar, as Wilmet disappeared.

'Felix will decide as he thinks good,' said Robina with dignity.

'As *she* thinks good, you mean,' said Edgar. 'Well, I wonder how you all contrive to stand it. I couldn't, I know, even for a quiet life.'

'You've not been broken in, you see,' said Lance, trying to answer with nonchalance.

'No, I only see a specimen occasionally. What has she been doing to you this morning, that has spoilt your appetite, and brought you under her thumb?'

'Don't, Edgar!' burst out Lance, starting up and running away.

'No, Edgar,' said Geraldine; 'it is not kind. It *is* hard enough for him as it is, and it is all for Felix's sake.'

Luckily, Clement had the wisdom not to speak, and therefore Cherry obtained a more reasonable answer.

'Well, that is a plea, Cherry; but it does rile me to see a fellow like that dragooned over, and thrown away, to bolster up a wretched little business such as this. It's a mistake, depend upon it, to let the demon of present necessity engulf another of the best of us. My squibs are conscientious, I assure you.'

'I don't care for her!' exclaimed Bernard; 'I'll go with you whenever you please, Edgar!'

'Well, Wilmet, under what decent mask do you veil your stony heart?' asked Edgar, as she re-entered.

'Felix sees no reason against their going,' said Wilmet, rather gloomily. 'Only, Edgar, pray don't encourage Angela to get into one of her states. You don't know what they are.'

For Felix had decided it against her. 'Yes, let them go. I don't believe he can bear to face anyone in the town, and the charge of them will be a safe-guard.'

'But Angela?'

'My dear, the worst that can happen with her is that she should be a little boisterous with the Harewoods;' and as Wilmet shewed that the prospect was unpleasing, 'that is better than what he could do alone, or with Lance.'

'Yes, I was resolved to stop Lance. I don't know whether to tell you, but I think you ought to know.'

'What?' asked Felix anxiously.

'Last night, at half-past eleven—just when I had finished your hand —I smelt smoke. So I went down to see what was on fire, and—'

'You found Edgar smoking in the kitchen.'

'If it had been only Edgar, I should not have minded, but it was Lance too. I do think you ought to give him a warning, Felix, for they would do nothing but laugh at me. Edgar would only go into transports about my hair, and say how long it was. I don't think I was ever so nearly in a passion in my life! If he is teaching Lance those ways—'

'He is not Lance's first instructor in smoke,' said Felix; 'I believe your own Harewoods were that, Mettie.'

'Now you are laughing too, Felix! I don't know how you can. It seems to me that it is all up with us if Edgar is to lead away Lance; and Lance was not up this morning for Church—the first time I have known him miss.'

'Well,' said Felix, rather hastily, 'it is of no use pulling reins too tight. Don't keep those poor children waiting, or you'll make them all too late.'

Wilmet had to obey, with the fretted sense that she had not been met

as she expected, and that her alarms were injudiciously made light of; and Geraldine meantime tried to explain Edgar's bitter mischief as pain of heart; but it grieved her, whatever it was, and her spirits sank the more for the physical exhaustion of yesterday's violent laughter. But Edgar, looking in to see whether the little girls were ready, and finding her alone, leaning against the window disconsolately, came up, and putting his arm round her, said, 'So I scandalize you, Gerald? I can't give my carcase to be battened on by the ghools, were they the best family ghools in the world.'

'Edgar!'

'Besides, you know all this was diligently fostered by old Blunderbore's duteous intermeddling; and as it was not my fault that I furnished a spectacle for gods and men *then*, I *will* not now.'

'Only, Edgar, if you *do* care for Felix, do not, pray do not spoil his comfort in Lance!'

'If I don't, nature will, Cherry. That boy is not the stuff to make a journeyman stationer, at Wilmet's orders. Oh! if you could but have seen her, when she surprised us with our pipes last night! I couldn't get her to stand still, or she would have been a perfect study for Antigone. She is a magnificent creature with her hair down!—Ha! little kids, we must scamper for it for the train!'

And off he went, leaving Geraldine not much less unhappy for his apology. The long day alone with Felix was a better consolation. She could not leave the house in such cold as the present; and Felix was dressed as soon as breakfast was over, and came into the drawing-room, where after their home service, and when he had proved his freedom from cough by reading a grand sermon of Newman's, his reserve gave way in the Sunday calm, and he asked, 'Did Edgar say anything to you, Chérie?'

She repeated the saying about the ghools, as it was evidently meant for circulation among those respectable parties.

Felix smiled, and said, 'I thought so,' and told in return Edgar's defiant reception of the tidings.

'I don't think,' said Cherry, 'that I was ever more uncomfortable than through his fun. It felt like laughing-gas; it forced one on, and yet it was so unreal. He wants to treat it on the hawk-gone-down-the-wind principle.'

'It is the gallant and the wise one, Cherry. So you ought to admire it more than you seem to do.'

'It cannot be wise if it be not true. That is, if it ever went deep with him.'

'He never meant it to go deep,' said Felix; 'but the very extravagance of his defiance makes me afraid it took stronger hold than he knew, and that the shock may be very bad for him.'

'But she—' and Cherry stopped, afraid to vex him by speaking of Alice's incapacity to raise a character.

He calmly finished. 'She was not all we thought her. True, poor child; but an attachment worthily and steadily maintained, as for all his nonsense this has been, must be well for a man; and a disruption of this kind must be a breaking up—whether he treat it lightly or no—of foundations such as one who seems to have little besides can ill afford to stand.'

It was the first time that the secret anxiety had been openly named, and Cherry clasped her hands.

'That is my chief anxiety,' resumed Felix. 'Otherwise the end of this matter is of course an advantage.'

'If she could use him so, she was not worth constancy,' said Cherry.

'No!' It was a decided No, though it was followed by 'As they had made her. Poor child! She was full of sweet womanly gifts, and might have been made everything excellent; but Edgar estimated her more truly than I did. There was always a certain spirit of intrigue, and want of substance, or she could never have so treated him.'

'Entirely unfeeling.'

'Or rather, too light to appreciate feeling otherwise than as a tribute to herself, or to dwell on the absent,' said Felix sadly. 'I now believe that she was conscious of—of my liking. Indeed, I am sure of it; I only tried to hope otherwise, though it was easy to forgive her preference for one so much more attractive. There was no harm in that. But as things stood with him, to throw him over without a word shews an essential want of comprehension of what was due to others.'

'She might at least have written through her aunts.'

'With a right sense of honour she would; but I believe she had no education in such things. Poor little thing! I hope the Frenchman will do well by her.'

'Felix dear, may I ask you—this is not the pain that it was before?'

'No,' said Felix, looking steadily at her, with his chin on his hand. 'No, certainly not. I was greatly shocked and upset at first, but not personally; though of course I must always feel towards her as I never can for any other woman;' then, at Cherry's start, 'I mean that the woman who fills one's life with a certain glory and radiance of—possibility, never can be the same as others to one, even though it lasted ever so short a time, and was ever so great a mistake. But that does not mean wishing to begin it over again.'

'Not with her.'

'It is absurd to make auguries or protests,' said Felix quietly; 'but from a boy I knew well that that sort of thing could hardly be for me, and I am content to have returned to that conviction. Even ending, as it has done, the year of—of—perhaps fool's paradise was well worth having, but I hope it will serve me for life. If I can keep faithful to what I once thought Alice, it will be best for all of us. So don't be

anxious about me, my Whiteheart. The trouble of last winter was over long ago, and the zest and spirit of life came back with strength and work. I am quite as happy now as I was before—happier, I think.'

'Then this need not make you ill,' breathed Cherry, aware that she was saying something foolish. Indeed, Felix laughed a little.

'Hardly,' he said playfully. 'Remember, Cherry, what a predicament I was in—obliged to act the heavy father, as Edgar calls it, when I was so much concerned myself, and with him telling me I was a fool for my pains, as I believe I was. Besides, it was a good honest cold I caught at Brompton, in a very sharp east wind. If you insist on going any further, you will become a family ghool, Cherry.' She was obliged to laugh; and he continued, 'No, don't be anxious. This was an opportune scald. I should have found the day's work severe, if I had not had time to face this thoroughly. Such a quiet day last spring would have been worth a quart of cod-liver oil later.'

Therewith the pattering of many feet resounded on the frost-bound street; and the church-goers returned, averring that Mr. Smith's sermon had been like enough to Edgar's to render it difficult to keep their countenances, and to make them rejoice in Angela's absence. Of this Felix might judge for himself, for not long after the preacher himself arrived, offering the MS. for an abstract for the paper, all unconscious of the second-sight that had reported it already.

There he lingered, trying to talk, as if he wanted to say something that would not come out; and at last he was only driven from the field by the return of Edgar and the girls, who came in open-mouthed and eager out of the cold.

Edgar had had a great deal of fun with Mrs. Harewood, and had on his side fascinated all the family; so that Robina confided to Lance that she thought Grace Harewood ought to be warned, for Edgar went on with her like 'You know what.'

'Make yourself easy,' said Lance; 'Grace and Lucy know all about that better than any girl in Minsterham. What did old Bill say? and what anthem did you have?'

Felix and Geraldine spent the Evening Service hour in very different fashion from the morning; for Edgar was their companion, and took the opportunity of making the remonstrance he had threatened about Lance and his prospects. He had never been *fine* in Alda's way, and had not her feelings about losing caste; but whereas his politics were diametrically opposed to those of the Pursuivant, he thought Felix ranging himself, according to his essential Blunderbore nature, on the side of the old giants destined to destruction, and wasting talent and substance on a hopeless and thankless cause; but he knew his brother to be past remonstrance, and to be perfectly well aware that this was the losing side. Only Edgar entered a strong protest against Lance being, as he said, sacrificed just to make Wilmet's pot boil, and bolster up the old Pursuivant a little longer.

'You can't be more averse to it than I,' said Felix. 'If he could only go back to his work, he might yet get to the University.'

'Pshaw! that's not what I meant. He is not the stuff; you were the only one of us that had the making of a scholar. Now Lance has got just the taste and the talent that were baulked in my case by old Tom's sticking me down to hides and tallow, when I ought to have been cultivating them.'

'There's this difference,' said Geraldine; 'Cousin Thomas stuck you, but Lance sticks himself.'

'Under moral compulsion, eh?'

'The compulsion was on me,' said Felix. 'I was really afraid to deny him; the idleness, and the fretting over it, were doing his head so much harm.'

'That's all very well. No harm done; but to let him go on here in the stodge is a bit of short-sightedness I can't understand. He'll never be happy in it; and you'd better let him go before it is too late.'

'Go? but how, and where? His health is not fit for study, and his voice ought to rest for another year.'

Then Edgar explained his own plan. Lance had already considerable musical knowledge, and ability such that his way in the musical world would be secure. Amateur as he was himself, Edgar had such a footing there that he could secure an introduction for his brother, who while learning would be able to maintain himself; and either by violin or voice, if not by original composition, win name, fame, and fortune, in a few years. A manager of high reputation Edgar mentioned as likely to accept and train the boy; and he added that for his own part he would watch over the little fellow; and he added, with a look in his eyes that went to Felix's heart, 'And nothing would do me so much good *now* as the charge of him.'

'That I *do* believe, Edgar,' said Felix warmly; 'but it would be throwing the helve after the hatchet in a way you can't expect of a heavy father.'

'Exactly what I knew you would say. You veil it a little more; but we poor Bohemians don't meet with much more charity from you than from our stately sister. Reprobates all—eh?'

'Living a life of temptation enough to make me choose no one to be drawn into it that I can prevent. Have you been talking to Lance about it?'

'Well, it rose out of last night's talk to him. Not that he gave in to it. He's loyal to you to the back-bone, and all importance too with the charge of the shop. Besides, that cathedral—it's a sort of mother's milk to him, not out of his mouth.'

'That's a good hearing!' said Felix, with a rather defiant smile.

'But it won't last,' said Edgar; 'the drudgery and sameness will tell; and you'd better give in with a good grace in time, Blunderbore.'

'You've been persuading him,' said Cherry reproachfully.

'Well, Cherry, I'm not in the habit of confounding virtue with dullness; and when the little chap talked to me of the musical doings I had been after, I felt the sin and shame of getting a nightingale to make a barn-door fowl of.'

'I can only tell you,' said Felix, with more annoyance than he usually betrayed, 'that if you took your nightingale to the din of London, and the excitement of a concert, you'd have him with inflammation on the brain before the week was out. Why, I sent him over to see his doctor at Minsterham, and he says it would be murder to send him back to his books and the choir for this next quarter at least; and if cathedral music will not do for him, judge if London concerts would!'

'And did you think I wanted to carry off your deputy right hand while your own is hung up in a bag, you jealous old giant? Why, I proposed to devote myself to the Pursuivant to-morrow!'

'Thank you; I am afraid it would be taken for the Tribune.'

'As if I couldn't hit off the complacent, gentle, manly, stick-in-the-mud style for squiredom! I'll write you a leader—on what shall it be, municipalities, or the smut in wheat?—that you shall not know from your own.'

To wish Edgar away was impossible, and yet how feel-willing that Lance should be under such influence? Withal there was the difficulty of shewing Wilmet that to fret Lance with restrictions was a dangerous thing at such a moment. She would yield to Felix's desire that she would not interfere with that orgie over the kitchen fire—which he regarded all the time with as much dread as herself—but she thought his concession weak; and Lance himself was perilously like Edgar in all his bright pleasant qualities, talents, and tastes, so that the two had an enjoyment in one another's company that it was painful to regard with anxiety.

(*To be continued.*)

DOMINIE FREYLINGHAUSEN.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

CHAPTER XII.

THE sleighing-party did not come off after all on the day originally fixed for it. The niece whom Madame Schuyler took home to stay with her fell dangerously ill; and though her mother went at once to the Flats to assist in nursing her, and her illness lasted but a short time, it was of course out of the question for the kind aunt to leave her, or to have anything like gaiety in the house till she had recovered.

It seemed a light matter, this postponement of the party, in com-

parison with the more distressing consequences of Catalina Cuyler's illness; but yet the results were not altogether unimportant. In the first place, all hopes of bringing the Dominie's influence to bear upon Mr. Vyvian, with regard to the objectionable play which his regiment proposed to act, were frustrated by it; for before the party took place a performance of the 'Recruiting Officer' had been publicly announced for the ensuing week, and one of the principal parts in it assigned to him; so that there was no longer the least likelihood of his being persuaded to draw back, even if the Dominie could be induced to condescend to persuasion. Moreover, such slight chance as there might have been of the Dominie's acting towards him in a conciliatory spirit was now quite gone by; and it was only by reminding M. Freylinghausen of his *promise*, and treating the fulfilment of it as something absolutely due to his old friendship for the Colonel and herself, that Madame Schuyler got him to the party at all. She felt as if she were going to lead a forlorn hope, when she ordered her sleigh to the door that bright March afternoon, and set forth to welcome her guests from the city, who had agreed to meet her at a certain point on the river, and proceed at once to Stonehook, where they were to pause for refreshments.

It was a pretty sight, when the crowd of sleighs came gliding along over the firm ice; and the greetings were for the most part glad and eager, and the sleigh-bells tinkled merrily; but Madame was too anxious to see who had come, and how they had arranged themselves, to be able to take in all the pleasantness of the scene. Mr. Vyvian was driving Cornelia Banker, and Cornelia's loud giggle was heard even above the tinkling of the bells; Madame Ryckman had paired off with the Dominie, and Franzje was seated beside her brother Evert—M. Ryckman being nowhere to be seen. Madame Banker and Killian, who had been invited after all—Engeltje and her father—Major Berkeley and the eldest Mademoiselle Cuyler—and shy Mr. Charlwood bringing up the rear with Cornelius Banker, and casting admiring glances from afar at Franzje—all these Madame took in with one sweeping glance, and then her anxiety was in a measure appeased, for how the other guests disposed of themselves she did not very much care. There would be a fresh arrangement made at Stonehook, where the Renselaers and others would meet them, (if indeed they did not join them by the way;) and then Madame Schuyler intended, if possible, to get the Dominie to herself, and to give Franzje *one* of the beaux, though not perhaps Mr. Vyvian, as he was in her black books now, as well as the Dominie's, for having consented to take part in the impending theatricals. From Stonehook they were going to proceed further up the river, so whatever pairs were formed there would remain together till they all got back to the Flats in time for the substantial supper which was to be the crown of the entertainment.

Franzje did not look at all unhappy in the companionship of her

brother, and was talking to him with quite as much animation as if he had been one of her devoted admirers. Madame Schuyler thought it would be hard if the infection of that innocent joyousness did not spread even to the Dominie before the day was done; and by-and-by, when the party all found themselves together in the state-parlour at Stonehook, she was glad to see him approach Franzje with something of the old paternal friendliness in look and smile.

'Vrow Dorkman shewed me the warm coverlet you brought her this morning,' he said; 'I am glad to find you do not forget her.'

Spite of all that had come and gone, Franzje flushed up with pleasure at the words. 'I am sorry I did not finish it before,' said she; 'the south winds will be coming soon, and then good-bye to snow and frost. Perhaps, however, it will serve her for another winter.'

'If she should live to see another; but she seems to me to be very near her rest. Near her *rest*,' he repeated absently, with a sort of soft grave stress upon the words, as if the sound of them soothed him somehow.

Franzje looked up at him, then round at the large room full of guests of all ages, then out over the ice-bound river along which his gaze was travelling. 'She said this morning that her work was done. It is not wrong for people who have not even *found* their work yet, to be more anxious to live than she is—is it, Dominie?'

It was just one of the old thoughtful questions in the simple grave tone of appeal which had once been so familiar to the Dominie's ear; but something in it seemed to jar upon him, and he answered abruptly, 'Each of us has his work—we need not go far to find it; only some of us have been too busy with play lately to think of work at all.'

'The play?' said Mr. Vyvian, catching up the word as he approached with a cup of chocolate for Franzje. 'Have you heard the last proposal, Mademoiselle? It is that some of you young ladies should take the female parts—your friend Mademoiselle Banker, and others.'

It was an audacious invention of his own, made up on the spot for the purpose of shocking the Dominie; but Franzje, who had not seen the book of the play, had no idea *how* outrageous the notion was, and was startled by the withering glance of indignation and contempt which the Dominie turned upon the jester.

'You need not give a thought to the matter, my child,' he said in a studiously calm tone, interposing his stately person between the girl and her admirer, as if he thought the latter unfit even to approach her; 'fortunately there is no maiden in the whole city so utterly lost to a sense of modesty as to entertain the proposal for a moment.'

'I understood that it sprang from Mademoiselle Gronow herself,' said Russell in his demurest voice, sitting down on a chair at Franzje's elbow, and beginning to sip the chocolate, as if it were merely his own cup which he had brought in his hand, and not at all as if he had been baulked in his intention of offering it to Franzje.

He was not altogether slandering Anna, for she had really expressed a great desire to appear on the stage, and had bedecked herself one evening in Dorinda's garments for Colonel Trelawny's benefit, but she had never seriously entertained any idea of acting in public; and the Dominie, badly as he thought of her, did not give credit for a moment to Mr. Vyvian's insinuation.

'We are not bound to believe such a monstrous assertion,' he said, still addressing Franzje; 'and we have both known Anna somewhat longer than Lieutenant Vyvian.'

'I wish you joy of the intimacy, Sir,' said Russell, with a supercilious curl of the lip.—'Mademoiselle Ryckman, have you had any refreshment? No doubt M. Freylinghausen has been taking care of you.'

Franzje looked round, aghast at the supposition. That the pastor should wait upon her seemed too ridiculous an idea even to require refutation; but apparently M. Freylinghausen himself did not resent the hint so much as she did for him.

'You have nothing to eat!' said he, as if suddenly waking up to the perception. 'Here, Cornelius, my lad, bring some chocolate and cakes this way, if you please.'

Cornelius Banker, who was creeping along with both hands full, after the sleepy fashion of the fat boy in Pickwick, gave an awkward start at being thus hailed by the Dominie; but having contrived to recover his balance before any harm was done, soon obeyed the summons; and so Franzje's wants were supplied without the Dominie's having to budge an inch from his defensive position.

As for his own refreshment, that was brought to him by the hostess herself, with every manifestation of respectful solicitude; and Russell Vyvian, after standing his ground for another minute or so, and hiding his discomfiture under a nonchalant satirical air, got up and returned to the Demoiselles Banker, who received him with very gratifying *empressement*, even the shy little Engeltje making room for him on the ottoman beside her. He was horribly disgusted and out of temper, but he resolved to revenge himself on the Dominie by making violent love to Franzje as soon as he got her to himself. 'Madame Schuyler said the sleighs were to keep together,' thought he; 'but I'll see if I can't inspire my trusty steed with a tendency to run away. No fear of Franzje's being frightened; she has a good spirit of her own, though she does look as demure as Goody Two-shoes herself when once the Dominie gets hold of her. How shall I contrive to get rid of him when we start, I wonder? I must get Madame Schuyler to help me; she is a kind soul, though she did make the mistake of asking this intolerable old tyrant to her party.'

Madame Schuyler was to a certain extent playing into his hands without knowing it, for when the refreshments began to circulate less freely, and the time for departure seemed drawing near, she said to her husband, 'Suppose you take some of the young people down with

you, Philip, and get them seated first. I want Franzje to have one of the young men to drive her—not Mr. Vyvian, perhaps, but Mr. Charlwood or Killian; and Evert can have little Engeltje, they will make a nice pair.'

So Franzje was borne off by the Colonel, while the Dominie was detained to listen to the compliments of the lady of Stonehook, and her thanks for honouring her with his presence; and Russell quickly followed in the Colonel's wake, and was at Franzje's side directly they reached the porch. He had scarcely had time, however, to remind her of her promise, before she was beset by Killian, Cortlandt Cuyler, and Mr. Charlwood; and though he quickly snubbed the latter, and sent him off feeling that an ensign had no chance when his adjutant was in the field, the two Albanian youths were not so easily disposed of.

'You *must* come with me, Franzje,' said young Cuyler, who was afterwards known in his regiment by the soubriquet of 'the handsome savage;'—'I hate all girls except you, and Mother only got me here by saying no doubt you would let me drive you.'

'Madame Ryckman gave me leave to ask you,' pleaded Killian on the other side; 'and I have brought my new sleigh, that I got from New York on purpose for you.'

'Mademoiselle Ryckman is engaged to me,' asserted Russell in his most imperious tone, but with a glance at Franzje that was all gallant entreaty.—'You know, Mademoiselle, I have your *promise*.'

'I said if Aunt Schuyler liked,' rejoined Franzje, perplexed between her real wish to give him the preference, and her fear that all her elders and brothers might be displeased if she did.

'Of course she likes—she asked me to come on purpose to meet you,' he urged; and so he continued to press her, while Killian and Cortlandt, from sheer rivalry, would take no denial either; and at length it seemed as if a brawl were about to commence among the three young men.

Colonel Schuyler thought it time to interpose; and very good-naturedly, but with all the authority which his age and position gave him, he said, 'Come, Franzje, if you can put up with an old man instead of a young one, I think I must ask you to drive with me.—Excuse me, Sir,' as Mr. Vyvian was about to remonstrate, 'your turn will come another time, I dare say.' And without waiting for more objections, he took Franzje's hand kindly within his own, and led her to the sleigh.

She made no resistance, she even gave a faint smile, as he tucked in the bear-skin round her, and told her he would be as gallant as an old man knew how to be; but the smile was absent and forced, and the blue eyes seemed rivetted to the spot where Mr. Vyvian stood, with clouded brow, apparently indifferent to the fact that ladies young and old were flocking past him, and that his sleigh was drawn up in readiness, and waiting to be occupied.

Presently, Aunt Schuyler went and spoke to him, and under her cheerful influence his gloom relaxed a little; but he seemed to negative one after the other the propositions she made, and at last, with an air of haughty condescension, marched up to one of the old country dames who was very deaf and very dull, and offered to be her charioteer.

Franzje looked just a little bit pleased, and then was ready to laugh at herself for feeling as if Mr. Vyvian's sulkiness were a kind of tribute to her. She had thought that he would console himself with the vivacious Cornelia, and it could not fail to be a little gratifying to her vanity to find that he refused to be consoled at all. She thought he was much worse off with regard to a companion than she was; for she had a really grateful affection for the good old Colonel, and after a bit brightened up, and talked to him with all her own natural sweetness.

There was something exhilarating in the dashing speed at which they were going, in the clearness of the atmosphere, the brightness of the sunshine, and the mingled clamour of voices and bells; the frozen banks, and the snow-laden trees that crested them, seemed to be flying too, and Franzje's eyes sparkled and her colour rose with youthful healthful enjoyment.

When they got near the Cohocs, a famous waterfall about ten miles above Albany, where three rivers united their streams, they were obliged to diverge from the ice and take to the road; and then the rate of progress was slower, and the occupants of some of the sleighs began to talk to each other.

'You seem well amused, Mademoiselle,' said Russell Vyvian sarcastically, as he urged his sturdy little American horse to its fastest trot, and shewed off his skill as a driver, rather to the terror of his elderly companion.

'She is longing to get past the portage* and take to the river again,' answered the Colonel for her, glancing down with a smile into the radiant face.

'I am so glad you are with the Colonel, my dear,' called out Madame Ryckman approvingly, as he in his turn shewed off the paces of his steed, and passed the vehicle which contained the good lady and M. Cuyler.

'Do you call yourself "one of the young men," Philip?' asked Aunt Schuyler merrily of her husband, as the Dominie and she came for a moment side-by-side with Franzje and the Colonel.

The Dominie said nothing, but gave Franzje a glance of dignified approval which she felt she did not deserve, and which somewhat nettled her. Approving looks from the Dominie were rare now, but she did not feel as if she could consent to win them at the price of giving up all intercourse with Mr. Vyvian. Unconsciously to herself, she wanted to bring the Dominie to admit that she could enjoy that intercourse and yet

* The name given to any part of a river where a canoe cannot pass, but is obliged to be taken to the shore and carried.

be none the worse. That he was so loth to admit it, seemed to her the result of his narrowness—and so in a measure it was; nor, perhaps, was she to blame for perceiving that narrowness as she would not have done a year before.

A belief in the infallibility of pastors and teachers is scarcely possible, perhaps, except in early youth, and seldom survives the first contact with the world; but happy those whom maturer judgement brings no diminishing of the early loyalty; who do not come to think lightly of the 'treasure' because they realize that it is contained 'in earthen vessels;' who can allow for mistakes and imperfections in their guides as in themselves, and not therefore refuse to be guided at all, but trust in the unseen Hand which over-rules such mistakes for their good.

The Colonel saw a half-vexed half-determined expression settle down upon the girl's fair face, and said to himself, 'I shall be surprised if she and the handsome young Englishman do not get a drive together before the day is done. I wish I could think of him as charitably as Catalina does! but I am afraid his merits begin and end with his handsome person and distinguished air. 'Tis a pity, for he is a fair match for Franzje in looks; and the army is not a bad profession to *my* thinking, though my good friend Evert Ryckman might not relish a military son-in-law.'

The drive, though a long one, being chiefly on the ice, was accomplished in a wonderfully short space of time; and the party returned to the Flats before the sun had set, and about half-past six sat down to a supper which almost rivalled that of the Gronows in its abundance of good things. It was served in what was called in homely phrase 'the eating-room' of the summer mansion, a stately place, hung round with fine Scripture paintings, and seldom used except for company. The pictures had been brought from Holland by Colonel Schuyler's ancestor, and were old and good. There was one representing Esau coming to demand his father's blessing; and the fine bold figure of the hunter, and the anguish of rejection depicted on his strongly-marked features, drew many eyes to it, even though most of the guests had seen it at various times before. Franzje, from her childhood up, had loved to study that picture, and had always been haunted and fascinated by the dark, splendid, despairing face.

'Oh! I am so sorry for Esau!' rose to her lips now, as a hundred times before; and though she did not utter it, her two neighbours—Mr. Vyvian on the one side, and M. Cuyler on the other—both noticed her absorbed regretful gaze; and while the latter only looked at her and then went on quietly with his plate of roast pig, the former said with a smile, 'You seem very much taken up with that picture, Mademoiselle. What is it meant for? Is it Actæon coming home with his spoils? I suppose it must be a presentiment of his future fate that makes him look so miserable.'

The blue eyes turned to him with frankest wonder. 'It is Esau bringing the venison for his father, and finding he has been forestalled.

Can you help being sorry for his losing the blessing, even though he did not deserve it?'

'I am afraid I never thought about it enough to be sorry. Jacob supplanted him, did he not? I wonder he only talked about "slaying" Jacob; I should have slain him outright if I had been he.'

'You do not mean it,' said the girl tranquilly, too incredulous to be shocked.

'More than you think! I *hate* whatever comes between me and the objects on which I set my heart.'

There was a force of passion in face and voice, which seemed to shew that there were some subjects on which he could feel with an intensity which one could scarcely have looked for from the man's slight nature. A sense of keen personal animosity gave point and emphasis to his words; and Franzje shuddered and turned away from him, as if she had had a real glimpse of his soul, and did not like what she found there.

But then, in a low soft tone, he murmured, 'I believe my love is as intense as my hate, and that it is its nature to aspire: as Esau could sit down content with a daughter of Heth, and leave it to his brother to seek out a Rachel, no wonder he put up tamely with the loss of the birth-right and the blessing. As for me, I mean to win *my* Rachel, if I serve seven years for her; and when I have won her, she shall make whatever she likes of me.'

No one but herself heard the words; no one knew the foolish thrill, half exultation and half shrinking, which they sent through her; but she was aware of a sort of frowning watch kept upon her by the Dominie from his place at the opposite side of the table; and with an instinct of courageous openness not unmingled with perversity, she answered the eloquent glance that accompanied them by one of her own beautiful star-like looks of gratitude and trust, and such belief in the better nature of her imperious lover, as always raised him to her own level for the moment.

How he loved her for giving him that look under the very eyes of his rival, as he still persisted in considering the pastor. M. Cuyler spoke to her the next minute, and there were no more asides while the meal lasted; but Russell was now invincibly determined that nothing should baulk him of the short drive homewards with Franzje from the Flats to her own door. He had been disappointed of her company twice that day, and it was only by a ruse that he had managed to get the seat next her at supper; but he would not be disappointed a third time. Not all the Dominies in creation should snatch his good angel from him; he meant to have her love to bless his life, though all the forces of Puritanism were allied to keep her out of his reach; and he meant to win some avowal of it from her lips that very night. His Colonel's sneers, and the more good-natured ridicule of his younger comrades, had faded from his mind; he had ceased to think of what Lady Mary would say when he presented her with a Dutch-American for a daughter-in-law;

he was fully purposed now to make Franzje his wife, let the consequences be what they might.

The party that gathered round the wood fire after supper was sociable and even hilarious in a mild kind of way; but to Franzje it was something like the evening of the play over again. Aimwell and Dorinda had engrossed her thoughts then, and she had cared little what anybody else did or said; and now she herself was Dorinda, and Aimwell's looks and words and meaning tones were all for her; what passed among the rest of the company was well-nigh indifferent to her.

How the finale was managed she never quite knew. All at once, the Patroon and his wife rose up and asked to have their sledge brought round to the door; and then there was a sudden buzz of leave-taking, and with scarcely an adieu to her kind host and hostess, she found herself hurried out into the porch, her wraps produced with marvellous celerity from a heap of others by a grinning negress, and a strong arm helping her down the steps, and almost lifting her into a sleigh which stood in readiness at a short distance from the house.

The moon was shining in all its brightness; the stars were looking down in their steadfast splendour; and the pure white snow, reflecting the moonlight and starlight, was even more dazzling than it had been by day. Each feature in the landscape—from the pine-crowned hills in the distance, to the gleaming white railings which bounded on each side the short piece of private road leading from the Flats to the public highway —remained fixed indelibly on Franzje's mind, though at the moment she scarcely seemed to remark anything around her, or to have a thought to spare for the beauty of the night. Never could she forget how, when they came to the high-road, Mr. Vyvian checked his impatient horse and let some of the other sleighs pass him, apparently that he might enjoy the baffled look of the Dominie and Killian; nor how, when they were gone by, he pushed on with lightning speed and passed *them*, gazing down at her with a proud air of possession as he dashed onwards towards the town. The mere thought of that wild drive, and her companion's eager rapturous burning words, would set her heart beating for months afterwards, though yet the deepest emotions of her nature remained unstirred. What there was in her of sentiment, of poetry, of a woman's natural craving for love and service, awoke, and lent a softened beauty to her face as she listened; and the spell of her young fresh innocence was on him, and kept him from uttering a word that would have wounded her sensitive modesty. He loved her with the highest part of his nature, and in this supreme moment the lowest was kept out of sight as by a natural instinct.

He did not ask her in so many words to be his wife, he could not shape any formal proposal at the time; but he implied that that was the hope he was setting before him, and probably she did not in the least expect anything more explicit. While it was considered allowable in Albany for young men and maidens freely to avow their mutual love, the

actual terms of marriage were usually settled for them by their parents or guardians; and Franzje only felt that the strange unlooked-for romance which had come into her life was now advancing towards its height, and did not seek to hurry it to a practical conclusion. It was so very *very* wonderful, that this clever, handsome, attractive Englishman should care for her! She was lost in wonder and gratitude, and a girlish sense of triumph. When they reached her door, he drew her towards him for an instant, and by an irresistible impulse, gave her one long kiss. It burned on her startled lips, this first lover's kiss, and her cheeks glowed as if the clear, cold, heavenly moonlight had turned to noon-day heat. Would that glow have faded as quickly as it had come, could she have known that that first kiss was also to be the last; that the brief love-dream of that spring night was all she was ever to have of what makes a great portion of the life of many women; that nobler, more satisfying things lay before her in the future; but never again anything like the passionate sweetness of that moment, when she had seemed to see her lover's face all glorified by the halo that her suddenly awakened devotion threw around it, when she had still believed in him and in herself?

To some the romance of life comes later—so late that it is marred by a fear of being ridiculous, and of what the world will say: to others it comes prematurely, before they have learnt to discern the true from the false; and then it is apt to leave a sting behind it—a regret for what no after-wisdom can undo. There came a day—and that not very far in the future either—when Franzje would fain have taken that kiss from off her lips, and unsaid the few sweet low words which had given substance to Mr. Vyvian's hopes. Romance is not a necessity of existence; better to be without it, than to have it shorn of its possible nobleness, its possible power of lifting us into that pure region where, through love of one worthy to be loved, we are drawn upwards to the highest Love of all!

Just for this one night, at least, there was no misgiving and no repenting. When Madame Ryckman got home, and went in search of Franzje, she found her standing before her little oval mirror, not in a trance of vanity, poor child! but in order to settle that question which rises so instinctively in some hearts at such moments: 'Is this really me? Can it be me that he loves so, and is ready to die for? What can he see in me to make him care so much?'

When she turned round, in all her glowing bashful beauty, at the sound of her mother's step, anyone but herself could have answered the question; for hers was not the loveliness of form and feature only—the whole depths of her noble and tender soul were shining through her eyes. Her mother looked at her with a startled and confused air. She had come to rebuke; but something in the girl's aspect made her forget the speech she had been putting together on her way up-stairs.

'Franzje, is it possible that you care for this man?' was all that she could say.

Her daughter did not answer, but came and put two trembling hands in hers, and gave her one shy glance, and then turned away the beautiful blushing face.

'Oh, my dear child! you have not let him think so?' questioned the mother, in consternation at this mute response.

Still Franzje would not speak, and Madame Ryckman's fears were verging upon certainties.

'At least you did not let him kiss you? I told the Dominie I was certain you would not. Look up, and tell me that you did not!'

'But I did,' said Franzje, in a soft sweet voice, that refused to be ashamed, though her eyes were still cast down in maidenly confusion.

And then she started at feeling her mother's tears upon her neck, as the good lady thus bemoaned herself: 'Oh! my poor child! my poor little foolish innocent maid! How came I ever to let you out of my sight? O Franzje! Franzje!'

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF MRS. DOROTHY.

(AS RELATED BY HERSELF.)

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER VI.

SIR AMBROSE had bidden me not to affright myself, thereby terrifying me most effectually; for sure there is nothing more alarming than to be told very gravely and mysteriously that one has no cause for fear. I know not what I thought, or what I dreaded; but as soon as the two gentlemen had left me to hold their secret conference, I burst into a very passion of tears. Mrs. Miller and Kitty hung over me, scolding and soothing me by turns, trying to stuff sweetmeats into my mouth, and to bathe my temples with rose-water; but I rejected all their poor attempts to comfort me, and would do nothing but sob out, 'What is the matter? what is the matter? I am sure it is something about me! Oh, if I could only know! Papa! Papa!'

At last my attendants, thinking that so much crying would do me harm, resolved, after consulting together, to send a most humble message to Sir Ambrose, begging him to come to me immediately. This quieted me somewhat; and I even began to feel a little ashamed of myself, when, in answer to his summons, my father re-entered the room, bringing Mr. Anthony with him. The face of the one was flushed, of the other deadly pale; and they both looked very grave, though they now appeared to be friendly together. Desiring Kitty to go away, Sir

Ambrose sat down beside me, motioning the doctor to take a chair, which he declined, however, remaining standing.

'You are not angry, Papa, are you?' I faltered out; for I had never dreamt before of being so bold as to send for my father.

'Angry! nay, my little one. I have served you ill, I am thinking; though I meant it for the best.'

'If I could only know,' I said.

'You shall know.—Villette, shall I tell her?'

Mr. Anthony bowed his head.

And Sir Ambrose continued: 'I purposed to have told you very shortly, my dear. Your mo—Lady Holderness and I had determined that we would tell you as soon as you were twelve years old. It might have been better, perhaps, had you always known it; but I thought you would love us more, if— You have no remembrance, I suppose, of aught that happened before that sickness of yours, of which I have heard you speak?'

'I remember the stocks!' I cried.

'The stocks! What does the child mean?'

'The stocks at Stillingford, Papa. I have been to Stillingford with Giles; and when I saw the stocks, I said I was sure I remembered them.'

'It is possible you may have done so; for you lived at Stillingford once.'

'Did I?'

'Yes. You were born there: and it was at Stillingford that you had that long sickness, which confused your head. When you had recovered, Lady Holderness and I sent all the way from London to fetch you. You were scarce three years old; and having then no dear little child of our own, we taught you to call us "Papa" and "Mamma." You had been for some time parted from—from your own father.'

'My father!' I said, feeling all amazed. 'I—I do not understand!'

'No, no, I dare say not; and it cuts me to the heart to pain you, poor child! Lady Holderness and I ought never to have made you believe yourself our daughter; for you are in truth our niece. Your name is not Holderness, but Villette.'

'Is it? How strange! Then have I any papa and mamma now living?'

'Your mamma was a younger sister of mine: she died before you can remember. Your father is Mr. James Anthony de Villette—this gentleman, whom you have known only as Mr. Anthony.'

I gave a little cry, and hid my face in my pillow; but soon a hand was laid upon my head, and I knew it was my own dear father's touch. Half timidly I looked up, and turned towards him; and as he knelt down before my couch, I put my arm about his neck, and whispered, 'I am not sorry—I think I am glad.'

He kissed me with a long long kiss; and I heard him say, 'Thank

Heaven!' And then—though I know not why—I fell a crying again; and he wept also.

So the truth—the terrible truth, as my guardians had seemed to regard it—was known by me at last, exciting in me no dismay, but rather a feeling of thankfulness and joy.

Sir Ambrose was much astonished, and I think scarce pleased; as was natural perhaps, for he had been exceedingly good to me; and it must have appeared but little less than ungrateful in me to prefer a stranger to him.

'Upon my word, Anthony,' said he, when we were all somewhat calmer, 'she seems mighty willing to exchange me for you! By what magic have you stolen her heart?'

'I have not stolen it from you,' replied my father; 'it is large enough for us both, methinks. She has been talking of you to me continually.'

'Yes,' said I. 'And—and—*he* was always telling me how much I owed to you.'

'*He*—your father?'

'Yes: am I to call him "Father"? I should like—but I shall still call you "Papa."'

'A mighty concession, upon my word!' said Sir Ambrose. And he laughed in a way that somewhat grated upon me; though I believe he only laughed because he was afraid lest he also should cry.

As for worthy Mrs. Miller, 'tis needless to say that she wept; for she was so soft-hearted, that she had tears ready for all occasions.

'Ah Sir,' said she, 'there's no going against nature, is there, Sir? It was wonderful to see how Mrs. Dorothy took to Mr. Villette; but there's no going against nature.'

What she meant was not perhaps very plain, even to herself; yet she repeated her words a great many times, as if she were rather proud of them. I think, poor woman! she was mightily relieved to find she had not seriously displeased her master, nor was likely to forfeit her situation.

I was kept very quiet for the rest of the day, being hardly even permitted to see my new-found father. On the following morning, however, I had a long talk with him alone—he giving me leave to ask him as many questions as I would. Strange to say, I was less at ease with him now, than when I had held him to be only a doctor; and my words at first came slowly. 'Are you Mr. Jacques?' I asked.

'Yes, my child,' he answered, smiling. 'My name is Jacques Antoine (James Anthony) de Villette; and I have made use, you see, of both my Christian names.'

'It seems so odd my name should be Villette. Why did Papa and Mamma call me Holderness?'

'Because they thought so ill of me as a Jacobite and a conspirator, that they could not bear even to utter my name. I did not know of this; and when I first met you in the Park, I was not a little startled to hear you say you were their daughter. My child, my dear dear

child! what joy it was to me to see you, and yet what pain, for I would not make myself known to you, thinking this would be unfair towards those who had nurtured you during my absence. I was much distressed to find that Sir Ambrose was from home; but knowing that you had run the risk of taking the small-pox, I determined to stay here and watch over you, passing myself off as a doctor, which I could do with a safe conscience, having long ago acquired some knowledge of physic, in order that I might the better administer to the wants of the poor of my parish.'

'And when you first came here,' said I, 'did you come straight from France?'

'Yes—from the prison in which, as I told you, Mr. Jacques had for more than seven years been confined. At Dover, I learned that your Uncle Ambrose had succeeded to your great-uncle's title and estates; and this determined me to come at once to Much Allington.'

'And how did you get free from prison at last? you did not—'

'Profess myself a papist! Oh no, my child! had I done that, I should have been released long before; but I remained obstinate; and finding they could do naught with me, they deemed it as well, at last, to let me have my liberty. I came over to England with a worthy gentleman, who had been imprisoned with me, and who can bear witness to the truth of my story.'

'What wicked people the popish priests were, to have you put into prison!'

'Nay, not wicked at all, I trust—only mistaken. Doubtless they thought they were doing their duty. They strove hard to convert me.'

'I never thought of that before,' I said, with my face all aglow; 'but you are something of a martyr.'

He smiled, and kissed me, saying, 'Not such a one as your Rose Allin. But why do you look so glad, my child?'

'Because,' I whispered, 'I like—Father, to think you are very good.'

The word 'father' so pleased him, that he was forced to kiss me again.

'You will find out your father's faults by-and-by,' he said, 'if so be, my sweet one, he is spared to you. You must not think, love, I am out of danger yet. Were I to shew my face at Stillingford, the constables—despite my green spectacles—would soon be upon me. Even here, in this village, I am not safe. One poor person has already recognized me—the woman from whose child you caught the small-pox. She is grateful to me for what I have done for her baby; so I have little fear that she will betray me. She told me, however, that she knew me directly she saw me in the avenue. I did not remember her; though I took fright, and turned away from her, when I heard her say she came from Stillingford. I had no wish at that moment to be discovered, but I afterwards found her out, and visited her.'

'I went to Stillingford churchyard once,' I said presently, 'and saw the tomb-stone of a lady—Annabella de Villette; was that—'

'Your dear mother? It was, my child; and I trust you may grow

up like her. She it was who took such delight in your favourite chapter, the eleventh of St. John.'

'I saw her portrait once,' I said, 'at the blacksmith's.'

'Ah, so you might. Dame Hodges, the palsied woman, had a young son, who once painted your mother's picture. And now, dear child, I am going to fetch your good uncle, Sir Ambrose, in order that you may tell him with your own lips all that Dame Hodges told you.'

When Sir Ambrose came, I found some difficulty in telling my story; for I felt shy and uncomfortable in speaking to him before my father. However, at a whispered hint from the latter, I took to calling him 'Papa,' as heretofore, and then my shyness wore off, at least in a measure.

As soon as I had finished my story, he turned to my father, saying, 'Then you think this old woman, in speaking to Dolly of her uncle, may have meant yourself; and that she may be able to testify that these treasonable papers were slipped into your pocket without your knowledge?'

'I trust it may be so,' returned my father. 'I knew Dame Hodges well; and visited her very often, to read to and comfort her. Both her son and son-in-law seemed to me very singular people: and I remember it was reported in the village that they were agents of the Jacobite party. I believe, moreover, that Grieves the blacksmith had a grudge against me; for—owing to his having at a merry-making been drunken and disorderly—he once was put into the stocks, by my orders, as he fancied, I being, as you know, a magistrate. 'Twas done, in fact, on the sole authority of the constable; and on hearing of it I was angry, and went to desire him to be set free.'

'Did I go with you?' I asked eagerly. 'I recollect something of it. Was I with you?'

'Yes, my little one; I was taking you a walk when the news reached me that Grieves was in the stocks; and I hastened immediately to the village green, carrying you upon my shoulder. This happened, I think, about a month before I was summoned to Arras.'

'How strange,' I cried, 'that I should remember seeing the man in the stocks, and yet recollect nothing of your going away!'

'Nay, 'tis not strange at all; the one circumstance was more likely than the other to impress the mind of a little child.—Well, Holderness, what say you? If I give myself up to stand my trial, have I a chance, think you, of proving that I am no Jacobite conspirator?'

Sir Ambrose made some slight reply; but young as I was, I perceived that he was not wholly satisfied. He looked down upon my father as inferior in station to himself; and had, I believe, never altogether forgiven him for his presumption in marrying my mother, (who was held by many to have demeaned herself by becoming a clergyman's wife,) so that he was disposed to think ill of him.

By-and-by he drew him aside, and—as I afterwards was told—offered to allow him a handsome sum of money if he would take himself quietly

out of the country, leaving me behind him. But to such a proposal my father, being a man of spirit, would not so much as listen, declaring that, though deeply grateful to Sir Ambrose for all he had done for me, he could not and would not renounce the right he had over me as my parent.

The next day, contrary to all advice, he went to a justice of the peace, and declaring boldly who he was, surrendered himself, to answer to the charge which eight years before had been brought against him—that, namely, of having journeyed to France, for the purpose of conveying to the Pretender's party letters, promising them support if they would effect a landing on the Suffolk coast. These letters had been preserved as evidence against him; and he was immediately committed to prison, to stand his trial for high treason.

The lady who had adopted him was dead; but among her relations he had some powerful friends, and through their influence his imprisonment was made as light to him as possible. Still, though he wrote to me more than one pleasant letter, I must own that the few weeks which preceded his trial did seem to me a most drear and miserable time.

Sir Ambrose returned to Bath, where he had left Lady Holderness and Tommy; but I remained shut up in the Manor-house, seeing no one save my attendants. As I grew stronger, I went out riding again upon Lightfoot; yet never cared to go beyond the Park, Kitty having told me, very foolishly, that the village folks would stare at and point to me—not because I had had the small-pox, (the marks of which were wearing off,) but because all the world had heard that I, Mrs. Dorothy Holderness, was the daughter of Mr. de Villette, late rector of Stillingford. This truth, though known of course in London, had at Much Allington been only suspected—some of the household, even, had been ignorant of it; and I now found, a little to my dismay, that it was of no use for me any longer to give myself airs, and order the servants hither and thither, as I had been wont to do.

But it was well that my childish pride should have a fall; and so fond had I grown of my father, that never for a moment did I regret his return to England, except when those about me shook their heads, and whispered gloomily that they feared the trial might not end as could be wished. Much, for his acquittal, depended on the evidence of the French gentleman who had been imprisoned with him, and more still on that of old Dame Hodges. She, being unable to leave her bed, was visited by some magistrates; and in their presence did willingly and freely make a full confession, which was taken down in writing. From her statement, it appeared that her young son, the painter, (who was no longer living,) had found a patron in a wealthy Jacobite gentleman living in the neighbourhood. He had employed him at first to paint a picture for him; and afterwards, finding him a sharp lad, had sent him on a secret mission to stir up the county in favour of the Pretender. Molly Grieves, her husband the blacksmith, and Dame Hodges herself,

had taken part in this under-hand work, they in secret being all well affected towards the Stuarts. At one time, to their great alarm, a rumour reached them that they had incurred suspicion, and that their dwelling was to be searched for arms and papers. Arms they had none; but a packet of most treasonable letters had been entrusted to their care. They were at their wits' end what to do with this said packet, when my father came into the cottage, to bid good-bye to Dame Hodges, previous to his departure for France. At her request, he read and prayed beside her bed; and while he was thus engaged, her daughter—who hated him for having once, as she supposed, ordered her husband to the stocks—took the opportunity of slipping the letters into the pocket of his coat. It was a wicked deed; and the palsied woman declared that though she had suffered Mr. 'Willet' to go away without telling him of the ill turn that had been played him, she never from that hour had had a moment's peace.

My father would doubtless have discovered the papers, had he continued to wear the coat which he then had on; but immediately upon returning home he took it off, and, in preparation for his journey, packed it up in his saddle-bag. When, therefore, that bag was opened by the inn-keeper of Harwich, the papers of course were found—with what result has been already told.

I am afraid my tale is growing tedious, so will say nothing of my father's trial, save only that Sir Ambrose returned to be present at it; and that I, young as I was, was summoned as a witness. Dame Hodges' deposition having been read, it was thought well that I should confirm it by relating all that had passed betwixt the old woman and myself. Ah, how I trembled as I stood up before judge and jury! how I shrank even from meeting my father's eye! Yet I was so desirous of doing what I could for him, that I spoke out bravely, though I ended by bursting into a flood of tears. I was led away, amid many exclamations of pity from those around; but before another hour had passed, my father was clasping me to his heart, calling me his own dear precious child, and telling me I had helped to save him! He was a free man now: his acquittal had been most triumphant; everyone said so—even Sir Ambrose; and no one was sorry to learn that the real offenders, Molly Grieves and her husband, had been committed to gaol.

Now that the trial was happily over, Lady Holderness returned to Much Allington, bringing with her little Tommy, whose health, I am glad to say, had improved amazingly. For a while we all lived together at the Manor-house—on the whole very comfortably; though my mother (as I continued to call her) was somewhat cold to my father at first, and not a little offended with me, because I could not help shewing that I was exceedingly happy.

My dear father's health had, owing to his many trials, been much shaken; but as soon as it was restored, he became desirous to return to the duties of his sacred calling. He preferred his old field of labour to

any other; and after sundry difficulties and delays, the living of Stillingford was restored to him; a friendly arrangement having been made with the negligent fox-hunting clergyman, on whom it had been bestowed. So I went back to my birth-place at last; for it is needless to say that my father took me to live with him. Most willingly and gladly did I go; though there were two persons, besides my honoured uncle, from whom I parted with tears—these being good faithful old Giles, and worthy Mrs. Miller. I think, also, that a few salt drops fell upon Lightfoot, as I caressed and patted him for the last time. Yet never, in after times, did I wish to return to my former life; for if I had lost something in point of grandeur, I had in my father's affection gained a wealth beyond all price.

The blacksmith and his wife were punished merely with a short imprisonment; but it would have gone harder with them had not my good father exerted himself in their behalf. As for Dame Hodges, she lingered on for some years, being tended, at my father's expense, by the poor widow from whose child I caught the small-pox. That child, I in passing may just mention, did eventually enter my service, and is living with me still as the old nurse of my children.

During the lifetime of Sir Ambrose and his lady, I frequently visited at the Manor-house; and I go there sometimes to this day, to see my cousin Sir Thomas, who has always treated me with brotherly kindness. My home, however, has ever been at Stillingford; for after I was grown up, I married the young squire of the place; and we agreed together that we would have naught to do with London gaieties, but would dwell all the year round on our own estate, where we might perchance possess most influence for good. 'Tis true the village does not boast of much natural beauty, but to me it is become very dear; and I have no small pride in saying that—thanks to what my husband and father have done for it—it presents now an aspect very different from that which struck my childish eye when I rode into it on Tommy's birth-day, just eight-and-forty years ago.

Oh, my revered, my honoured father, how I loved him! how I delighted to work under and with him! He was of a character not easy for everybody to understand: but I did understand him; and 'tis because I have tried to carry out his wise plans, that I have gained the name of the Lady Bountiful of Stillingford; I owe it all to him, and not to any merit of my own.

He died at a good old age; and his mortal remains lie buried beside my mother's, in our quiet churchyard. A tomb-stone has been raised to his memory; having on it no verses, however, but only a Scripture text, and the words, which may be found in Scripture also,

'He was a Good Man.'

THE DESERTED CURE.

A STORY OF A BUSY CHRISTMAS EVE.

CHAPTER I.

THE LONDON CURATE.

ARRIVED, at the Highland town of Kincaldwall on the 23rd of December, 1868, by 8 p. m. train from the south, the Reverend Gerald Yorke, curate of S. Mary's, Fiddler's Causeway, E., until the last year or two, one of the worst and most neglected districts in London.

Armed with a railway rug, and a black bag, and followed by a kilted youngster bearing his portmanteau, he betook himself to the nearest inn, and having supped, retired to rest, after requesting to be called in good time for breakfast, and a start by the Highland mail coach, which, as a large placard in the coffee-room assured him, went from that hotel at 11 a. m. every day to Ardinvalloch, Portcurdie, Drumlossie, &c.

The morning of Christmas Eve was very dark; when Mr. Yorke left his room the head of the house was not yet visible; the waiter, who appeared to regard his attendance in the light of a nocturnal vigil, was very sleepy, yet, with true Highland civility, assured him that breakfast would be ready immediately, and left him to find out for himself the dismal truth, that in this case 'immediately' meant an hour hence. It is quite possible that the cook was still sleeping, when the traveller was informed in that very confident tone that his breakfast should be set on the table without delay!

For lack of employment he was fain to resign himself to a study of the bills on the walls, which set forth in gorgeous plaid letters, how Macdougall, High Street, Inverness, kept always on hand a stock of clan tartans of the finest quality; how Naughten, jeweller, Church Street, designed badge and crest brooches to order; how Macivor and Co. sold pure unadulterated Highland whisky: shoved behind all the others, and clearly forgotten, he espied at length a modest square of card-board, bearing this inscription:—

S. NINIAN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

HOURS OF DIVINE SERVICE:

On Sundays, 11 a. m. and 3.30 p. m.

Daily, 11 a. m.

Holy Communion is celebrated on all Sundays and Festivals.

H. PYNE, *Incumbent.*

Mr. Yorke had overworked his somewhat fragile constitution at Fiddler's Causeway, which was thickly populated, and needed more than

the four devoted clergymen, to whom it had been assigned, to do it justice. At length, to save him from giving way entirely, the medical man to whom his case was referred, prescribed an entire holiday; a college friend passing some time with his family in the Highlands, wrote, 'Come to Drumlossie at once, and the pure air will restore you;' and finally, much against his will, the last week in Advent found him divorced from his work, and journeying towards a land which he had always heard characterized in dimly portentous words, as 'the far north.' Perhaps if he had known that there was not such a thing as an Episcopal Church within thirty miles of Drumlossie Castle, he would not even yet have consented to spend Christmas Day there, but might have paused at Edinburgh or Perth, if he had not been thankful to tarry at either of the smaller places on the line, whose neat and sometimes pretty churches looked him full in view as he passed them; but we grieve to say that the young clergyman who knew so much about the wants of the poor people of Fiddler's Causeway, was deplorably ignorant of the pathetic history of the Scottish Church, and foresaw no deprivation in having undertaken to see what Christmas is like in the Highlands. He had even evaded his anxious friends so far, as to pack up stole and Oxford M. A. hood, with two or three sermons, *in case* they should be wanted, trusting to the clergyman of Drumlossie, whoever he might be, to lend him a surplice!

We can easily guess what he would have found at Drumlossie if he had ever gone there. A fine old castle half in ruins; an exquisite loch full of fish; miles and miles of brown heathery moorland; chains of glorious hills, overtopped by the snowy ridge of a *bona fide* mountain; two square-built kirks, each with its bell, the one (Free Church of course) summoning the people by hundreds from cottage and sheiling, to 'attend the preaching;' the other, established by the law of the land, attracting the proprietor's family, possibly one or two of his servants, and half a dozen others, including one or two liberal minded individuals who called themselves Episcopalians, but in the absence of Church privileges, thought it was setting their domestics a good example 'to go somewhere, and give the minister their countenance in his somewhat forlorn Sunday task; surplices, Oxford graduates, Liturgy, and pure English, unknown.'

But Mr. Yorke never visited Drumlossie at all, in spite of his friend Peter Stewart's invitation; which was rather shabby of him, considering that he had made a long journey to Scotland at an unusual season of the year, with the express intention of exploring that lovely region!

Breakfast was ready at last. Perhaps he had indulged in visions of a diet restricted to oatmeal porridge and bannocks; but if he had, he must have been agreeably surprised instead to find excellent tea, fish, &c.: household bread, and cranberry preserve, from Strathspey. Not having yet been long enough in the Highlands to acquire the needful appetite for a thorough Scotch breakfast, he did not linger long over these and

similarly tempting viands, but called for his reckoning, paid it, and went out, surprising the shop-keepers at their work of taking down the shutters, which disclosed, in many cases, garlands of yew, ivy, and holly, assumed some days before Christmas, and destined to linger after it.

From the main street there shot up a broad clean looking road, coated with ice, for the last night's frost had been severe; and here he came suddenly upon the English church, which was built of grey stone, enclosed in an iron railing, the porch surmounted by an Iona cross. He tried the gate, but found it locked; the pathway leading from it was slippery with ice which bore no footprint, and to its solitariness a little robin bore ample testimony, as he hopped about disconsolate, looking, it seemed, in vain, for a kind hand to give him crumbs. There were no houses near, only a few fields, and a paddock, with a grey horse who sought consolation from the ills of life by running round it and neighing to some imaginary partner of his woes, who increased them by not answering.

Mr. Yorke looked meditatively from the bird to the church. 'Daily service!' he muttered to himself; 'this does not look very much like it. If there is, I wonder the incumbent doesn't bring crumbs to feed you, you pretty thing!' he said, addressing the robin with a sort of admiring surprise, characteristic of a Londoner, unused in the dingy scenes of his daily rounds, to such visitations.

While he stood there gazing, it occurred to him to wonder that there were no signs of decoration going on inside; not a broken bough or a green leaf; not a crushed holly-berry, telling of cheerful active service, and nimble fingers, was there. All lay still and undisturbed, as if it had not been approached for months past, and would not be visited for months to come. Mr. Yorke walked slowly back to his inn, under a very decided impression, that Christmas Eve though it was—a day to which he had always been accustomed to look forward as one, between services and evergreens, to be spent almost entirely in church—the pretty robin was the only creature intending to rest on the broad stone step, and under the shadow of the grey pile, any time between morning and midnight. Perhaps it was unjust so to decide at that early hour, but the Englishman told himself that he could not help doing so. His curiosity being excited, the first thing he did on getting back was to summon the waiter, and ask, 'Does no one go to church in this town?'

'Oh yes, Sir; the Reverend Mr. Gilfillan draws very attentive audiences; and the Reverend Mr. Watson is considered a most eloquent preacher. Folks come from a distance to hear him, Sir.'

Mr. Yorke found that he ought to have defined the attendants at the *English chaayple* as the objects of his inquiry.

'I mean the Episcopal Church,' he said, when it at length dawned upon him that the waiter was at fault.

'Mr. Pyne's church? Oh ay, Sir. Well, Mr. Pyne has left Kincaldwall, and there is no one preaching there now, Sir.'

'How long has Mr. Pyne been gone?' But the waiter 'couldn't just say.'

'Are there many Church people in the place? I suppose not,' said Mr. Yorke, 'or they would make an effort to get it served.'

The waiter thought there were 'a good few' in town and country, belonging to that congregation, and by an effort of memory, he managed to recall that last August a tourist from England came and gave a service, and once the Bishop had preached there.

'And that's all the poor people have had!' exclaimed the young clergyman, horrified at the thought of such spiritual destitution; 'was there no neighbouring priest to give assistance?'

The waiter eyed Mr. Yorke curiously, and remarked that English ministers were scarce in those parts.

'Scarce!' repeated Mr. Yorke; 'why, I am one, and if I thought—Can I see the landlord?'

'Oh yes, Sir;' and the landlord was called from his breakfast to attend the stranger.

'I find the church here has gone unserved for a long time,' said Mr. Yorke, with scanty preface; 'can you give me any information about it?'

'You've been misinformed, Sir,' returned the landlord, rather pompous, and not particularly pleased. 'We've a *poor*ful minister, the Reverend Mr. Watson, in the pulpit at the Free; and they do speak very well of Mr. Gilfillan of the Established—those that goes to hear him.'

'I am speaking of S. Ninian's Episcopal Church,' said Mr. Yorke. 'The waiter tells me that Mr. Pyne has gone, and there is no one in his place.'

'Oh, the *English chaayple*—yes, Sir, Mr. Pyne has been gone, I think, since *Aprile*.'

'How could he go, and desert the place, when clergy are so scarce?' exclaimed Mr. Yorke. 'Do you know why it was he did not stay at least till someone else came in his place?'

The landlord looked meaning, as he replied, 'He was obliged to go, Sir; I believe it was something about flowers.'

'Flowers?' repeated Mr. Yorke.

'Yes, on the altar; the congregation not approving of ritualism, you see, Sir. It was a pity, he being such a fine young man; but it wouldn't do. He got into trouble, and the congregation fell off, and stopped their subscriptions, and so he had to go, and the Bishop can't find a successor. I've heard, Sir, that they won't guarantee his *stee*pend till they have seen him, and this is so very far for a gentleman to come on trial who mightn't, after all, please everybody.'

'Please everybody, and all at once! I should think not,' said Mr. Yorke, stung into using strong language by this illustration of the voluntary principle. 'I should be inclined to have a bad opinion of a man who did please everybody. There would be some grounds for supposing him to be either a fool or a knave.'

'Well, Sir, Mr. Pyne was not either,' said the landlord, his Highland drawl contrasting rather strongly with the Englishman's rapid utterance, which it was evidently difficult for him to follow; 'and the end was, he

preached to empty benches; so after being here six whole months without *lifting* a penny of their money, he packed up his things and went back to England. And they're in such a fright lest they should get a second Mr. Pyne,' said the landlord, grinning, 'that I believe they have not tried very hard for a minister, though I have heard that Bishop —— is on the look out.'

'I should hope he was,' said the curate from Fiddler's Causeway. 'By-the-bye, can you tell me the name of the principal member of the congregation?'

'Sir Roderick Urquhart. He lives six miles in the country, but he drives in regularly every Sabbath afternoon to hear worthy Mr. Watson discourse, now Mr. Pyne is away.'

'And the principal member in the town?'

'Sheriff Seyton. He lives in that large house at the corner, where you turn off to go to the *English chaayple*, and has a *thronged famly*.'

'I'll pay him a call,' said Mr. Yorke, looking for his hat.

'Take care, Sir, that you don't lose your seat; the Highland mail starts sharp at eleven.'

'I'll take care;' and off went Mr. Yorke, repeating to himself, 'It isn't my business perhaps, but then nobody else seems to make it theirs, so I can't be meddling with anyone.'

He glanced at his watch, found he had plenty of time, and had knocked at Sheriff Seyton's door, before it occurred to him to remember that the day, which, from his having been so long up, had seemed to him fairly begun, was in a much earlier stage of its existence to the good townsmen of Kincaldwall, and that his untimely visit to the Sheriff would need some apology.

'But when people are on a-journey, I believe they are excused,' he said to himself, 'though I am sure I don't know if I am on a journey, or whether I sha'n't make a halt where I am. How angry old Peter will be with me if I fail to turn up to-night at Drumlossie, to be sure! I had not thought of that.'

The appearance of a maid-servant, and the information that Mr. Seyton was at home, put an end to his meditations. She seemed to be spelling attentively the 'Rev.' on his card, as she went away with it, returning very promptly to usher him in. The family had just finished breakfast, and were assembled in the comfortable drawing-room; the master of the house standing, newspaper in hand, expectant of his visitor; Mrs. Seyton in the window, knitting a merino stocking; two or three young women, in black, brown, and red *chignons*, tied with coloured ribbons, consulting in various attitudes round the fire, over a torn ball-dress; two or three young men making an ostentatious display of pipes, which they knew they should never be allowed to smoke in the house; junior branches mounted on chairs, and sticking sprigs of holly into the picture-frames; and lastly, a creeper of uncertain age, trying to coax a sick dog to eat his porridge.

Mr. Yorke was very shy, with that kind of shyness which people in general refuse to believe in, because while it seizes on us at times when there really is no occasion for its display, it leaves us at liberty to do the most courageous things precisely where others would naturally hold back. He did not seem discomposed at breaking in upon this family gathering, but accepted Mr. Seyton's offered hand, and bowed to the ladies with great appearance of ease.

'I ought to apologize,' he said, 'for intruding so early; but I arrived from London by last evening's train, and I am on my way to Drumlossie by the coach that starts at eleven, so you will judge that I cannot choose my time for paying visits in Kincaldwall.'

Mr. Seyton looked his assent. 'Would you wish to see me in my study?' he asked, 'you may have business, and—'

The girls in consultation over the ball-dress, looked as if they had, and would feel obliged by the stranger's seeking a *tête-à-tête*, but there was no chance of his doing this.

'Oh no,' he said, 'for I should like to have the opinion of all of you. You see I am a clergyman, and I could not hear of the present deserted state of this cure, without—I put it to you whether it would be acceptable to this congregation if, instead of going on, I were to stay here, and give them a service on Christmas Day?'

They were all taken by surprise, and each in turn threw a long searching look at Mr. Yorke as he made this proposition. He was very young, probably not more than twenty-five, and his bright eyes, and fragile, overworked appearance, at once gave him an interest in the kind hearts of the ladies. Mr. Seyton mentally pronounced him 'very gentlemanly,' and took time before he replied.

'You are most kind, and I should think the congregation in general would feel very much obliged, only—'

'Ah,' said Mr. Yorke, with something of a smile at his hesitation, 'you don't trust me; you are afraid of my putting flowers on the altar. Be at ease, I haven't any.'

'Oh, we are not quite such fools as that here,' said Mr. Seyton, in a tone of vexation. 'Mr. Pyne was welcome to put flowers on the altar at Easter if he would, but he should not have kept them on after the octave; and then he had ways of his own that didn't please people; setting himself up to tell the old ladies their duty, and lecturing the lairds, until Sir Roderick and Glenfinn put their two heads together, and resolved to have nothing more to do with him. I stuck by him as long as I could, I do assure you.'

Mr. Yorke saw it was a case on which he had better reserve his opinion, and merely gave a little bow as he said, 'Time presses rather, and I believe I ought to be back at my hotel directly, if I carry out my intention of proceeding to Drumlossie to-day. Can you tell me whether, if I were to offer my services to the congregation for to-morrow, they would be accepted?'

'I should say they would, without doubt,' said Mr. Seyton; while his wife murmured a pleased 'Oh, thank you;' and the young ladies remarked that 'It would be nice to go to church again.'

'Then I will stay,' said Mr. Yorke, in an eager tone. 'I must return to the hotel and scribble a line to my friends at Drumlossie Castle to go by the mail, explaining why I cannot join them, and if you will let me, come back to you here for more information.'

'You need not go to the hotel,' said Mr. Seyton. 'Sit down here and write, or else come into my study.'

Accordingly, Mr. Yorke did retreat, in order to concoct a little note full of excuses to his friend Peter Stewart, younger, of Drumlossie, which Mr. Seyton kindly undertook to have sent to his hotel before the mail started. While he was absent, the young ladies had time to decide on the amount of reparation necessary to make the ball-dress presentable at a dance to be given that night by their Free Church friend, Mrs. Kerr, of Seggie. The young men had engagements for the next day, and looked impatient as their mother hinted that they might have to give up the morning ones and go to church. Apparently the family had already grown lax in their observance of Church festivals, and the young people were thinking far more of Christmas as a time for gaiety, than one of religious joy and thankfulness.

Mrs. Seyton said, 'We ought all, you know, to be glad of the arrival of this stranger; I will tell you one who will rejoice—poor Christian.'

Her sons muttered that 'Christian had no pleasures to cross!' Christian being an invalid cousin of theirs who lived near, and whose joys were few indeed.

'I don't care so long as we are not prevented from going to Seggie to-night,' said Mary Seyton, one of those young persons who think a dance the most delightful thing in the world, and who perhaps might have had a special attraction to Seggie that night, who knows? A little sister, Isa, had sunk into deep thought, and was already pale with anxieties of which no one else seemed aware, as she remembered her Confirmation eight months before, at Edinmouth, which would qualify her to partake of the Blessed Sacrament, now certainly to be celebrated on the morrow, if only she could be assured that the time for preparation was not too short. As soon as she could manage it, she slipped away to her cousin and dear friend, Christian Seyton.

CHAPTER II.

ENERGETIC PROCEEDINGS.

Mr. Yorke returned to the drawing-room, and found that the family had begun to be scattered through the house. Mrs. Seyton was gone to order the dinner, taking 'Baby' with her; the ball-dress had been carried up-stairs, but the proprietor of it was still engaged on a quilling

of scarlet ribbon which contrasted very effectively with her purple linsey dress. The clock on the mantel-piece struck eleven, as the clergyman, looking very animated and very eager, rejoined them. His eyes fell at once upon Mary Seyton's employment.

'Ah, you can sew; I have often wished I could. Did you ever decorate the church?'

'We used to help Mr. Pyne,' said Mary.

'Well, will you help me? we have the day before us, and I think we can manage something.'

The young ladies—'Tina was helping Mary in the construction of an artful bow—looked aghast. 'Decorate in this hurry? Oh, we couldn't. Where would you get the evergreens?'

'Why, you must tell me that,' he said, losing nothing of his cheery manner; 'as also where I am to borrow a surplice, and whom I am to invite to church, and who keeps the key, and—lots of things! I ought to begin preparations at once, if we are to have a real hearty Christmas service to-morrow.'

'Well, as for the key,' said Mary, rather overwhelmed, 'you must make interest with old Maggie Innes for it. She was what is here called church-officer in Mr. Pyne's time, and she keeps the key now, but so religiously, that I doubt your getting her to give it to you, unless she sees a *kenn'd* face accompanying you. Hughie perhaps would—oh, Hughie is gone; and Isa, where is Isa?' repeated Mary Seyton, somewhat discomposed as the idea presented itself to her that she must herself undertake to be his guide.

'Perhaps I could find her out by myself,' said Mr. Yorke, rather hesitatingly; 'Mr. Seyton, I suppose, is engaged?'

'Papa is obliged to go to his court—this is Friday, you know; and my brothers, I suppose, have already started for their curling match on Sir Roderick's pond. But 'Tina and I will go with you, Mr. Yorke,' said Mary, making a virtue of necessity, and speaking more graciously; 'and as for my dress,' she remarked in an undertone to her sister, 'I shall send that in to poor Christian to finish.'

'I shall be much obliged; and I must further tax your kindness by asking you to take me to call on any members of the congregation living in the town, to whom you may think I ought to introduce myself,' said Mr. Yorke, not appearing to see any reason why he should not make this proposal. 'Are there many?'

'Oh, a good few; but I would advise you to send a messenger into the country to tell Sir Roderick, and Glenfinn; and there's Glenlyon Castle—the family are gone south, but the housekeeper is English, and a Churchwoman:' and in this manner the various units that went to make up the country portion of the congregation were summed over.

Finding that Mr. Yorke listened eagerly to all she said, Miss Seyton suffered herself gradually to be drawn into a discussion of ways and means, with real interest. 'Tina was already pledged heart and soul to

be Mr. Yorke's auxiliary; and the plan of operations was to commence by his writing a series of circulars to the outlying members, to give them the requisite information, that there would be full morning service with Holy Communion at 11 a.m. on Christmas Day, at S. Ninian's. To Sir Roderick Urquhart was added further, a modest request for a few evergreens from his plantations, to deck the church with.

'A few,' repeated Mr. Yorke, as he wrote the words; 'we shall want a cart-load, but I suppose an appeal from an unknown person should be modest.'

'He will send a cart-load if he sends any at all,' said 'Tina, 'he always does; only he will say we have left it rather late—as I think too, Mr. Yorke. Why, you cannot expect them to arrive before four o'clock, for Sir Roderick is sure to be curling with the rest at the pond, and it will be some time before he can get hold of anybody to take his orders. Fancy what disheartening work for us, twining wreaths in the dusk!'

'I had better direct the letter to the curling-pond then, to avoid miscarriage,' suggested Mr. Yorke.

'No, but we will direct the messenger to the curling pond. He can take a twopenny ticket and go out by train; the first station on the line, luckily, is within a few minutes walk of the lodge gates. You must know, Mr. Yorke, that our Highland proprietors have stations built near them for their express convenience, and if they are a little late, they have only to send on an intimation that they are coming, and the train, which is said to wait for no one, waits for them.'

'Very delightful indeed; has Glenfinn a station near him?'

'No, a foot messenger will do there. He only lives two miles off. I hope he may be at home, but I think it is extremely likely that he is on the Frith wild-duck shooting, with his cousin, Glenorkie. The train, however, serves for Glenlyon. You had better leave your notes with Janet, and she will instruct the messenger. There are the young people at Loch Lenny House, too—I am sure she will write to them for you;' and so Mary Seyton ran on, while 'Tina summoned Janet, the excellent wearer of the red *chignon*, from the task of trying to get three or four of the junior branches to settle to their lessons—which were thought a hardship on Christmas Eve—to entrust the circulars, with fitting explanations, to her care.

'And I will put on my hat, and go myself to tell Mrs. Macgillivray and the Arbuthnots,' she said readily; 'I think we mustn't mind giving the children a holiday, they are *keen* to help Mr. Yorke.'

'Then ask them to come to me,' he said, well pleased, 'and I will set them to work upon my ivy-ribbon for the church; we needn't wait for Sir Roderick's evergreens for that, if indeed you will part with some of yours; I observed a quantity growing on your walls, as I came; the right sort too, not the large Irish kind, but that with the small dark pointed leaf.'

'Veined into a pattern like Mackenzie tartan,' said 'Tina. 'I will ask

my mother'—which she did, and shortly received permission from the good-natured mistress of the house, for Mr. Yorke to have anything he pleased so long as his desires were in reason!

Accordingly, Jeanie, Annie, and Lizzie, set themselves to gather ivy, which Janet, having hunted out some yards of list, instructed them how to sew; while Mary and 'Tina set off with Mr. Yorke for Maggie's room, which was a garret up a broken stair, where a short sandy-haired old woman, with the courteous manners so general among the Highlanders, received them very graciously, shutting the door with an air of great mystery, in order that her Gaelic-speaking fellow lodgers might not overhear the conversation. It took some time to make her understand Mr. Yorke's errand, her comprehension being slow; but when she did, she removed the keys from the nail over her bed, where they always hung, and professed her readiness to attend him to the church. Thus reinforced, the party set off again.

The gate, which was stuck close by the frost, was unlocked and thrust open by the united efforts of all four; and the robin, disturbed by such an unwonted invasion, flew away to richer pasture-lands, while the door of S. Ninian's was thrown open for the first time for months!

'What a deplorable vista of spiders' webs!' exclaimed Mr. Yorke, as he passed from the porch through the red-baize doors.

Old Maggie's pride was roused; she evidently considered the remark a reflection upon her. ''Deed,' she said, 'the spiders, wicked *beasts*, spin them so quick, there's no preventing them.'

'But they have had months to do it in,' said Mary, 'so it is no wonder they have given you such a lot to do.'

'No, indeed,' said Mr. Yorke; 'the church has thoroughly the air of being deserted; but we must mend that as soon as possible.' And to Maggie's manifest horror, he found out the way to her own especial cupboard, and drew out a large pope's-head, which he proceeded to use with no little dexterity. Then laying it down again as suddenly as he had taken it up, he followed the Miss Seytons into the vestry, and sought, but vainly, for any signs of a surplice.

'Are you sure,' he said, 'that Mr. Pyne left never so old a one behind?'

'I think not; but you had better ask the Miss Blys,' said 'Tina.

'Bly? that's an English name. Who are they?'

'The sisters of the former incumbent, who died before Mr. Pyne's time. They live at the further end of Kincaldwall, and know more about church matters than anyone here. You had better have gone to them at first, instead of to us, Mr. Yorke.'

'You must take me to them presently. Well, this is a far prettier church than I had expected to see, and a particularly nice vestry. Now we will leave Mrs. Innes, and the dust and the cobwebs, to arrange themselves against we come back, and go, with your permission, to see such of the people as I ought to visit.'

'What, are you going the round of them?' asked Mary, with some amusement; 'Mrs. Jean, and Mr. James, and Mr. Macdonald, and old Mrs. Macgrudden, who will certainly shake your hand off if you are so imprudent as to come within a yard of her.'

'Well, perhaps our time will not serve for all,' he said; 'but as Sir Roderick's evergreens have not arrived yet—'

'No, and will not till four o'clock,' pronounced Mary confidently.

'—I must be doing something; but if you will direct me to these various houses I will not trouble you further, having already overtaxed your patience, I am afraid; only,' he added, smiling kindly, 'I don't think you will regret the time spent in working for the church, because it is also working for the Great Head of the Church.' Then, as Mary looked shyly away, and 'Tina turned to him eagerly, as wishing him to enlarge upon an idea new to both, he said, 'I shall come back to you and report progress; and remember, we are all to meet at the vestry by four o'clock, to work the evergreens.'

Miss Seyton gave the directions he asked; and they had separated, and the two girls were turning homeward, after warning old Maggie to have a good fire in the vestry, and promising to send coals for the kindling of it, when they heard someone running after them, and looking round, beheld Mr. Yorke.

'By the way,' he said breathlessly, 'I had nearly forgotten: who used to play the organ?'

'The eldest Miss Bly; but—'

'But?' repeated Mr. Yorke.

'I am afraid, even if she consents to play, you won't have much of a choir.'

'Had you men or boys, or what? I'll hunt them up if you will only tell me their names,' said the clergyman, who was thinking probably of Fiddler's Causeway experiences.

Mary Seyton laughed. 'He's dreaming of a surpliced choir,' she said to her sister. 'I am afraid we are not so far advanced as that, here. Mr. Pyne used to manage how he could; the Miss Blys led the singing, and the congregation were served with a notice that they were expected to join. Some did, and some were too "shy," and we practised, and at festivals my brothers joined us.'

Mr. Yorke hesitated. 'Managed how he could? That does not sound promising; and yet with such a party of you round the organ, I suppose he did not find it necessary to go far afield for choristers.'

'We were not round the organ,' said Mary Seyton sharply; 'we occupied our own two seats, the third and fourth from the top, on the right-hand side.'

'Oh dear, what a pity! the effect can't have been half so good; but to-morrow you will sit round the organ, won't you? and get your brothers to join you, so that we may have the full benefit of your voices.'

Mary coloured and fidgetted, and looked annoyed; and 'Tina muttered something about Mamma's objecting, and the seats beside the organ being draughty and uncomfortable; but when Mr. Yorke would have eagerly bribed them with promises of doing something to remedy these evils, and to win their mother's consent, he caught an expression on their faces, which informed even his obtuse intellect that the family would consider it beneath their dignity to occupy the lowest place in church. With a little sigh at this evidence of imperfection, he took off his hat, saying, 'Well, at all events, you will come and practice this evening, and we will do the best we can for Christmas;' and departed in search of the Miss Blys, as confident in his manner as if he were already sure of gaining the consent of the elder sister to undertake the organ.

The fresh pure air which blew down from the snowy hills around Kincaldwall, seemed to give new strength to the pale Londoner, as with elastic and joyous tread he paced the narrow street, admiring keenly the picturesque locality in which he found himself, and delighting in the Highland words, and an occasional Gaelic phrase, as they met his ear; the quaint old gable ends fronting the pavement, and the prevailing fashion of 'storm' windows in every roof. The street deteriorated, and a road, with the stone dyke of the country bounding it on one side, succeeded. He came upon a series of poor looking cottages, intersected by wretched lanes, into which he did not adventure himself, and was just despairing of finding the Miss Blys' habitation, when he began to notice a row of houses increasing in respectability, and with renewed hope he succeeded in making his way to the neat habitation which Mary Seyton had indicated.

Their housekeeper, cook, maid, everything in one, Mrs. Barbary 'to name,' received him with a face beaming all over with good temper and ready kindness, and ushered him at once into the sitting-room, where her mistresses sat busily occupied in putting tapes to certain blue serge petticoats, which their own hands had made ready for two or three pet old women against Christmas Day. They were apparently between forty and fifty, and had already begun to tuck away their still abundant hair under delicate lace caps, and to wear sober gowns, and to talk about 'forty years ago,' without thinking it necessary to mention how extremely youthful forty years ago had found them. They had taken long strides to meet their middle age; and now that it had come upon them, they were heard to say that they had never known a happier period of life, the storms of a somewhat troublous youth overpast, and the calms of eternity certainly not far off—perhaps very near! They were modest sensible women, and had welcomed Mr. Pyne at his first coming among them, done what in them lay to smoothe his way, defended him as long as they could against all charges of bad temper, presumption, and precipitation; and when, after doing some good things —as introducing the surplice in the pulpit and the weekly offertory, a more attentive observance of festivals and a weekly Communion—a want

of humility on his part, and the absolute refusal of all concession, even on the most unimportant points, to the judgement of many, his elders in the congregation, occasioned a rupture which nothing could heal, their old-fashioned notions about the respect in which the clergy should be held, prevented their ever willingly entering into the details, or uttering a word of condemnation of Mr. Pyne's proceedings. They grieved over the gradual dismemberment of the congregation, and at the withdrawal of their Church privileges consequent on the departure of Mr. Pyne, as few, beside Christian Seyton, concerned themselves to do; they were continually making suggestions as to the filling up of the vacant cure, which as yet had been declined; and perhaps it was in answer to their prayers, and Christian's, and those of a few others, that Mr. Yorke had been sent northward.

CHAPTER III.

MORE OF THE S. NINIAN'S CONGREGATION.

The Miss Blys received him very cordially; and with an instinct which led him at once to guess where he should meet with entire sympathy, Mr. Yorke plunged into the business that led him there, with little or no introduction. They listened in pleased surprise.

'Oh,' said the eldest, 'how thankful we ought to be to you for offering to give us a service this Christmas! We thought it would be so melancholy to be without it.'

'Melancholy indeed!' said Mr. Yorke. 'I can't think why someone couldn't be found to open the church.'

'There are so few clergymen travelling at this time of the year,' said Miss Georgiana; adding, 'you must tell us if there is anything we can do to expedite matters.'

'Well, to begin with, where shall I find a surplice? as Mr. Pyne doesn't appear to have left such a thing behind him.'

'A surplice!' repeated both ladies, rather perplexed. 'You must ask Mr. Macduff for one. He is incumbent of the next charge, Blair Muich.'

'And where is Blair Muich?'

'Six miles to the east of Kincaldwall. It is the first station from this: the train starts in half an hour.'

'But I don't see that I can spare the time for a call,' said Mr. Yorke, looking daunted for the first time.

'Then write a note, and we will send it,' said Miss Bly, promptly drawing towards him pens, ink, and paper.

'He may think me an impostor; won't you write for me, and explain my needs?'

And while Miss Bly proceeded readily to comply with his request,

Mr. Yorke took up the Scottish Clergy List, which, mitred, and gay with purple binding, lay upon the little table. Under the head of Diocese of ——, he soon found

BLAIR MUICH.—S. Michael.—Hours of Divine Service: on Sunday, 12 noon and 7 p.m.; on Week-days, 7 p.m. The Holy Communion is celebrated on the first Sunday of each month. English Office.

Incumbent.—Rev. Alistair Macduff, T. C. G., 1856.
Church-Wardens.—H. Fraser and F. Huntley.
Lay Representative.—F. Huntley.
Patrons.—The Congregation.

No Parsonage or School.

This Incumbency is one of the oldest in Scotland, and existed prior to the Revolution.

'What is the meaning of "T. C. G."?' asked Mr. Yorke, looking up.

'Trinity College, Glenalmond. You know, many of our clergy are educated there, in right whereof they wear a green hood. Mr. Pyne was a Cambridge man.'

'And now,' said Mr. Yorke, 'tell me, when may I expect the surplice to arrive, if your messenger is faithful, and Mr. Macduff shews himself willing to accommodate me?'

'It is now past twelve,' said Miss Bly. 'The train starts at 12.30, and will reach Blair Muich in something like seven minutes and a half. Supposing Mr. Macduff to be at home, he will have to walk half a mile to the church, and pack up the surplice there; and then the messenger must walk back, for there is not a train coming *to* Kincaldwall till four. You had better expect him at 2.30, not earlier.'

'Then that point being settled,' said Mr. Yorke, with an air of relief, 'could you tell me who else should be informed of to-morrow's service?' He ran over a list of the names which the Seytons had given him, interrupting himself to ask, as a fresh idea occurred to him, 'They won't mind flowers on the Altar to-morrow, will they?'

'Oh dear no! not on Christmas Day; but where will you get them?'

'I don't know yet;' this point had not concerned him hitherto. 'Will you give me your bishop's address? I can't get his formal permission to officiate; but I think that in these days, when so many suspicious characters get about, I had better write and tell him what I am going to do. He was an old Rugby man, wasn't he? So was my present rector; and as they must be about the same standing, I shouldn't wonder if they knew something of each other. I will, at all events, mention Mr. Williamson's name.'

When he had written his letter, Miss Bly surveyed the address with some satisfaction. 'The *Lord* Bishop,' she repeated; 'I am glad you give him that title, which is frequently withheld from our Scottish bishops, who all ought to have it by courtesy. The old ladies here

call him nothing but "Bishop;" they will not have it that he is "My Lord."'

'And you will take the music for me, won't you?' asked Mr. Yorke presently. He had already preferred the request, and Miss Bly had promised to do her best consistently with being out of practice.

'Yes; and is there anything else you want?'

'Decorators,' he said, looking rather pointedly at one pair of slender brown hands, and another of chubby white ones, which seemed to tell in their every curve of having been put to a variety of uses in their time. Poor hands! how often, in years gone by, they had been the sole decorators of S. Ninian's, and yet they were ready for it again!

'Oh yes! decorators, of course. We know where to get some laurels, and we have Christmas roses in our own little garden. Shall we make you some laurel ribbon to border the text?'

'What text?'

'One in white on red, that goes round the chancel arch. Mr. Pyne left that, and plenty of shields and stars, and other devices, in a large chest that you will find in the vestry. You have but to edge them with laurel or ivy, and they will be ready to put up on the walls.'

'Then our work will not be so arduous as I expected,' said Mr. Yorke, half disappointed. 'May I ask you to meet me at the vestry by four, with whatever you have finished? I expect some evergreens by that time.'

The ladies promised; and on his taking leave, at once threw themselves into their task, although, as each day was usually cut out beforehand in their quiet methodical life, the invasion of Mr. Yorke was likely to effect a not altogether convenient diversion in their employments. Something new, either for themselves or for others, was pretty sure to be projected on Christmas Eve especially. They looked at one another when Mr. Yorke was gone.

'It will be a great blessing to go to the little church again, won't it, dear?' said Miss Georgiana, in the caressing loving tone she had used in speaking to her sister since they were little girls of eleven and twelve years old.

'Yes; but,' said the elder, with rather a dismayed air, 'he is so energetic, and I can see that he wants to carry us along with him.'

'Well, I am sure I am ready for the start,' said Miss Georgiana quaintly.

'And the cap we were making as a present to Barbary?'

'We can give it to her at the New Year instead.'

'And the bonnet for Lexie Cumming? I am sure if she does not get it, she will make that an excuse for not going to church.'

'Then she shall. I will make time to finish it.'

'And the Christmas letters?'

'Fortunately, those for the English post are off already. Our Scotch friends must not take it amiss if we write them but short letters of good wishes this time.'

It was thus the ladies made up their minds to leave undone, or only execute partially, their own little plans, while lending their best aid to carry out those of the curate of Fiddler's Causeway.

His next visit was to Mrs. Jean Grant, a character in her way. She lived in a large red brick house, with the usual gable ends pointed towards the street. A parrot, older than its mistress if all accounts were true, sunned itself before the door in a brief December gleam; and as Mr. Yorke rang the bell, his ears were saluted by a torrent of reproaches from the throat of vociferous Polly; but as these were uttered in Gaelic, they made no manner of impression upon his cheerfulness. Mrs. Jean Gordon or Grant, as she was called indifferently after the Scottish fashion, which frequently preserves the maiden name beside the married one, was a tall gaunt old lady, with the high cheek-bones of her country. She was large-boned, and towered immensely above the young clergyman, her natural height being assisted by the abundant borders of her cap, the exact centre of which was indicated by a mourning brooch stuck upright in them.

Mrs. Jean was only too gracious to the young stranger, and once in her house, he began to fear he should never get out again; for after the business that had brought him there had been discussed and received her cordial sympathy, there was much to be said about her mother, who, as she expressed it, had been mother likewise to the Church in those parts. In her memory the books and Altar-vessels had been given, which doubtless Mr. Yorke had seen for himself, as it was set forth upon them in a suitable inscription. Next Mr. Pyne was discussed at full length, and a fancy portrait of him drawn, Mrs. Jean being in the habit of colouring her descriptions by the prepossessions of the moment, and not, as a rule, remembering to-day what she said last night. Mr. Yorke was then taken all over her house, even to the pantry; invited to lay his hand upon her winter store of butter, that he might feel how firm it was; made the recipient of all her fears about the Pope; and as a great favour, shewn a small heap of white garments, carefully put away in a drawer, which she said were her grave-clothes, brought out and aired every now and then, as she repeated with the air of one discussing a family arrangement. Then, apparently to divert the mind of her young visitor, and prevent his giving way to sad impressions, she led him back to the dining-room, and read him out her favourite niece's last China letter, which was full of the names of places and people he knew nothing about. She offered him some strawberries out of a basket, and smiled and laughed with pleasure when, on his stretching out his hand to take one, he discovered it to be a waxen deception. Finally, she dismissed him with a spray of holly, whose berries he was to compare with those on Sir Roderick's evergreens, she confidently expected, greatly to the advantage of her own.

Mr. Yorke was very glad to find himself in the street again, this time with a head-ache engendered by sitting in Mrs. Jean's unaired dining-

room, impregnated as that was with the smell of a thousand dinners. He had not gone far, when he was stopped by a strange figure, sparely habited in a tartan shawl and moreen skirt, and having a yellow silk bonnet garnished with lavender-coloured flowers and pink strings on her head. She evidently wished to attract his notice, having probably been informed, by the gossip that usually flows rapidly through a little place like Kincaldwall, who the new-comer was; and omitting the English curtsey, she stretched out a lean long arm, and contrived to make him understand it as her pleasure that he should shake hands with her. He unwittingly yielded, and found his hand grasped, and his arm lifted and swayed up and down like a pump-handle, for full half a minute before she would let it go. All the while she was telling him how glad she was to see him in Kincaldwall, and, in a tone of condescension, how she intended 'to go to the chapel and hear the preaching to-morrow, if she was spared.'

This was Mrs. Macgrudden, the half-witted woman to whom Mary Seyton had alluded. She was a poor sickly creature, who managed to get a scanty living by collecting eggs and wild fruit, and selling them; and when these resources failed her, fishing in the river for pearls, which were not to be procured without risk, as the laird to whom the river belonged very naturally resented such acts as poaching, and had repeatedly threatened Mrs. Macgrudden with punishment if she persisted. In spite of her joy at seeing Mr. Yorke, she could not be called a Church-woman, as she was accustomed to divide her attention pretty impartially between S. Ninian's and the Kirk, being most particular in her attendance at the latter at the time of the 'occasion,' which at Kincaldwall came round twice a year.

Instinct led Mr. Yorke to put his hand in his pocket, and look for a shilling for this poor creature, who, upon receiving it, renewed her demonstrations before she could make up her mind to go her own way, and leave the embarrassed young clergyman to go his.

And now, lest the bewildered reader should be induced to lay down my story under the impression that I am going to force him or her to make as many new acquaintances in a single day as did Mr. Yorke, I will, in the language of novelists, 'draw a veil' over the proceedings of the next two or three hours—during which indeed he was not idle—and go on to half-past three by the railway time, when, as Mr. Yorke was snatching a hasty meal at his hotel in preparation for his appointment at the church at four, he received a message from Mr. Seyton, who was returning from his court, that Miss Christian Seyton would be glad to speak to him.

'She is a great invalid,' explained the sheriff, who undertook to be his guide to her lodgings.

Miss Christian was used to consider herself half English; for, as she told Mr. Yorke, his native country was her mother's birth-place. She was one of those who had listened reverently to Mr. Pyne's teaching,

without drawing too rigid comparisons between it and his behaviour generally, and she never could be induced to say a word of blame, even when popular feeling ran most against him. An invalid from her earliest girlhood, and entirely confined to two rooms, she had contrived to find her happiness, first in the due performance of her religious duties, and next in the exercise of little kindly offices to her relations, and to those also who were even more unfortunate than herself. One of her favourite employments when alone, was the treasuring and arranging of what her very Highland cousins called 'trifles' and 'little things.'

Her English descent was clearly manifested by this fond clinging to shreds and patches, sentiments and recollections.

Mr. Yorke found her, as everyone always did find her, stretched upon her little chintz sofa, and well covered over by an Affghan blanket, of which Mr. Seyton's many girls had knitted each a stripe. It was warm, and much to be prized for its usefulness; and that was all they thought about it, and never dreamed that she—lying there, often obliged to be idle, except for her imagination which was especially active—would, as they might have expressed themselves, make a sentimental token of it, and value intensely each particular stripe for the sake of the fingers that worked it, treasuring more than all the little pine at one end, because a pair of English hands had, while their owner was visiting at the Seytons', playfully insisted on putting in a stitch!

Her book-shelf was scantily supplied with favourite volumes, laboriously collected together, and loved—this, because she had heard her mother speak of it with approval; that, because it had belonged to a brother who was dead; another, because of the smile with which it was given her. Everything she had possessed a double value, because of this gold of association, which, with natures such as hers, tender, deep, and imaginative, makes common things priceless. A low stand near her held the curiosities and keep-sakes which it pleased her to look upon when she was too ill to handle or make use of them: an Indian box of sandal wood, sacred to the memory of her mother's necklace, beside two gloves and a faded bow, treasured for the sake of an absent sister, at whose wedding, very long ago, they were worn. A dead rose fastened to a card, reminded her of her only pic-nic; and two or three artificial orange-buds, enclosed in a little box with a glass top, surmounted by a wreath of gold-coloured everlastings, were mementos probably of the marriage and early death of some old school-friend. A few exquisite sacred photographs, and a silver cross standing upright amongst them, had associations of their own; and a large album on a lower shelf, contained representations of all the friends and relations who had ever sat or stood for their portraits, in each one of the dresses and attitudes they had assumed. A little carved wooden book—kept especially for those faces which had acquired sacredness from the fact that their owners would never again look upon her in this world—was getting ominously full. Its blue strings had been recently untied for the

admission of another, a gay figure in a ball-dress, whose satin tunic, looped with butterflies, as well as the peculiar fashion of her cushioned and braided hair, shewed how short a time must have elapsed between the act of sitting for her portrait and the sealing of the laughing eyes in death.

Miss Seyton was always quiet and gentle; but as she would have expressed it, the death of dear Jessie Macnaughten brought home to her with added clearness the truth that all must die, and made her realize more clearly that a day must certainly come when she would be remembered and sent for Home. Such a Home! the thought of it made her bright.

She looked up when Mr. Yorke entered, and gave him welcome in her slow Scotch tones. 'Come away, Sir,' she said, indicating a chair.

He sat by her side; and, accustomed to make himself at home under all circumstances, more especially in a sick-room, it was not long before his cheerful kindly manner had put her thoroughly at her ease.

She was very sorry to take up his time, she said; she knew it was very inconsiderate of her, but she was so glad—so very glad and thankful they should have a clergyman at Kincaldwall, though only for Christmas Day; and she thought—she hoped that perhaps he would be so good as to come to her to-morrow, and give her the Blessed Sacrament. All should be ready if he would promise; she had not been able to get to church herself for twelve years.

'I will come, indeed,' said Mr. Yorke, touched by her evident anxiety, 'but not to-morrow. I must be here over Sunday, at all events. I will have service at S. Ninian's; but I suppose, as the people have been so neglected of late, it will be no use to offer them Holy Communion so soon again; and I will celebrate It here for you at nine o'clock on Sunday if you like. Ah! I see you wished for It especially as your Christmas Feast; but will you mind putting it off till S. Stephen's Day? I should not celebrate more than once in the day, you know, if I can help it.'

'Oh no, of course not; I had forgotten,' murmured Christian, rather shame-faced. 'That will quite do, thank you.'

'You are sure? I presume some of your friends will communicate with you?'

'Yes; my cousin Isa, and my servant. Thank you so much!' She clasped her hands and smiled, while a few tears gathered in her eyes.

'Ah!' he said compassionately, 'you must often be very sad, I fear. I wish it were in my power to do anything to cheer you while I am here.'

'I do not wish my life altered,' she said earnestly. 'I am convinced it is the best life for me to lead, or God would not have called me to it. But you are giving me a great deal of comfort now by speaking so kindly. I shall think of your visit with so much pleasure after it is over. It will have been a help, one of the helps which I know my immortal part will keep in remembrance after I have got safe Home.'

Perhaps because it was irresistibly suggested by her last words, perhaps because he wished to leave her a worthy remembrance of a visit which she seemed to prize, Mr. Yorke answered by repeating—

'Safe home, safe home in port!
—Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck:
But oh! the joy upon the shore,
To tell our voyage perils o'er!'

Miss Christian devoured his words. They were new to her, and their wonderful beauty, the power and expressiveness of their imagery, were perceived and acknowledged by her intellect, whilst the truth revealed in them filled her with a sort of breathless joy.

'Go on,' she said, as Mr. Yorke paused at the end of the first verse.

He repeated the lovely hymn to the end, and then fearing that he might be late for his appointment, he took a kind leave of the enthusiastic invalid, who was almost glad to see him go, so eager was she to be alone with her newly-found treasure, the broken fragments that were all she could gather up of the hymn whose echoes were to haunt her for months, perhaps years, or even to the end of her life—its echoes merely. She had no idea that the words, translated from the Greek by Dr. Neale, and sung at his funeral, were to be had with many others for a shilling or two, neither had it occurred to her to give Mr. Yorke the trouble of transcribing them for her; and so, as sometimes happens, she strove to recall the lines, and to piece them together unaided, through many a weary day and wakeful night that they comforted her.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TORN SURPLICE.

It was growing dusk as Mr. Yorke reached the church. Old Maggie had lit a blazing fire, but had rather spared the cobwebs, to his disgust. The evergreens had not come. However, his ardent spirit would not allow him to doubt that they would arrive all right; and in the meantime he found ample employment in unpacking and hanging up a somewhat ragged and not over-clean surplice, which, together with a polite note containing a frank welcome to its use from his brother priest at Blair Muich, awaited him.

It was in vain to sigh over its bad colour, so Mr. Yorke tried to take it cheerfully, and began to think who he could get to mend it—a feeler which, with masculine inconsiderateness, he had thrown out to Maggie on the possibility of having it washed, being received with anything but favour by the old woman.

'It couldna be done in time,' she said; 'and the weather so bad, everything had to be dried before the fire in these days.' In short, she let him see that he was to expect nothing so energetic from her, and returned indignant to her task of rendering some scores of spiders houseless and homeless.

Mr. Yorke proceeded to unlock the large chest, marked—

SCOTCH EPISCOPAL CONGREGATION,
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which stood under the *Aumbrey*, and found an array of disused hymn-books, Scottish Church Society papers, card-board devices and texts for decorating with, bundles of *immortelles*, and boxes containing the Altar-linen and church-markers, the latter made of Redmayne's order ribbon, fringed and embroidered with raised white crosses. A large wooden Iona cross in the corner of the vestry was, Maggie informed him, usually covered with *fog*, and placed on the Altar, at Christmas; and he was just asking what *fog* might be, and if it could possibly mean moss, when a cantering of ponies' feet was heard, and a low knock at the vestry door warned him of an arrival.

When anyone is informing us about a strange country, there is always some feature left unsketched, always something still for our own experience to find out; and thus it was in this instance. Mr. Yorke thought the entire congregation had been counted over to him; but the moment he opened the vestry door, and gazed out into the gloaming, he perceived that one had been omitted—a beautiful young woman, with soft clear skin, dark hair, and something of foreign grace in her air. She was wrapped in scarlet, which was bordered with a mixture of swan's down and the snow-flakes that had just begun to fill the air, and held out her hand with a frank smile. Mr. Yorke then observed that her left arm was burdened with a small wreath made of the choicest evergreens, interspersed with bits of geranium and Christmas roses, and tied with white ribbons. Close to the gate stood a dun pony, held by a smart groom.

'I must introduce myself,' she said; 'Mrs. Murray of Glenfinn.'

Mr. Yorke bowed.

'We are all very much obliged to you, I am sure, and are bound in honour to make a good appearance to-morrow. I was at Fasnafee when your note came to Sir Roderick, and Lady Urquhart and I immediately went in and made this wreath to go round the lip of the font. We only wished we could have given you more help.'

'You are very good,' said Mr. Yorke, taking it from her, and examining its minute proportions with some mental doubts as to its capabilities for stretching. 'I expect an army of workers here presently. Do you happen to know if Sir Roderick Urquhart is going to send his evergreens? and if so, when they are likely to arrive?'

'I heard him give the order; but the forester may not be just very quick, and carts travel more slowly than ponies. You must not expect them for half an hour yet. Do you like our little church? Don't you feel as if you had undertaken too much?' asked Mrs. Murray, half curious, wholly kind-hearted.

Mr. Yorke paid her no compliments, although here was a good opening for them, and said nothing about her sympathy and encouragement making his task a light one. He said simply and gravely, 'Why, you know, one must do one's best, and leave the rest.'

'Ah, yes,' she said seriously; 'very true, very right. Then I won't waste any commiseration upon you, Mr. Yorke. I can't stay; the laird will be expecting me home, and the snow is beginning to fall. If you remain, we shall hope to see you at Glenfinn.'

She bowed in a somewhat stately manner, and was about to ride home, full of the thoughts of how she should be able to create a diversion in the *woolly* talk pretty sure to prevail at dinner-time, between the laird and a sheep-farming cousin or two, by announcing that she had seen and conversed with the clergyman from England, who was having everything his own way at S. Ninian's, and seemed energetic enough to take charge of half a dozen deserted cures—when Mr. Yorke stopped her. She was beautiful and well-born, and could be haughty if she chose: she might be wife to a Highland chieftain for all he knew; but he only remembered that she was a woman, and he wanted his surplice mended!

'Will you do something for me?' he asked quickly.

'Something? Anything; only I can't stay,' she repeated, looking surprised.

'You sew, don't you?'

'My "Queen Mab" does, if I don't. What is it?'

'I've got a surplice,' said Mr. Yorke, hesitating, and thinking how he could best apologize for its holes without casting an undue reflection upon his unknown benefactor at Blair Muich, 'I don't know if you could make anything of it, but you see I had to borrow it in a hurry, and they hadn't time to patch it up. It's a very little matter, five minutes would make all square,' said Mr. Yorke, with a man's ignorance, shewing an aperture in the lawn of sufficient size to thrust his arm through.

'That is all you know about it! I see holes enough to employ me all the evening. I will have a "bee," and set my young ladies to mend it, after dinner. If I am not much mistaken, the surplice stands sorely in need of a washing, which will be the crowning pleasure of the whole, for my laundry-maid has gone to see her mother, and the others would grumble if I asked them to do it so late as this, so we must get through in the best manner we can ourselves. A little boiling and a great deal of ironing, and—do you like starch?'

'No, no—no starch!' exclaimed Mr. Yorke, forgetting that it was not a professional laundress who put the question, so business-like had Mrs.

Murray suddenly become, over what to her was evidently a fresh idea of amusement. 'May I depend upon your letting me have it early to-morrow? The slightest unpunctuality would—'

'You shall have it at ten; I can't promise it before, because it won't be dry enough to iron till the morning early. Well, you have secured my rising betimes to-morrow, at any rate,' said Mrs. Murray, with a quaint air of resignation. 'Are you sure there is nothing else—no bands? What, you don't wear any? So much the better for the eyes of whoever would have stitched them. Good-bye, you may rely upon me,' said the kind-hearted young woman, suffering him to lead her to her pony, while she motioned the groom to take charge of a parcel, in which, to old Maggie's disgust, the surplice was carefully folded.

'It was no possible,' she said, 'for human hands to wash and iron yon in the time; and it was not like Mrs. Murray of Glenfinn to do it. I'm thinking,' she added, 'that it was quite good enough before.'

'I am very much obliged to you,' said Mr. Yorke, shaking hands finally with Mrs. Murray, 'but it is a privilege to do anything for the church, isn't it?'

'Well, I suppose it is; I had not thought of it in that light before,' she said, and rode soberly homewards, to think what this working for the church might mean. Somehow when she produced the surplice from a drawer after dinner, and called her children's governess, and three young friends who were staying with her, to fetch their finest thread and needles, and put forth their best skill upon it, she did not make the jokes she had intended upon the raggedness of the vestment whose intrinsic worth was so little, but encouraged a serious vein of conversation, which originated, as sometimes happens, with the youngest of the party, until by insensible degrees she found herself thinking of the true blessedness and true joy of Christmas, which Mr. Yorke's stay at Kincaldwall would help her to realize. So teachable are our fellow-mortals, if we would only believe it, and try them!

CHAPTER V.

SEEKING FOR LIGHT.

Left to himself, Mr. Yorke laid the light wreath round the stem of the font, which it just fitted; tore away two or three sprigs where the foliage was too full, to stick in places where it appeared scanty; and looked up to encounter a party of Seytons headed by the two Miss Blys, who, their arms filled with ivy-ribbon, gazed in dismay upon the fast darkening church.

'Oh, Mr. Yorke!' said Lizzie Seyton. 'How will we be able to see?'

Mr. Yorke had been admiring the fine effects of departing day, upon the east window, which threw it into deeper shade, and intensified the

tints of red and blue; and this was all he had noticed of the gathering gloom.

'We will light the gas,' he said, thinking of the well-lit church and attentive evening congregation at Fiddler's Causeway.

'But there is no gas here unless in the vestry, and that most likely is turned off, as it has not been used for so long.'

'Then we must get candles,' said Mr. Yorke, turning away; but he had hardly left the church when he found Isa at his side.

'We will go to the house,' she said; 'there are plenty candles there.' And she guided him to her father's house, where this new demand was at once, and with the greatest good humour, complied with.

'Mr. Yorke,' commenced Isa, as, each with two candlesticks appropriately supplied, they returned towards the church, and by her serious hesitating tone, he guessed that she wished, perhaps had purposely sought, for this opportunity of conversing with him apart. 'I don't just know if I ought to speak to you—' and here she stopped.

'If there is anything I can do for you, I shall be only too glad,' said Mr. Yorke, with all the more readiness perhaps, that he was feeling fatigued, and beginning to remember that he had been sent to the Highlands for rest, not for added occupation.

'Oh, thank you, it's only—it's just—' her voice broke down, and for a moment she could not go on.

Mr. Yorke took both candlesticks from her in addition to his own burden, and offered her his arm.

'You are tired,' he said, as she took it timidly. 'You have been working hard for the church all day, haven't you?'

'Ye-e-es,' said Isa slowly, 'but it's not that exactly.' Then mustering her resolution, she said, 'I was confirmed last spring.'

'Then you are in the full promise of your early vows, your first love,' said Mr. Yorke soothingly.

'Oh, thank you. Yes, if I were so good as that, but—but— I wanted to tell you that I have never received the Holy Communion yet, and to ask you if I might to-morrow, without more preparation?'

Mr. Yorke did not immediately reply to her question. 'Your not having become a Communicant before, did not proceed from want of will?' he asked.

'Oh no, there was no opportunity. The Confirmation was held at Edinmouth thirty miles off, and in the evening. Our church, you know, has never been served since. Mr. Pyne went away as soon as he had prepared us—I mean Alexa Cameron and Ica Gordon and me.'

'And you have wished vainly for an opportunity?'

A very steady though low-toned 'Yes' came from Isabel.

'And you think I have given you short notice of preparation?'

'That can't be helped,' said Isa; 'my cousin Christian wishes me to receive it with her. My first Communion! I told her I would try and ask you what you thought. Mr. Pyne used to say in his sermons that if

we were puzzled about anything, we should remember that he—every priest indeed—was our servant in that matter.'

'Mr. Pyne's teaching seems to have been very good,' said Mr. Yorke; and for you—has your life been anything of a preparation for this Holy Sacrament? Have you tried, even though imperfectly, to act up to the vows which you then took upon yourself?'

The snow was falling fast now; the party within the church was in darkness; yet Mr. Yorke, bent on doing the duty before him in the most thorough manner possible, was leading her past the vestry gate. Isa's good sense, and the habits of consideration in which the younger members, at least, of a large family are naturally bred up, prevented her entering then and there into a full confession of unworthiness, and chill affections, and disordered tempers, such as might have been a relief to the morbid consciousness of a girl of fifteen, brought, for the first time in her life, into close contemplation of the most awful, though, as she perhaps failed fully to realize, the most comforting act of the Christian religion.

She answered hesitatingly, 'Yes—a little.'

'And do you remember that Bishop Jeremy Taylor says, it ought not to take a long time to look into our souls and find out their dispositions towards our duty? But you have longer than you think. I am not going to your cousin to-morrow. We have agreed to meet on S. Stephen's Day, at nine. Thus you will have Christmas Day, with its acts of loving service and little sacrifices, to prepare you. Try always to choose the best, and you will not find the gulf that divides your ordinary daily actions from this act of complete surrender of yourself to God, so great, that it needs to be bridged over by a long course of special meditation and prayer. It will be late before you get home to-night, and you will be very tired; I should recommend short but earnest prayers, a brief yet searching self-examination, to be followed by a fervent expression of penitence, if it be but "I have sinned;" and let to-morrow see you careful and reverent, anxious to avoid offence, kind to those at home, as I am sure you would be without my counsel. At intervals, too, when you have a little time to recollect yourself, during the day, think in your inmost heart Who it is that you are about to invite to take up His abode there, and repeat the "Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldest come under my roof," which springs from the mood of mind He best loves to honour.'

As if to prevent her answering, while he endeavoured to convey to her a world-familiar thought in a quaint old dress that might impress it on her memory, Mr. Yorke, as he turned back towards the gate, repeated,

'O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset with thorn and briar?
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few inquire.

And see ye not that braid braid road,
That lies across that lily leven?
That is the path of wickedness,
Though some call it the road to Heaven.'

Isa looked down, and smiled softly to herself in the darkness. She had set out on the path of righteousness, though she knew it not; the path after which, as none must feel more strongly than the clergy, 'but few inquire.'

CHAPTER VI.

THE PARTY IN THE VESTRY.

Their return to the church was hailed with considerable satisfaction, and an illumination of the vestry was the immediate result. A few moments afterwards, the rumbling of wheels on the snow announced the arrival of Sir Roderick's evergreens, of which a cart-load was speedily deposited in the porch. Mr. Yorke was by that time standing on the kneeling-boards, which were ingeniously hoisted across the backs of the seats; and thus elevated, nailed shields and crosses surrounded by ivy-wreathings at equal distances along the walls; the little Seytons being happily employed in handing tacks and devices, as they were wanted.

Old Maggie (who, albeit a rigid Presbyterian, manifested much interest and pleasure in decking out S. Ninian's) immediately made prey of bay and laurustinus; and hanging, for security of finding it when wanted, a neck-lace of twine about her throat and shoulders, proceeded, by the aid of a single string pulled from it now and then, to tie those bunches of evergreens to the ends of the seats, on which, though neither elegant nor appropriate, she chiefly relied for giving the church an appearance of special ornamentation. Fortunately, some moss was discovered, which served the three elder young ladies for tying on altar-cross and star; while Isa, on her knees in the chancel, twined branches of yew among the rails, asked her heart many a question of its sincerity, and put up secret ejaculatory prayers, that if her time of preparation was short, her love and faith might not be found wanting. On the whole it was soothing, this working in church; and cold though it was, she absented herself as much as possible from the warm vestry fire and the gay talk of her sisters, to remain there, finding ample employment in wreathing the pulpit, trailing long ivy-tendrils round the organ, and sticking Cape-everlastings wherever they would go on the lectern.

The Miss Blys' steady industry was quite invaluable; but after working energetically for an hour or two, Mary Seyton looked at her watch.

'A quarter past six,' she said; 'the boys will be here presently, and

then I suppose we must have our practice, and after that we shall need all our time to get dressed for Mrs. Kerr's party. Isa and the little ones can stay.'

Mr. Yorke was coming in to look for a pair of scissors. He overheard the remark, and opened his eyes in unfeigned astonishment. 'A party to-night?' he repeated; 'oh, surely you are not going to desert me!'

'We are very sorry,' said Mary, resolutely putting up her thimble, as she began to hear her brothers' footsteps, 'but this is a prior engagement.'

'But a party! Is it the fashion in Scotland to have your Christmas fun before the time, Miss Seyton?'

'Sometimes. I don't think we are particular. This is just a dance. I wish,' she added graciously, 'that you would spare yourself time to come to it with us. Gentlemen are scarce in the Highlands at this season of the year, and I am sure Mrs. Kerr would make you welcome.'

'To tell you the truth,' said the English curate, (and Isa, who was warming her hands by the fire, thought his tone a little severe,) 'that is not exactly my idea of the way in which to spend the Holy Night.'

'Indeed? I never heard any objection to it,' said Mary Seyton, in a provoked tone.

'Perhaps not. You are not great people for keeping Christmas in Scotland, I fancy.'

'Well, I don't know; the Presbyterians are not, of course. With them, where there are children, it generally ends in a visit to the toy-shop. They think more of *Old* New Year, and *New* New Year; but we have always thought of Christmas, so far as decorating, and going to church, and giving one another presents; and what possible objection can there be to going to parties, if one is asked?'

'I question if it is the best way in which to spend the vigil of Christmas.'

'You think we ought to be fasting,' suggested Janet, while her sister stared.

'No, seeing that the first Vespers of Christmas began at six o'clock.'

'Then what would you have us do?' asked Mary impatiently.

'Decorate,' said Mr. Yorke shortly, and pointing to a mass of material still to be worked up.

'This is really too bad,' said Mary sharply; 'you wish us to stay away from Mrs. Kerr's dance that we have so long looked forward to, just that we may put more green about the church.'

'Still you mistake. Do not suppose that I am wishing to serve any selfish ends, or that the church cannot be finished without your help.'

'How very rude!' thought Mary, who, as the eldest of her family, had been a little spoilt.

'I only think that the dawning of a great festival—a festival which has given us such wonderful cause for love and gratitude, as this—should be passed in quiet; as far as possible in self-examination and prayer, or at

the very least in works of charity, where it cannot, as is the case here to-night, be spent in the public worship of God.'

'Then what would you do if you were at home?' asked Lizzie, finding an opportunity to speak, now that Mary, for some reason best known to herself, chose to be silent.

'If I were at home?' repeated the London curate, at once applying that word to his church and its work at Fiddler's Causeway, although he would never have thought of it in connection with his simple lodging. 'I—we all should have services, and classes at different hours, instruction for the little children, as also for those unfortunate ones who by reason of past neglect, need more teaching than the babes.'

'Ah, you wish you were there now!' said 'Tina, watching his kindling face a little jealously.

'Of course he does,' said Janet, catching his enthusiasm. 'But, Mr. Yorke, if it isn't selfish, we are just as well pleased to have you here.'

'Thank you—yes, I believe I am better here for a little while.'

'Don't sigh,' said 'Tina abruptly; 'I assure you there is room for doing good even at little S. Ninian's. You have converted me already; I sha'n't go to Seggie to-night.'

She said it without counting the cost, and looked as if she expected to be praised; but Mr. Yorke made her no answer. Mary Seyton did not, to tell the truth, give him much opportunity. Something, perhaps it was hope of a conquest already partially completed, was making her especially anxious to fulfil her engagement with Mrs. Kerr, who was the wife of a small laird in the neighbourhood, and mother to an Indian captain, just now at home on leave.

'Tina, don't talk nonsense,' she said; 'there is no harm, and you can't be so rude to Mrs. Kerr; besides, I want you,' she added in a lower tone; 'you know Janet always does the same as you, and never thinks of copying me, and it would look particular if I alone were to go.' She stopped, colouring.

'I don't copy anyone,' said Janet sturdily; 'I only do what I think is right: 'Tina and I usually agree, that is all.'

By this time the brothers were in the vestry, and asking, 'Well, what are the hymns to be? Have you chosen the chants? Have you nearly finished? The church doesn't look half so well as it did last year, does it? Where have you buried the everlastings? What a pity you are not going to have flowers on the Altar! If you don't get the church heated over night, it will be awfully cold to-morrow, and give Glenfinn's mother rheumatism in the back of her head!' with divers other remarks of an equally pleasing nature, after the fashion of their age and kind.

'You had better go down into the cellar and light the fire yourself, Donald, if you are so anxious about it,' said Lizzie, to the one who had last spoken.

'Not I, or all the blame would fall upon me if anything went wrong,

and it always was going wrong in Mr. Pyne's time. Only I thought it a pity you had not told Macdiarmid.'

'Macdiarmid has been told,' said Mr. Yorke good-humouredly; 'and I understand something of these things myself, so I think there is no fear of Mrs. Murray's rheumatism this time.'

He took up a candle, and leaving the vestry, was presently heard opening the organ and fitting the handle on the bellows. Miss Bly deftly folded aside the wreath on which she had been busy, put her thimble in her pocket that she might know where to find it again, and followed, to seat herself at the instrument, and play, with roughened and holly-wounded fingers, whatsoever chants and hymns Mr. Yorke, himself vigorously blowing the bellows for her all the time, exacted of her. To his joy he found *Hymns Ancient and Modern* in use there, and thus was able to make choice of the very same words as he knew were then being sung at S. Mary's, Fiddler's Causeway. The young people had, most of them, very fair voices, and that S. Ninian's should once more awake to song, was matter of joy to some of them, so that they did their best; and Mr. Yorke was much cheered, and although still deploring their resolution to keep to their usual seat, he comforted himself with the reflection that at least they would all sit together, and thus contribute a volume of concentrated sound to the music, although they might not be exactly in the spot he had chosen for them.

The last *Amen* was hardly chanted, when Mary and the brothers, with 'Tina unwillingly pinned between them, left the church, followed by Janet, who said something about helping her sisters to dress, and then coming back. Nobody expected her, however; and sooth to say, they were all surprised when, about nine o'clock, as old Maggie began in an alarming manner to ask them if they had done, sweeping up good and bad leaves indiscriminately, and shewing it to be her intention to begin to '*redd* up,' hinder her who might, footsteps were heard groping their way up the church, and a red-haired young woman, with a white tired face, and two pretty handfuls of camellias and geraniums, opened the vestry door.

'O Janet, we thought you had gone!' said the children; and Isa whispered, 'O Janet, how good of you!'

Mr. Yorke took no further notice of her entrance than to claim her flowers, which he at once began to arrange, in two beautifully designed vases that he had found in the *aumbrey*. He seemed to want no help or explanation from Janet; they were exactly what he had wished for, and somehow never doubted getting all along, so he betrayed no astonishment.

Janet felt a little disappointed. Her sacrifice counted, then, for nothing; yet it had not been made for human approval, Mr. Yorke had shewn her a better way, and she had unhesitatingly followed it for Christ's sake, as she would have followed it, I believe, if it had led her to greater mortifications than merely staying at home, and dressing two pretty sisters for a dance, where she knew full well her plain face and

quiet slow manner would have attracted few partners, except those two or three good-natured people who may now and then be found in a ball-room, actually looking for a 'wall-flower;' or towards the end of the evening, a much-put-upon brother who had been refused two or three times over by some lady who thought him too aspiring, and in a fit of ill-humour consequent thereon, usually conveyed his invitation to her in some such terms as these: 'Come, Janet, look sharp! don't lose me this dance.' 'Tina would have stayed decorating if Mary had allowed her; and 'Tina was fond of dancing, and sure of getting a good share of it. Janet thought her sister better than herself, even in leaving behind her bouquet, with strict charges that it should be given to Mr. Yorke for the Altar.

'But you needn't say anything to him about me,' said 'Tina, pinning an artificial rose in her dress, 'because you see I am going after all. It is more good-natured by Mary, I suppose; and really there is some excuse for her, and she does not like me to say that if I were her I would leave Captain Kerr to come and look after me if he pleased. She says so much depends upon opportunity.'

Mr. Yorke demanded no explanation of those two altar-bouquets, nor appeared to think how they represented the partial submission at least of 'Tina and Janet Seyton to his teaching; yet she thought there was something especially kind and softened in the voice in which he asked her to help him in doing something he could perfectly have done by himself; and when, everything being now finished, and the party, under protection of the Miss Blys, turned homewards, he wished them, collectively, a happy Christmas, by the vestry gate.

'We will leave you to finish putting all tidy,' he said to old Maggie.

But, with her basket packed tightly with candlesticks and twine, she followed close behind. 'No, no, Sir, I couldna stay, and you and the ladies gone.'

'No? Why not?'

'I frighten, Sir, to be my lone here after dark.'

'What? I should have thought this the safest place in Kincaldwall.'

'Maggie doesn't think so,' said Annie; 'she will make it tidy early to-morrow—won't you, Maggie? but it would be impossible to bribe her to stay to-night.'

So saying, she blew out the last candle that had lighted their steps; and Maggie having resolutely locked the gate, they all dispersed in the darkness.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CHRISTMAS SERVICE.

Over-fatigue made Mr. Yorke's slumbers far from sound that Christmas Eve. He had never known a night with so many episodes in it. Instead of seeming only an hour long, as most nights did when he was tired enough to sleep through them without waking, this one surely lasted a whole week. It was divided into so many parts, each an indefinite number of hours in length at least. After lying down and falling into a feverish doze, he was roused by a combination of African tom-toms and Pandæan pipes, and under a hazy impression that he was travelling through some savage village, and about to be made the object of an

attack from a hostile tribe, he sprang from his pillow and looked out upon a collection of urchins, who, after exploding a cracker or two, expressive of festal gladness, marched on, to warn in similar manner the worthy lieges of Kincaldwall that Christmas had come. Mr. Yorke again tried to court sleep, but for some time in vain. His imagination seemed haunted by the presence of innumerable Seytons; and when a period of unconsciousness did succeed, they moved to and fro, and jostled one another, and asked his advice in dreams.

'There are so many of them!' he found himself exclaiming; and then awoke to that awful present sense that sometimes visits us upon our beds, of the nearness and certainty of our own death. *This* is the reality, *that* the vision—that busy life lived only yesterday, to go on perhaps to-morrow, full of eager hopes and fears, and plans succeeding only to perish. A hundred years hence, what would it signify, that he had altered his plan of going to Drumlossie Castle, and had stayed at Kincaldwall to give a service in poor deserted S. Ninian's? All who attended that service would be dead and buried then; and he himself—?

A great thrill, and a sob from the very depths of his heart, answered that question. He would have done what he could, and be lying at rest, under the shadow of the Love of his life, sealed to him for ever; and each little action, each small self-denial done for His Name's sake, would by His grace have become a step in the ladder that led him from earth to Paradise. After this there was no more sleep, but much eager earnest pondering, till the cold December dawn came greyly in and touched his tired cheek, and then he turned on his side and got some rest.

By ten o'clock Mr. Yorke was at S. Ninian's, and found Maggie before him, putting finishing touches to everything by the light of day. In the vestry stood a fragile white basket, in which the snowiest of surplices lay folded. A slip of paper fluttered down as he opened it and examined with curious eyes the darns with which it was intersected.

'December 25th, 1868.

1 Surplice. We hope you will share our Christmas dinner to-day. The carriage shall call for you at 6.45 p.m.

GERALDINE MURRAY.'

This was Mrs. Murray's washing bill. Mr. Yorke shook his head; he did not feel equal to paying the price she exacted for her punctually executed work.

He had now to array the Altar; kneeling down before it, he commended to God the service which he hoped to perform there, then opened the organ for Miss Bly, visited the fire underground and saw that its heat was properly tempered for the dowager Mrs. Murray's rheumatism, found the places in the books, and finally sat in the vestry to wait for eleven o'clock. When it was near the time, people began to make a rush towards the deserted church; some few perhaps actuated by motives of curiosity, but others urged on by a sincere desire to spend the morning hours of Christmas Day in the worship of God, and most thankful to Mr. Yorke for having given them the opportunity.

The Seytons came in detachments. There were first Janet and Isa, who, impressed with the necessity of arriving early to Miss Bly's support, had called off a troop of young ones in a hurry, and actually found themselves alone for full five minutes; after which came two big brothers,

who had forgotten their Prayer-books, and created some confusion by insisting on despoiling the little ones of theirs. When this was adjusted, 'Tina appeared, pale from the effects of some rather energetic dancing on the night before. She had with her as an unwilling captive a younger brother in parti-coloured garments, whom she had encountered stealing out of the kitchen door, to watch the shooting of a company of volunteers exercising hard by, but whom she had, by dint of argument and loudly expressed indignation, succeeded in persuading to accompany her to church. Mr. and Mrs. Seyton came at eleven; and during the reading of the Absolution, the rustling of Mary's Sunday silk gown betrayed her, as with conscious and triumphant air she paraded her completed conquest, a small dismal looking youth with red whiskers, who followed her into the seat, shared her hymn-book, sang out of tune, made responses in the wrong places, stared fixedly at Mary during the short and forcible sermon, of which he did not hear a word, and walked out of church as soon as the conclusion of the Prayer for Christ's Church Militant gave him the opportunity, drawing Mary after him. Mr. Yorke may be pardoned for thinking those two no great gain to the congregation. A time would come, and possibly might not be far distant, when sickness, or sorrow, or pining loneliness in a far country, should drive them both into that only safe Harbour, the Altar of Jesus; but they did not seem willing to acknowledge their need of it yet. 'Let them go and learn,' thought Mr. Yorke afterwards when he recalled the circumstance.

The congregation was a good one, and the music went harmoniously. Once the organ, from having been so long exposed to damp, commenced cyphering, and set Miss Bly furiously blushing behind her screen, and another time the temporary organ-boy got so absorbed in singing the Christmas hymn, that he let the wind out, and had to be recalled by a smart tap from Miss Bly's spectacle-case, upon which of course the entire congregation turned round to see what had happened, and Isa's struggles to call the little ones to order took off her own attention and that of her next neighbours for full a minute; but otherwise all went smoothly; and the slight huskiness and occasional faltering in the clergyman's voice, sure indications of fatigue, were thought to give impressiveness to a delivery which everyone agreed was pleasing and earnest.

When it was over, he sank down in the vestry chair and passed his handkerchief across his face, too languid to count the gold in the offertory plate, or to respond to the kind greetings and invitations which poured in upon him from all sides. Mrs. Murray came to introduce her husband, and perhaps to get complimented on her beautiful washing; Sir Roderick Urquhart, to ask him to dinner; Mr. Seyton, to urge a prior claim. The inevitable stranger, whom no one has counted on, but who commonly appears on these occasions, had only thanks to offer; but there were tears in his eyes as he told how in his distant farm he had been more than a year without seeing an English priest, or having an opportunity of receiving the unspeakable Gift. He had come to Kincaldwall for a market, and hearing of Mr. Yorke's arrival, had stayed over the night on purpose to attend service there, and now should go home and make the gude-wife happy by a narration of all he had done.

'You won't go away directly, will you?' he asked wistfully, 'we've two little girls waiting for their names, and we could bring them to Kincaldwall if you were here, when the days grow a little longer.'

Finally they were all gone. Mr. Yorke had roused himself, thanked the hospitable Highlanders for their invitations, and going straight to his inn, listened to a warning voice somewhere near his heart, undressed, and lay down on his bed with an uncomfortable idea that if the doctor who sent him to the Highlands could see what his patient was about, he would banish him further away.

Much refreshed by his long rest, nine o'clock on S. Stephen's Day found Mr. Yorke in Miss Christian's room, giving her the Holy Comfort for which she had patiently waited, and admitting Isabel to her first Communion. At eleven there was the ordinary Sunday morning service at S. Ninian's.

On S. John's Day, after morning prayers, which the Seytons alone attended, as he was seriously debating the point whether to go on to Drumlossie or not, a deputation of gentlemen, headed by Sir Roderick Urquhart, and Glenfinn, waited on him at the hotel with the request that he would serve S. Ninian's during the remainder of his holiday from Fiddler's Causeway, or until a successor to Mr. Pyne could be found. He reflected for a moment, and consented, a little against his conscience, for he had been forbidden to work at all, but then Kincaldwall was not a heavy charge; except for one or two sick people who needed his care, he was free during the week, and the air was so pure and healthy, he felt it already charming away the London maladies. This at least is what he told the doctor; to himself he added that he was not likely to live long, and that a year or two more or less, so as it was spent in the fulfilment of a plain duty, could not matter.

Holy Innocents' Day brought a kind letter from the Bishop, sanctioning the step Mr. Yorke had taken in opening the church, and suggesting that it would be a favour to the people if he could continue his services to them during his holiday.

When it was time for him to go back, the congregation made a proposal that he should stay altogether; but he had grown a little stronger, and his full life of work in London claimed him with an eager voice that could not be stifled. He had a long interview with his friend Peter Stewart of Drumlossie, who came to Kincaldwall to see him; and then, to soften his refusal, offered them his brother collegian instead. Peter Stewart had only made up his mind that Christmas to seek ordination at the hands of one of the Scotch bishops, and be enrolled among the ranks of the Scottish clergy; and if the people of Kincaldwall could resign themselves to having a deacon for their pastor, 'the lad Peter,' whom they had known from his boyhood, and always loved, would engage to spend his life with them.

Mr. Yorke then went back to Fiddler's Causeway; and at Easter Mr. Stewart, ordained deacon, came to take charge of S. Ninian's, and gladdened the hearts of its people by the re-establishment of regular services; although for the greatest blessing of all, they were still dependent upon the visits of the Bishop, and the arrival of a strange clergyman or two in the summer season.

But Mr. Stewart was so earnest and faithful, and employed the period of his diaconate so well, the need moreover was so pressing, that his diocesan saw no reason for withholding from him the priesthood, and he was accordingly ordained during Advent, 1869, to the joy of his flock, who, touched by the zeal which led to his giving up the luxuries of his father's house to minister among them, had just laid the foundation

stone of a pretty parsonage for him beside the church, when I last heard of them.

Mr. Yorke occasionally writes to his friend a few lines of hearty encouragement, and is not quite forgotten in Kincaldwall. When his name appears, as occasionally happens, in the pages of the *Guardian* or *Church Times*, Mr. Stewart is under a standing engagement to send the paper over to Miss Christian Seyton, with a pencil mark against it, and she in turn reads it slowly out to her beloved little cousin; for neither will ever forget how it was from his hands that Isa first received the signs of that bond of union, which, dearer than those of earthly relationship, shall bind them ever closer, not merely for this life, but for that only real and enduring existence which is to come.

Mary Kerr is keeping her first Christmas in India on a lonely station, very far from the Church privileges for which she is just beginning to yearn. Her husband is kind to her, but they have had to pass a good many rainy afternoons together, and know a little more of each other's habits of mind, and of the need there is of mutual forbearance, than they did when they first married; the letters home are not always rose-coloured; and the letters *from* home—even where the scribe is Lizzie or Annie, or a child still younger, the subject-matter being the doings of a tame duck, or the adventures of a sick pig—are more eagerly read and re-read than the somewhat haughty elder sister would once have thought possible.

IN TIME OF WAR.

CHAPTER V.

'The man with the mild voice and mournful eyes.'
'*Strafford.*'—*R. Browning.*

CERTAIN news of the King's intentions did not come to Southwell till noon the next day, though it was known he was at Newark; now word came that he was coming in the evening, and would sleep at the Palace.

In spite of Mrs. Bernard's boasted readiness, the good lady was thrown into a terrible fuss, and trotted about till Katharine thought that at least two pairs of her neat little cloth shoes would be worn out. Katharine was obliged to confine herself to Mrs. Bernard's parlour, for the court-yard was thronged with people; some of the Archbishop's tenants had come in, and many of the neighbouring gentlemen had also come, for news, or to meet the King, and they and their men went backwards and forwards all the afternoon. She got the tortoise to bear her company, though he gave her plainly to understand that he found the polished floor very unpleasant to walk upon, and also that having lived through more than one crisis, he expected to survive this one, and therefore thought all this commotion highly inconvenient and unnecessary.

Scraps of conversation came to her through the open window; someone was jeered at not a little, for the judicious way in which he had sent one son to serve the Parliament, while another had joined a Royal regiment. Katharine's own adventure was discussed, and she was surprised to learn that it was well known she had brought treasure for

the King. Presently her heart sank to hear a knot of gentlemen speak as if they thought the King much in the wrong, and the country in such evil case that ruin must come whichever party prevailed, while honest men found it hard to know which side to take.

At half-past six nothing had happened; the church-bell rang as usual for evening prayers, and Katharine, seeing Mr. Ashe going towards the door that opened on the church-yard, slipped out to join him. There were a few strangers standing about in the nave, which was flooded with golden light from the west window, but little light and no sound from without penetrated the dim stately choir; the quiet voice of the vicar-choral sounded just as usual, it seemed as if no change or disturbance could enter there, and Katharine's excitement was calmed as she followed the Psalms, seeing that though 'the waves of the sea are mighty and rage horribly, yet the Lord Who dwelleth on high is mightier.' Then she most heartily applied every verse of the ninety-fourth Psalm to the state of the threatened Church and the persecuted King, happily ignorant of how equally well the opposite party thought it suited their own case.

Thus absorbed, Katharine hardly noticed some strangers, five or six gentlemen, who came into the choir while the First Lesson was being read, and took their places in some of the vacant stalls. Presently one face arrested her attention—that of the gentleman who had come in first, a man approaching middle age, not tall, but both graceful and dignified, very handsome, and with an air at once knightly and refined. He stood in one of the richly canopied stalls, where the screen cast a deep shadow; the light had faded quickly, but one of the choir-men lighted his taper before beginning the *Magnificat*. The single gleam made the darkness greater, but fell full on that one face, shewing her the dark eyes and regular features, and also the sad anxious look, that presently gave way to a calmer expression, when the soothing words fell on his heart as they had done on hers. 'His mercy is on them that fear Him,' sang the choir; 'on them that fear Him,' was repeated, full and clear. The pale face was surely that of one who feared the Lord; and presently the care-drawn lines relaxed, and His peace descended there. It hardly needed the remembrance of a portrait she had once seen, or the George on his breast, to tell Katharine that she saw her King at last; she seemed to feel it in her full heart, the ready tears rose to her eyes, and sinking on her knees, she turned all the rest of the service into one earnest prayer for him.

When she went out, lingering a little to let the strangers precede her, she found her brother waiting for her in the ante-choir. He greeted her lovingly, and said, 'Well, my Kate, we have brought him at last!'

'O Brother! is it indeed the King?'

'Truly it is, dear heart. He is sorely changed since I saw him last, ten years ago; but, please God, we will cheer him with speedy victory, and so amend his looks. So you found an adventure the other day; I hope you are now content?'

'Ay, right well; I do not love to be preached at.'

'I should have used you better to being chid and lectured, so you would have cared little; but you were a brave lass, I gladly heard.'

'Nay, Brother, but I was sorely affrighted, and so was Dorothy,' answered Katharine, with a droll look.

'See here,' said her brother, as they came to the Palace door, 'you have not yet greeted Bertie.—Here, Dick, take her to Mrs. Bernard's room.'

Katharine felt shy and stiff in a very unusual way, and thought she must have taken pattern by her companion, who had hardly a word to say, though he kept looking at her as if he would speak; but at her desire he stayed with her in the corridor to see the King pass to supper in the great hall, and then leaving her with her friend, hastened to his own place among the gentlemen who supped with the King that night.

Katharine had a sudden thought, and asking Mrs. Bernard's leave, she got out unlucky Sir Griffin's gold cup, which in its delicate goldsmith's work far surpassed anything of the kind in the Archbishop's store, and confided it to the butler, bidding him be sure his Majesty drank from it. 'My brothers will not fail to wipe out our uncle's fault,' she proudly thought.

Mr. Ashe was also at the supper, and as chaplain his place was at the high table, not far from the King. Katharine beckoned him into Mrs. Bernard's parlour, when supper was over, and the King, with his chief officers, gone to hold council in the private apartments; but as usual, the good man could ill satisfy female curiosity. 'In truth,' he said, in answer to her questions, 'the King ate and drank moderately, though I know not of what; and the talk being of state-craft and strategy, in which I am little versed, I took small heed of it.'

She had better fortune with some of her cousins, who, not being wanted in the council-room, left the rather riotous gathering in the hall, and came to see Mrs. Bernard and their young kinswoman. Godfrey, one of the Cotham Markhams, was there, a great friend of Thomas of Ollerton, and a first favourite with Katharine. He had served in Ireland under Essex, and was one of the brave gentlemen in Sir Griffin's own troop; now he was ready to draw his tried sword for the King, though he was past middle age. Robert Markham of Sedgebrook was also there, representing another goodly branch of the family; he was a man of wealth, and very active and zealous for the Royal cause; Godfrey whispered to Katharine that it was supposed the King intended shortly to make him a baronet, which was done in a few days from that time. But Godfrey also told that among the many whom Robert was bringing to serve the King, his own brother Henry was wanting, and he intended to join the Parliament army, so that brother would indeed be divided against brother.

Katharine asked Godfrey for news of his brother Gervase, who, very much his senior, was now near the close of a long and eventful life. He had served in the Low Countries, as well as in Ireland, and when wars abroad ceased, managed to keep himself in congenial hot water with some very pretty quarrels at home. In one of these last he was run through the body, and all but killed, by Sir John Holles. He had sworn that he would neither take the Sacrament nor eat supper till he was revenged, and the wound having baulked him, he kept his unrighteous vow until his death. But Gervase Markham's fame was that of a successful author; his works were much esteemed in his day, particularly those on the drill and equipment of armies, though religion, poetry, plays, satires, and hand-books of agriculture, farriery, housewifery, and field sports, had all employed his industrious pen. In answer to Katharine's inquiry for him, Godfrey said, 'He is not here to-day, but he means to join at Nottingham, and we both are to have captains' commissions. Truly there has been nothing stirring these sixty years past that Gervase has not had a hand in; and he must be in this broil also, despite his

seventy-six years. You should hear him speak of the rebels; for though I doubt you are too dainty to relish his words, your loyal heart would go with the spirit of them. He is also in a mighty chafe, that some young gentleman in London hath put forth a new drill-book, said to be based upon his; and Gervase is desirous to shew him that he is neither dead nor out of date.'

'I would not be in that young gentleman's shoes, should cousin Gervase chance to meet him,' said Katharine, laughing.

'Indeed, no,' answered Godfrey; 'he would have need to be ready both with sword and tongue. What news have you of your brother George?'

'We believe he is with Colonel Goring at Portsmouth, he has returned from Ghent, and sent us good tidings of the welfare of our sisters there; but you know he thinks with them, not with us, and is not likely to come here, for our sakes and for his own; but speak not of this, Cousin Godfrey, I pray you!'

Once more the lights burnt late in the blue chamber, as earnest council was held, and the first campaign of the war was planned. Katharine watched them till she was weary, from her window on the other side of the court, and then lay down to dream of the sad tender look in the King's beautiful eyes; that mournful fascination that few men could resist, and was doubly powerful over an eager romantic girl.

The royal party were to start in good time for Nottingham the next day, and the town as well as the Palace was all astir. The King took his breakfast in private, and then received the clergy of Southwell, the magistrates, and others. His horse waited in the court-yard, and the gentlemen were all ready to mount; Katharine had tied Godfrey Markham's scarf, and bidden him 'God speed,' besides joining in the laugh at another and younger kinsman, who declined her good offices on the score that his scarf was sacred to the fair lady who had embroidered it, but who this was he would not tell. 'Where was her brother?' She looked in vain for his tall figure and comely face among the throng; and Richard Bertie too, was he not coming to bid her farewell, when she had been at some pains to prepare a kind word to speak to him? Presently the latter appeared, in a plain riding-suit instead of the buff and embroidery in which the rest looked gay and warlike. He came to ask Mrs. Bernard to take Katharine to the stairs leading to the state apartments.

At the top of the broad flight of steps leading from the lower hall, was a gallery, lighted on one side by an oriel-window; in the recess of this window stood the King, looking very noble and graceful. He was ready for his journey; but some plans he had been looking at lay on the window-seat, and he was giving some orders to an officer whom Katharine did not know, but whose burly frame and red face made him a good foil to his master, as also to Mr. Markham, who stood by, his good looks equal in degree to the King's, though different in kind. He was taller and broader in the shoulders, with a hale, out-of-door colouring, and a simple yet courteous manner, contrasting with the King's polished grace. His face wore a quiet self-reliant expression, not careless of trouble, but as if assured that it could not really hurt him. Katharine knew well the uprightness and faith that gave him this look, the qualities that made her beloved brother picture to her always the 'righteous man,' the 'man of understanding,' to whom every weaker spirit turned as to a tower of

strength. He was dressed in his embroidered buff coat with deep skirts; and a collar of rich lace—the work of his sisters, the nuns—fell over his cuirass; his only other ornament was the sash or scarf of dark blue silk, knotted round his waist, with hanging ends of Ursula's embroidery. The King was much more richly dressed, with the red velvet sleeves of his doublet shewing under his buff coat; his cuffs and riding-boots were ruffled with fine lace, and his sword-belt was jewelled and richly inlaid with gold. The peculiarly sad and touching expression of his pale and refined countenance struck Katharine more than ever as she stood at her brother's side, waiting till the King had finished his discourse; he smiled once or twice, and this went quite to her heart; she had to drive back her tears, while Mrs. Bernard whispered, 'There is death in his face; death, I say! I see it in his smile—cannot ye? Ah, woe is me!'

'Hush, Goody,' whispered Thomas Markham, 'let no one hear you speak thus; less foreboding than this has been called by a very ugly name; meddle not with it, I pray you.'

He too smiled as the old lady looked at him and shook her head, but she saw no shadow of death in his face.

The King ceased speaking, and then Thomas Markham led Katharine forward, saying, 'This, Sir, is my young sister, Katharine, of whom I spake to your Majesty yesternight.'

She knelt to kiss the hand the King held out to her; then he courteously raised her, and she heard the tones of his voice speaking to her, before she could master her beating heart sufficiently to take in the sense of his words.

'So, Mistress Katharine, you are the loyal lady who so bravely and discreetly brought the treasure through the rebel party. I trust there are many such fair ladies in my good county of Nottingham, and I give you my thanks for this service, as I thank my good servant Markham for his generous and timely contribution to my treasure-chest.'

'Truly we could do no less; would we could have done more. God grant your Majesty little need of such poor service,' said Katharine, to whom, being a gentlewoman, a courtly manner was not wanting at her need.

'I beg you to keep the cup from which I drank last night; 'twere pity to melt so choice a thing, and it will serve as a pledge that if God send me better days, the loyal service of the Markhams shall not be forgotten. When such times come, let me present you to the Queen, my wife, who will thank you for herself and me.—Mistress Bernard, will you convey my thanks to his Grace of York for this his hospitality.—Now, Markham, we must be on our way.—Fare you well, Mistress Katharine.'

'God keep your Majesty,' said Katharine, curtseying low.

The King went down to the court-yard, and Katharine had only time to cling for a moment to her brother, and receive a last message to Ursula, before he followed, and the party set forth on the way to Nottingham.

Katharine ran to the top of the south tower, that she might watch the cavalcade go up the hill towards Halloughton, and partly also to hide her burning cheeks. They were quickly out of sight, and then the view over the country was again a picture of peace; with the sun shining on the corn-fields, the park, and fish-ponds, and the ripening apples shewing in the full orchards. Then the ache of parting, and the desolation of those who are left behind, began to get the upper hand of the strange excitement of the last few days; and wondering what was to become

of her now, Katharine went slowly down the turret steps, and found Richard Bertie waiting at the bottom for her.

'Mr. Bertie!' she exclaimed, 'did you not go with them? is there anything wrong?'

'Nothing wrong, Mistress Katharine; and I hope to be at Nottingham betimes to-morrow, but first I have to see you safe at home. Your own horse is here for you, and two men to ride with us. It were best to start soon; can you be ready in an hour?'

'Yes, and gladly too; I long to tell all my tale to Ursula. You are very kind and courteous to stay to ride with me, Mr. Bertie, when you must long to be with the King,' she added innocently.

'We could not leave you again to valiant Robin's keeping; it was Markham's good thought that I should ride with you; and as for the King, if I be in time for the fighting it will suffice me, so you must not count me an unwilling squire.'

'That you never were,' answered Katharine warmly, looking up to the young soldier's grave face; 'and I ask your pardon that I so ill requited you the other day; in truth I was weary and afraid, it pains me now to think how hasty and discourteous I was.'

'Nay, never think of that, Mistress Kate; why, then I must confess that I rode after you against Markham's wish, and thus deserved the ill luck I got.'

'Ah! we all know they fare but ill who slight his counsel. Now I must find Goody, and get me ready for our ride.'

(To be continued.)

ONLY A DREAM.

I WONDER when George will be home, and what sport he will have had?'

The speaker was a tall handsome woman of about five-and-twenty, and she stood at the window of a house looking down upon Sherbrooke Street in Montreal. The snow lay thickly piled in all directions, sleighs were passing and re-passing, and the blithe sound of the bells filled the air with music. But young Mrs. Vane looked troubled and anxious, and gazed on the scene before her in a vacant way, which attracted the attention of her friends, old Mrs. Ward and Amabel Hastings.

'My dear, what is the matter with you?' asked Mrs. Ward at length. 'I've never seen you so restless and morbid.'

'I believe she is getting anxious about George,' said Amabel, laughing merrily; 'you ought to be used to these hunting parties by this time, Mildred. I thought you were above such foolish fears!'

Mrs. Vane coloured up indignantly, and sitting down, took up her work and began trying to occupy herself. All to no purpose, the anxious look increased every moment, and at last she exclaimed impatiently, 'It's no good struggling against it. I am dreadfully anxious, and after all about nothing but a dream.'

'And what did you dream?' asked Mrs. Ward eagerly.

'If I knew exactly I don't think I should mind so much; but that's

just the point, I don't know, only that George was in danger somehow, and there was a lot of snow, and you know, Mrs. Ward, the hunting party were to have been back three days since.'

'That does not matter,' said Amabel decidedly, 'no one can calculate to a week on such expeditions. The fact is, Mildred, you're haunted by Mr. Monro's dream!'

'I don't know who Mr. Monro is, and I'm sure I never heard his dream, so that can't have caused mine,' said Mildred, rather crossly.

'Well then, sit down and I'll tell it you,' said Amabel; 'it will keep your eyes from watching the sleighs.'

Mildred resigned herself, and Mrs. Ward looked all expectation, as Miss Hastings began.

'Mr. Monro is the clergyman at the Memphang Mission—a thoroughly good, hard-working man, far advanced in life, and exceedingly matter-of-fact. He told me the story lately, when I was staying with him and his wife. He came to Canada about thirty years since, and went direct to Memphang, where, as you may imagine, he found things very different from what he had been accustomed to. When he had been there about a week he had a dream, which seemed to haunt him strangely, though excepting its vividness there was nothing remarkable in it.

'He thought he was called in to see an old woman who was dying, and by her side there sat a young girl. Now Mr. Monro was a staid married man, so you are not to imagine he fell in love with the damsel of his dreams, but the whole of the next day her face kept coming before him with startling distinctness. Towards evening one of his flock came in, to ask him to visit an old woman who lay dying. Mr. Monro went at once; but on entering the room, imagine his feelings when he recognized in his sick parishioner his acquaintance of the night before, and beside her sat the maiden of his dreams.

'Old Mrs. Hurst (for this was the sick woman's name) introduced the girl as "My grand-daughter Mary, she came from Blankshire yesterday to nurse me." Mr. Monro bowed awkwardly, Mary still more so; and then she retired to the window. Mr. Monro read to the old woman for some time, and prayed by her bed. When he rose to go, Mary led the way outside; as they went down the stairs he said to her, "I am afraid your grandmother is very ill; indeed, I fear she is dying!"

'The girl looked at him in blank amazement, and with the most terrified manner. She seemed struggling to speak, but in vain; and Mr. Monro, supposing it was grief at hearing of her grandmother's danger, tried to soften his abrupt speech. Before he could get through the first words, they had reached the foot of the stairs, and like a startled bird Mary fled, and he saw no more of her.

'Wondering much at her strange manner, the clergyman returned to the house in which he lodged, (for his wife and children had not yet joined him.) From Mary's silence he supposed she must be dumb; but the next day the strange agitation had passed. The girl was lively and full of merriment, only now and then he detected her watching him furtively, and an anxious look would come over her face.

'At length the grandmother died, and Mr. Monro buried her. The evening of the same day he was sitting in his verandah, when Mary Hurst came in. She had come to wish him Good-bye, she said, for she was returning to Blankshire the next morning; but before going, she wished to tell him something.

'"The evening before you came to see Grandmother first, I dreamt you came, you read the same chapter you really read, and the same prayer, and then you came up to me and said, 'Your grandmother is very ill—indeed, I fear she is dying; and you won't live twelve months after her.' I was in such terror lest you should say the last words, that I could not speak when I saw you first, and that was the reason of my strange behaviour. And now, Mr. Monro, I feel sure that I shall die within the twelve months!"

'Mr. Monro said nothing about the double coincidence of his dream, and tried to argue her out of her terrors, but in vain.

'Months passed away. At last, a year and a half after old Mrs. Hurst's death, Mr. Monro came to Montreal on business; he passed through Blankshire on his way, and stopped to call on Miss Hurst. A little girl opened the door. "Miss Mary, Sir!" she said gravely, in answer to his inquiries. "Oh! she's dead, she died some months back." On inquiry he found she had died the very day twelve months of the duplicate dreams!'

Amabel paused. Mildred Vane got up and went to the window again, saying in a miserable tone of voice,

'Really, Mabel, I must say you have chosen a way to make me think little of my dream. I never heard such a horrid story!'

'I dare say she worried herself into a nervous fever!' said Mrs. Ward; 'the dreams had nothing to do with it, but it was most remarkable!'

'Here he comes!' exclaimed Mildred in delight, as rushing down stairs she prepared to receive her husband. 'Why, George, what has made you so late?'

'Let me have some breakfast, and then you shall hear,' answered Captain Vane, returning her embrace very heartily, 'only I didn't think, little woman, I should ever have seen you again.'

Breakfast over, he gave them the following account.

'Last Saturday we followed the track of a splendid moose, such a fellow, with the largest horns I had ever seen. The Indian guides with us, got very much excited in the chase, but although the slot seemed very fresh we followed all day without getting within sight of our friend. About four o'clock we found ourselves on a high bleak plateau without any distinguishing landmarks. Snow was falling heavily, and before we had found any trace of known spots, night came on. We camped out, and happily had some provisions with us; but when the morning broke, our guides were at fault, none of them knew where we were; we wandered about all day, but when night came, were as far from knowing our whereabouts as ever. So passed three long days; our provisions were exhausted, we saw no means of replenishing the store, and our Indians, with national stolidity, made up their minds to die.

'Suddenly, we saw a party of Indians coming towards us, and advanced to meet them with the most intense feelings of relief and surprise, for we were beyond the usual hunting grounds, and could not account for their presence. Their astonishment at seeing us, was at least equal to our own. "Thanks be to the Great Spirit," said one of them, "who by means of a dream has led us to you! One of our squaws dreamt a few nights since that white men were lost on the high mountains. It was beyond the hunting grounds, and we were unready to follow her words, for who cares for the dream of a squaw? But so often did the vision appear to her, that we dared no longer resist; and well is it for our white

brothers that we have met them!" And so you see, my dear, a dream saved our lives.'

Mildred looked quite grave and subdued, as she said, with a slight shudder, 'Really, George, I shall be quite afraid to go to sleep if dreams are such extraordinary things!'

'But why, my dear?' asked Mrs. Ward kindly. 'I think that although very often in the multitude of dreams and many words there are divers vanities, this dream may be said to have come "of the Lord," and you ought to be thankful that God has by this means restored your husband to you. Only, my dear, it will not be shewing proper gratitude, if you allow yourself, because this means has once been used for you, to dwell with undue superstition upon ordinary dreams. For although God in His wisdom may sometimes see fit to warn us of things in visions, even as He saved the Holy Babe by warning Joseph, we should never forget that most dreams are mere folly, the result of thoughts and actions of our real life, in themselves full of foolishness, and doubly unreasonable when repeated in our sleep.'

'And what about the moose, George?' asked Amabel.

'Oh! we killed him on the way home; and I have brought his horns, as the trophy of the time when we were lost on a Canadian plateau, and saved by a dream.'

F. A. N.

Where is the beautiful day, whose dawn as whose sunset was cloudless?
Where the majestical life, whose youth as whose manhood was sinless?
There was one beautiful day, in the woods of the Garden of Eden;
Shone down the purest of suns on the tallest of trees, whose green foliage
Autumn was never to tear, nor winter to waste with its tempests.
Fair was that day and serene, from the hand of the gracious Creator:
Lay all its lineaments, fresh as the picture that time has not faded,
Or as the hope of a heart disappointment and sin has not blighted.
And from the morning till eve the hours in their golden succession
Woke newer beauties to life, and cast deeper shades from the cedars,
And palm trees stately, that bent with the glorious fruits of the tropics.

M.

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Will Correspondents who require answers only interesting to themselves, always give an address in *The Monthly Packet* by which they can be answered direct? We find that to forward letters correctly to and from all the letters of the alphabet exceeds our power.

Declined with thanks.—*R. H.*

E. P. asks the author of No. 286 in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. Also, for 'an easy and Catholic explanation of the Parables, and an easy Scripture History for children.——We believe that there is a good explanation of the Parables by Mrs. Valentine. There are Scripture histories, in a true Church spirit, by the Rev. W. B. Barter and the Rev. R. Gordon, to be had of the S. P. C. K.

S. K.—The required shape, cut out in white cartooning paper, should be firmly tacked down to its intended foundation, and then covered with a coating of thick warm paste; into which the rice-grains must be dropped, and arranged so as to lie closely and regularly together, and the whole left until it is perfectly stiff and dry.—*Flowers and Festivals*, (p. 117) by W. A. Barrett.

Ida's lines are stanza 8 of Toplady's '*When languor and disease invade.*' She will find it given as No. 463 in Bickersteth's *Christian Psalmody;* 461 in the Religious Tract Society's *Hymns for Christian Worship;* 746 in Spurgeon's *Our Own Hymn Book;* 421 in Windle. Of course, the reference in this verse is to Job, xiv. 14.—*L. C. B. A. P.* says they are in *Gems of Sacred Poetry*. *M. R.* adds that they were composed by Toplady to comfort Lady Huntingdon when ill. So also *S. S.*, *X. Q.*, *Leila*, and *Jessie*.

The version of '*Pilgrims of the Night*' given in *Hymns Ancient and Modern* omits stanzas 2 and 6 of the original, and alters in verse 4, line 3, and verse 5, lines 3 and 4, of those given. My copies of *Lyra Anglicana* do not contain the hymn, but *M. M.* will find the original form in *The People's Hymnal.*—*L. C. B.*

Prayer-book's text seems to be simply a quotation of an older version of Ezekiel, xviii. 27.—*L. C. B.* So also *E. M. W.*

We thank *A. H.* for correcting a strange slip either of the pen or the press, which spoke of the *Récit d'une Petite Fille* as English instead of French. She suggests for the little girl of thirteen Pitou's *Voyage et Conquêtes de Fernana Cortes au Mexique*, and Cotambert's *Curiosités des Trois Règnes de la Nature.*

M. R. C. J.—We are afraid we can give no answer to your inquiry about law-copying.

A friend sends me the following:—

> 'Those that he loved so long and sees no more,
> Loved and still loves, not dead but gone before,
> He gathers round him.'
>
> *Samuel Rogers, 'Human Life.'*

On Mary Angell of Stepney, who died 1693, there is this line—'*Not lost, but gone before.*'—*Collection of Epitaphs.*—GRACE.

May.—A good tune for Hymn 321 may be found in the First Series of *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, published by Novello, price 1*s.*—*E. S.*

Balaustion.—'Donnous pouvoir à nos députés de solliciter du seigneur roi son consentement aux demandes ci-dessus; dans le cas où il l'accorderait, de l'en remercier; et dans les cas ou il le refuserait de le *déroiter.*'—*Mémoires du Comte Beugnot*, vol. i., p. 137.

Penelope.—A translation of *I Promessi Sposi*, entitled *The Betrothed*, by Manzoni, was published by Burns, Portman Square, many years ago. We do not know whether it is out of print.

The Sisters of St. Peter's Mission House, Plymouth, very thankfully acknowledge a valuable box of clothes, from *E. S. L.*

Thankfully acknowledged by *St. Etheldreda's Home*, 24, *Hoxton Square*, a *most* useful parcel of clothing from *C. A. B.*

J. M.—Such clothes as you describe will be thankfully received by the Committee of *The Society for Poor Clergy*, 32, *Southampton Street, Strand.*

Thankfully acknowledged, 1*s.* from *Topaz* for the *St. Andrew's Waterside Mission.*

From *Agnes*, 5*s.* for *The Daisy Chain Cot*, and 5*s.* for the poor of *St. Saviour's, Haggerston.*

We are working in an East-end parish, with few to help us, and surrounded by poverty and sickness. We keep a trained nurse to wait on the sick poor, who, working under her clergyman, connects ministry to the suffering with the higher work of the Church. The funds for providing comforts and nourishment have to be provided wholly from the outside. Last year our expenditure was upwards of £80; but many urgent cases were dropped from lack of funds. This winter we start with a deficiency. Can you help us? Further details of the work may be had by written application to *Mrs. Ross, St. Philip's Vicarage, Stepney, London, E.*

In answer to *Dorothy's* inquiry concerning San Remo, in the November number, *Alba* informs her that San Romolo is the real name of the town, derived from one of the early bishops of Genoa. By this name it is known down to the fifteenth century. The present name, San Remo, is a contraction of its full ecclesiastical title, *San Romolo in eremo*—i.e. San Romolo in the Waste.

F. H. will be much obliged if the Editor of *The Monthly Packet* can kindly tell her of a good History of France (written in English) suitable for a little girl of ten years of age. Also, to be directed where to procure the tune used at St. Paul's, Clifton, to the hymn, '*Fierce was the wild billow.*'——There is a translation of M. Guizot's *History of France*, written expressly for children, in course of publication in numbers by Samson Low. We do not know of any other really good one.

M. M. C. will be much obliged if a Correspondent will inform her whence the accompanying quotation is taken:—

'For oh! the Master is so fair,'
His smile so sweet to banished men,'
That they who meet it unaware
Can never rest on earth again.'

N. N. would be very glad to know the century referred to in the words, 'The evil days of the Church began when heretical teachers arose, ignoring St. John's teaching, spurning his writings, and denying their inspiration and authenticity,' in the article called *The Joseph of the Apostolic Band*, in the November number of *The Monthly Packet*.—Also, *N. N.* would be very grateful to any readers if they could tell her where to find an article, published in either *The Quarterly* or *Edinburgh Review* about ten years ago, on the subject of *Modern Miracles*—specially that called *Notre Dame de Salette*. *N. N.* is afraid this is very vague; but perhaps someone with a more accurate memory may have been struck with the article, and be able to help her.

Concerning the notice of Rossetti in *Songs of Other Churches* for October, *C. G. R.* informs us that the poet was not born till 1783; and that though his sight was terribly impaired before his death, he never suffered from total blindness.—*L. C. B.*

Can anyone tell *G. D.* when and with whom originated the old custom of claiming heriots by the lord of the manor on the death of a land-owner?